Mar. 8, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

SEEDS
FLOWER SHOW GUIDE
FLOWER SHOW GUIDE
Garrett Price

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 0 3 1993

Carter's
SUPER T-SHIRTS
Fashion under Fashion

- Fine selected cotton knit
- Nevabind sleeves for comfort
- Nylon-set collarette won't sag
- No ironing needed
- Carter-Set—
  so won't shrink out of fit

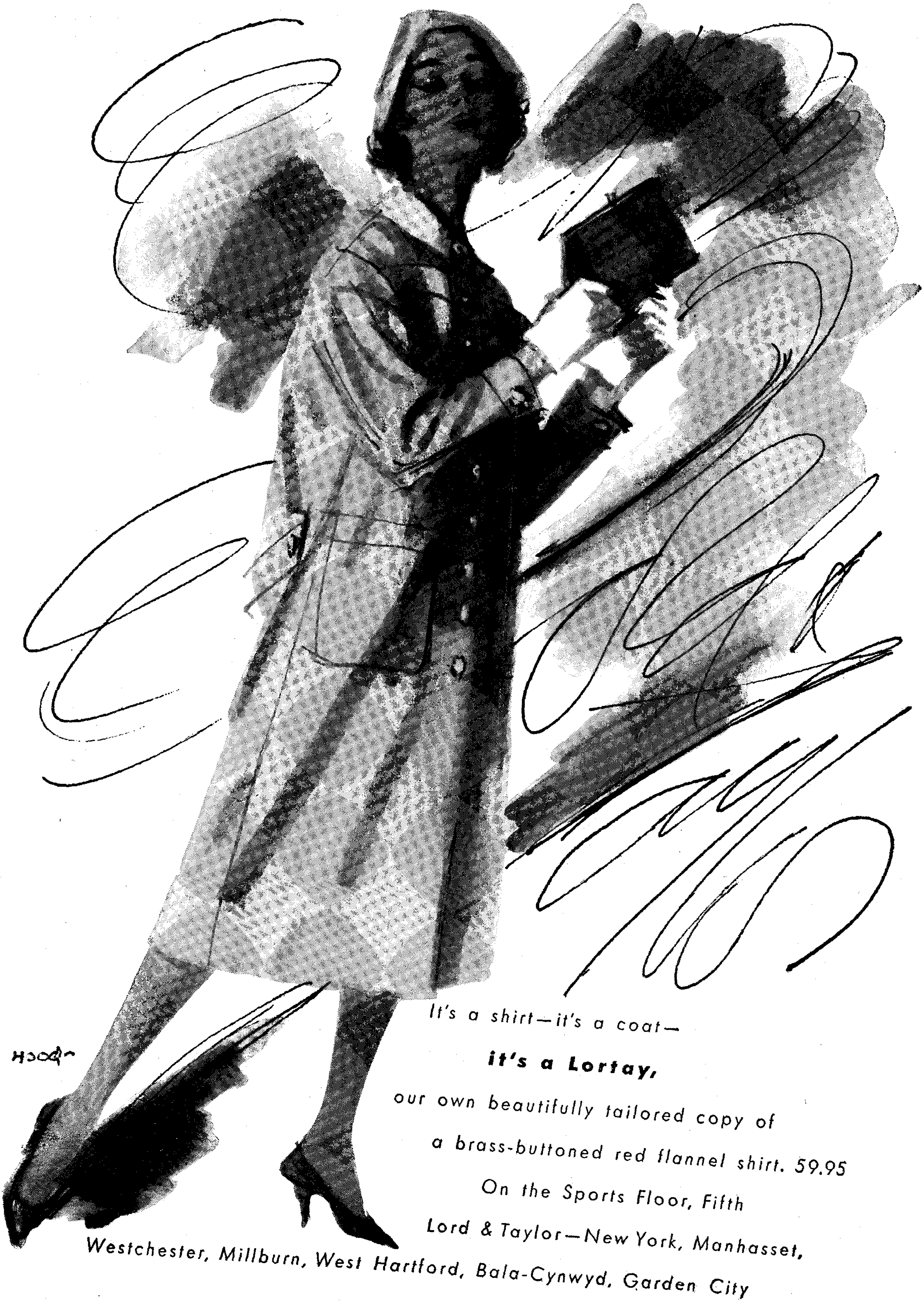
"Yes, Colonel, freedom is glorious — the freedom, the comfort, the smartness of Carter's Knit Boxers! No ironing needed! And that Carter's T-Shirt with Nevabind sleeves! Comes in V-neck style, too... Goes well under my sport shirts!"

Carter's
KNIT BOXERS
Fashion under Fashion

- Soft, fine selected cotton
- Flexible knit fabric
- Seamless crotch
- No ironing needed
- Carter-Set—
  so won't shrink out of fit

The William Carter Co., Needham, Mass.

Super T-Shirts $1.50... Plaid Knit Boxers $1.65... at these and other fine stores: ALBANY, McManus & Riley • BOSTON, Jordan Marsh Company CINCINNATI, Shillito's • CLEVELAND, B. R. Baker • DALLAS, James K. Wilson • DAYTON, Walker's • DETROIT, J. L. Hudson • FLINT, A. M. Davison • GLENDALE, Webb's • HOUSTON, Foley's • LONG BEACH, Buffum's • MILWAUKEE, Chapman's • NEWARK, Bamberger • NEW YORK, Franklin Simon • PHILADELPHIA, John Wanamaker • ROCHESTER, Sibley Lindsay & Curr SALT LAKE CITY, ZCMI • ST. PETERSBURG, Willson-Chase • SANTA MONICA, Henshey's • SYRACUSE, E. W. Edwards



It's a shirt—it's a coat—

it's a Lortay,

our own beautifully tailored copy of
a brass-buttoned red flannel shirt. 59.95
On the Sports Floor, Fifth

Lord & Taylor—New York, Manhasset,
Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford, Bala-Cynwyd, Garden City

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—Chester Morris in a play by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble. Joshua Logan is the director. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—Although William Inge's play about the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties probably tries to cover too much ground, it is often very funny and touching. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart are superlative in leading roles, and Elia Kazan's direction and Ben Edwards' set are extremely commendable, too. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Entertainer—Although Laurence Olivier displays enormous virtuosity in this tragedy about the sordid life of a second-rate music-hall performer, the drama, which was written by John Osborne, doesn't add up to much. Brenda de Banzie, George Relph, Joan Plowright, and Richard Pasco are fine in supporting roles. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fair Game—Sam Levene and several subsidiary wolves pursue a virtuous divorcee through the wastes of the garment district in this comedy (by Sam Locke), which owes a large measure of its success to Mr. Levene's genuinely comic performance. Among those associated with him are Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—John Osborne's play about a young Englishman in rebellion against his world is moving, sardonic, and superbly performed. The cast is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—Ketti Frings has worked something of a miracle in reducing Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel to a coherent and frequently compelling play. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith bring three members of the Gant family marvellously to life, and George Roy Hill's direction and Jo Mielziner's sets are both beyond criticism. With Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, and Florence Sundstrom. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Romance and assorted uproars in a mythical kingdom dreamed up by Peter Ustinov, who also portrays the hero of the play. Mr. Ustinov is both funny and energetic, and he will probably make you condone an occasional torpid moment. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rope Dancers—Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, and Joan Blondell are highly effective in this drama by Morton Wishengrad, which treats mainly of a woman overcome by a feeling that she has sinned. Just why this lady feels so bad is not made too clear, but the play is impressively sincere and, at times, very affecting. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy gives a wonderfully strong performance as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's restrained and eloquent play about three crucial years in the late President's life. The admirable supporting cast includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Time Remembered—Helen Hayes once more shows herself to be incomparable in this translation of Jean Anouilh's delightful comedy about an eccentric old duchess, a melancholy prince, and a pretty little milliner. Among the others in the cast are Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft do brilliantly as the whole cast of William Gibson's stenographically exact play about a couple of lonely people in New York. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—A revival of the Jean Anouilh comedy, with Melvyn Douglas, Betty Field, and Lili Darvas in a cast directed by Harold Clurman. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**auntie mame:** Greer Garson now is the heroine of this comedy taken from Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **long day's journey into night:** Eugene O'Neill's study of his youth, with Fredric March and Florence Eldridge. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Closes Saturday, March 29.)

	Page
THE AIR	85
BOOKS	134
THE CURRENT CINEMA	113
MUSICAL EVENTS	115
POPULAR RECORDS	118
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	94
ABOUT THE HOUSE	106
THE RACE TRACK	89

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—A comedy by Norman Krasna, with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, and Ray Walston. Directed by Alex Segal and presented by Leland Hayward. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Body Beautiful—A musical about prizefighters and their troubles, and possibly duller than one of the bouts sponsored by Gillette. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman are responsible for the book, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick for the music and lyrics. Among those present in the cast are Mindy Carson, Jack Warden, Steve Forrest, Lonnie Sattin, and Barbara McNair. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jamaica—A tale of old West India, featuring the very personable Lena Horne, who sings some superior ballads but is defeated in the long pull by a witless book. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. Appearing along with Miss Horne are Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this excellent piece about an Iowa con man who falls in love with a librarian. Robert Preston is wonderful in the leading role, and his capable supporters include Barbara Cook, David Burns, Pert Kelton, Iggie Wolfington, and Dusty Worrall. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—This adaptation of an Alec Guinness film isn't very subtle in its humor, but it's still a genial affair. Directed by José Ferrer, who collaborated with Al Morgan on the book, it has songs by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans, and a worthy cast that includes Tony Randall, Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet," and if it is not especially moving or always plausible, it makes a lively evening. Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the generally successful dances. With Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Carol Lawrence. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The cast also includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **li'l abner:** An adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip. With Joyce Gladmond (who will be replaced on Monday, March 10, by Wynne Miller), Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Billie

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 3, March 8, 1958. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. ©, 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

[illegible] - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N°22

PERFUMES - TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hayes. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEW GIRL IN TOWN:** Thelma Ritter and Gwen Verdon in a musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

INTERNATIONAL SOIRÉE—A revue starring the French chanteuse Patachou and also employing Hiram Sherman (narrator); Marcel Cornelis, a Belgian pantomimist; Caracolillo and Maria Rosa, a Spanish dance team; George LaFaye and Company, a troupe of life-sized puppets; and Jo Basile, accordionist. Presented by Arthur Lesser. Opens Wednesday, March 12. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Mondays, at 9; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"Wonderful Town," with Nancy Walker, Jo Sullivan, and Peter Cookson, is the second in a series of three musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursdays, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CARNEGIE HALL PLAYHOUSE—Ann Hillary and John Brachita in a revival of "Dark of the Moon," a play by Howard Richardson and William Berney. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," with Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Colleen Dewhurst, Jack Cannon, and Arthur Malet in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend," staged by Gus Schirmer, Jr. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:45.)

GATE THEATRE—Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," in a dramatization by Boris Tumarin (who also directed it) and Jack Sydow. With James Patterson and Eulalie Noble. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

GREENWICH MEWS THEATRE—Gorky's play "The Courageous One," adapted and directed by Miriam Goldina, and with Howland Chamberlin and Maurine Holbert in the cast. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-7183. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

PHOENIX THEATRE—June Havoc, John Kerr, and Jacob Ben-Ami in Jean Cocteau's "The Infernal Machine," translated by Albert Bermel and directed by Herbert Berghof. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

ROOFTOP THEATRE—Claude Dauphin and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

YORK PLAYHOUSE—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

LOUIS JOHNSON—With his dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 9, at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

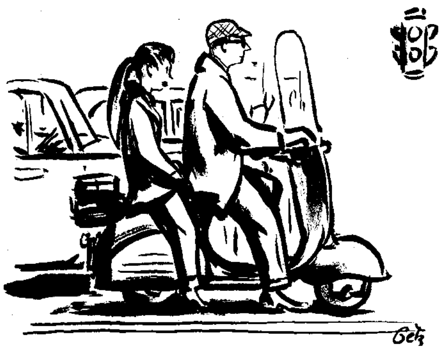
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—That old-fashioned concept, the star system, maintains a foothold here. Incidental music, for talking or dancing to, by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room is a rest home all evening—no fanfare, no fury.. In their stead, there's Joseph Ricardel's happy but muted little dance band, and a vast covey of violinists slowly winging their way hither and yon. The sole touch of glitter is the song recital by Betty Benee, a breath of old Broadway. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper, the Persian Room offers the big and beautiful Jane Morgan, who arrives onstage like a *dea ex machina.* The songs she sings, though, are so thin that the machinery shows through. Ted Straeter, owner of the world's noblest dinner jacket, a richly engraved piano style, an offhand tenor, and a virtuoso dance band, does the rest of the music, with (as usual) an assist from Mark Monte's bouncy quintet. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, an excellent setting for affairs of state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either pasture.



ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's orchestra, its saxophones fainting in those famous coils, is delivering its annual consignment of sweetness and light in the Grill, where it is on duty at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Elysian field days (or, rather, nights) are available in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's little dance bands prance from one end of the evening to the other. A prominent guest at dinner and supper is Denise Darcel, a Parisienne who has more to offer students of Byzantine architecture than students of voice projection. This Beaux-Arts exhibit will be withdrawn on Wednesday, March 12, to be replaced the following evening by (lo and behold) Ginny Simms, a nightingale out of whom not a peep has been heard in a long, long time. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

SHERATON EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—You'd swear, from the looks of the place, that it's really the cherished old Ambassador Hotel, and (in everything but name) it is. The Embassy Club, which hasn't so far been recaptioned something like Fleischmann's East, still murmurs sedate dinner music until ten; then it's on with the dance, led by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays.

STATLER HILTON, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Xavier Cugat band, sort of a Latin-American grand slam, is in the Café Rouge, which is barely big enough to hold all the decibels. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The three McGuire Sisters, once inhabitants of Arthur Godfrey's exploding universe, will run off their last two community sings in the Empire Room at dinner and supper on Saturday, March 8. After taking time out next evening, the room will reopen on Monday, March 10, as a concert hall for the Messrs. Varel and Bailly, authors and declaimers of French Hit Parade ballads. They'll be assisted in this mundane pastime by a male chorus. The opening night is a benefit performance. Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gypsy band do emphatic dance music all evening long. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by the trio of Cy Walter (Ivy League) and Jozsi Ribari's group (neo-Viennese) from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Empire Room's gypsies do the job from eight to twelve.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room is far enough up in the world to be above the smog belt. Languid non-dance music bubbles now and then. This goes on from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Joel Forbes is the Sunday driver. The *mise en scène* is practically House of Lords.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Real people, and people invented by Damon Runyon and Elsa Maxwell, all democratically rubbing shoulders. Jack Banan, the piano man here, is of the good old school. He starts in at about eight. Closed Mondays. ... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Everybody seems to know everybody, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts; some of the late-evening guests also know the newest show tunes, and prove it. Goldie Hawkins and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double as well as single piano until curfew rings the night out. Six is the opening hour; Monday is the day of rest.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday for both strings and

LONG ISLAND R
FROM
DUE
42 BRADFORD
8 LEEDS
22 HUDDERSFIELD
612 BRIGHOUSE
15 GALASHIELS
19 HAWICK
14 WALKER
40 CAM
48 FROM

A Fashion Park suit with the soft, subtle stripes so expressive of fine British weaving skills. That characterful coat of hers is by A. Davis.

This is just a bit of whimsey. We don't really expect you'll ever see British place-names posted for incoming trains at Pennsylvania Station.

But we do so wish you could find them on the imported woollens you buy. Or at least a label reading "Imported from *Britain*". So often an apparel label tells you nothing ...just "Imported Fabric".

That doesn't help you recognize a soft resilient cloth from a British mill at Huddersfield...or an individual weave from Melton Mowbray (famous as well for Stilton cheese and for fox-hunting) or a new high-fashion colour tone from Galashiels.

NOTE: The higher the quality of the woollens shipped from British ports, the smaller the quantity is likely to be. So, when you are seeking the authentic product, it may repay you to ask: "Is this a *British* Woollen?"

British Woollens • *fabrics forever in fashion* • *six east 45th street, New York 17*

BONWIT TELLER

Miss New York...

turns her back to reveal a smocked yoke
on her scarf tied striped silk shirt dress.
Adele Martin's summer express,
lined with a rayon taffeta half slip.
Black or brown stripes on white; also
in beige pongee. Sizes 8 to 16 at 35.00
Mail and phone orders filled.

New York Manhasset White Plains
Chicago Cleveland Boston
Palm Beach

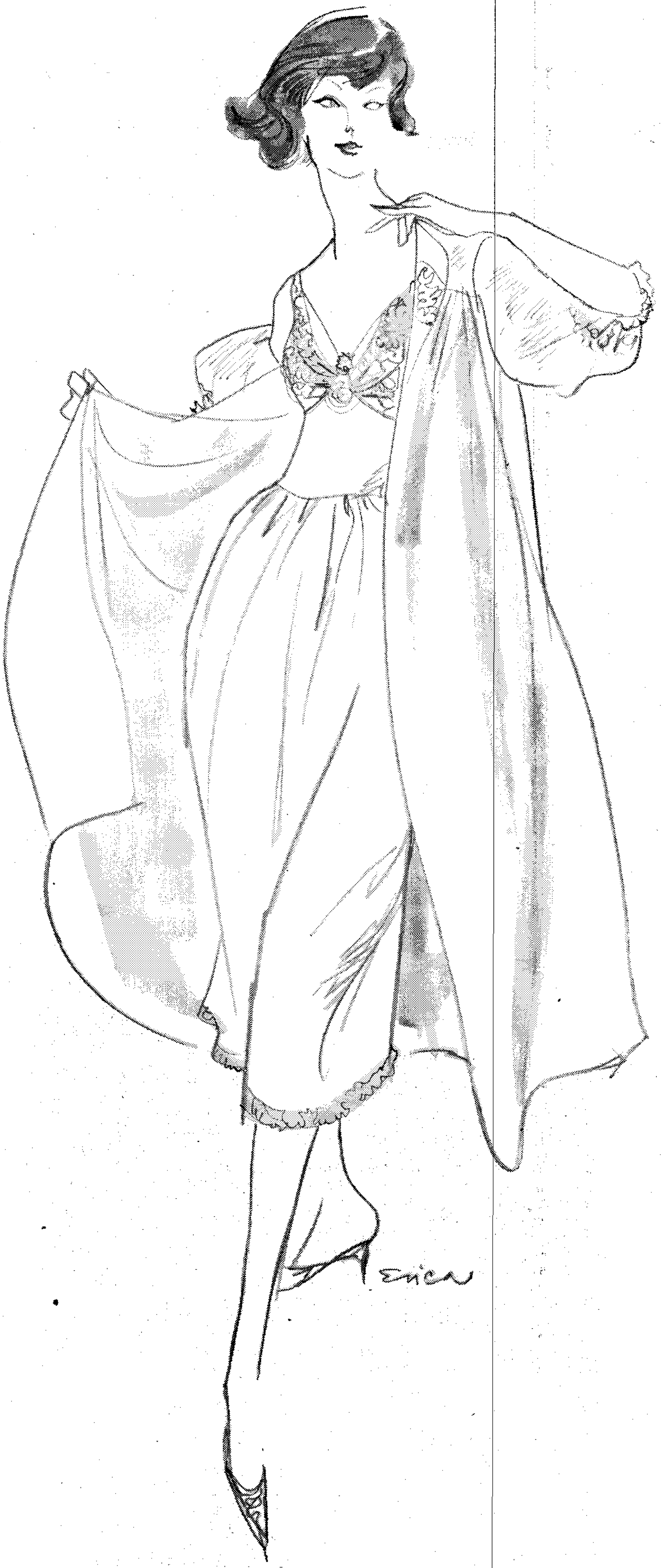
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sybarites. The strings, Teo Fanidi's corps of fiddlers, are local color; the sybarites just drop in for dinner or supper. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar takes a Mediterranean honeymoon cruise all the way from Seville to Sorrento, holds sway from nine to one every evening. Closed Sundays.... **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Love, in the wily words of Mabel Mercer's *salonnière* ballads, is a potion to be taken with a grain of salt or a quarter grain of Equanil. She's one of our best after-dinner condiments; there's also piano from the cocktail hour on, some of it by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis, and some of it by Don Evans, whose virtuosity is everyone's reward. Closed Sundays.... **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): One of the best-maintained pianos in our town has evening workouts with Johnny Mehegan, a Juilliard-faculty man whose ideas and execution belong to an era that has nothing in common with the groves of Academe. Ten to one-thirty or two is the schedule. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRY IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Armor that's a perfect fit for a king (Henry IV, of course), and lots more engines of war. Wandering unawed from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make sweet music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday.... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Stuart Hart, lately court musician in Bricktop's Roman villa, is again singing and playing piano in his native America. Occasionally, a trio in which Cecil Young is involved chortles with glee, sometimes as a platform for Mr. Young's voice. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, all resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): An old Spanish custom in a new and handsome landscape, offering the mixture as before—provender and wine of the country all evening; piano, violin, guitar, and song from seven-thirty on. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The blue Danube, flowing as gently as the sweet Afton through neat and largely sedate surroundings. The instrumentation runs to zimbalons and violins and sopranos, the nourishment to Vienna. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to a spate of casual piano.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The lady who chooses to be known only as Mariana surrenders the piano as of Saturday, March 8, to George Feyer, the regular social lion of the premises. The music is on tap at intervals between eight-thirty and one-thirty or two, and the room is closed Sundays.... **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of an establishment devoted to making life easy for bon-vivants, rambles along the piano in a manner indicating that he's now veering from Vienna toward a more up-to-date concept. He operates from five to eleven. All is dark Sundays.... **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, Peter Walters runs off strictly parlor piano from five-thirty to eight, and nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Shelley Berman, a wit whose Manhattan début comes under the heading of Great Expectations, is just settling down to work. His compeers are Bobby Short, leader of the Hollywood dawn patrol and singer of songs laden with caffeine; Phyllis Diller, one of San Francisco's most articulate scatterbrains; and Evelyn Knight, an ornament to any gathering even in the unlikely event that she couldn't sing a note. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard are a comfortable cushion for all concerned.... ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is again conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, every night except Saturday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by Mr. Short and the Lyons group.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The revue, an art form lately smothered to death by the sheer weight of its own trappings, has here been revived by a new miracle drug—humor. It involves a quartet of engaging mice (Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jean Arnold) scampering only inches ahead of a big, bold cat (Ronny Graham). The architect of this project is Julius Monk; it's rascally words and music come from Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestration comes from the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Nine-thirty and twelve are the zero hours; Sunday is the holiday.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The anteroom of the Downstairs Room, and also within the orbit of Julius Monk. Its design—the whiling away of idle hours—is served by the solo piano of Francis Thorne, who has a better grasp of today's music than most of his Yale classmates, and the combined piano and bass of (respectively) Warren Vaughn and Danny Kent, which is more lilting. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey, testing to destruction the works of William Shakespeare, the English language, and the thought processes of the human mind. The music of Charlie Mingus and his four new sidemen is, in its own special modern way, just as complex as Mr. Corey's ululations. Sundays, there are matinées at 4:30 P.M., as well as evening sessions over which Langston Hughes, one of the worthiest entrants in the poetry-read-to-jazz melee, officiates at nine. Closed Mondays.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Three of the characters who have made Bon Soir the jolly place it is today (or tonight) are again nesting in the family tree—Sylvia Syms, the basso-profundo spirit of rhythm; Phil Leeds, a keen student of life,



Munsingwear

Iunsingwear Lingerie captures the mood of the French Caribbean, mates ure nylon tricot with nylon Alencon petal lace and tricot chiffon. Dress-ength gown and gentle peignoir in white or Caribbean pastels. 32-38. 16.95

ROM MUNSINGWEAR'S FRENCH CARIBBEAN COLLECTION . . . NOW BEING SHOWN AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

De Pinna

COATDRESS A-LA-CHEMISE...
OUR EXCLUSIVE TWEEDED SILK

Fashionably free-of-shape... our new Townfield coat-buttoned casual – or wear it shaped-in with its own self-belt, as you please. Perfect dress-about-town in crisp silk tweed, navy blue or black. Sizes 8 to 16. 35.95

SPORTS SHOP, THIRD FLOOR

Mail and telephone orders invited, MU 8-2000
Please add 35c postage outside usual delivery area

FIFTH AVE. AT 52nd ST., N. Y.
FT. LAUDERDALE • MIAMI BEACH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and a funny one; and Jorie Remus, a *diseuse* whose forecast is heavy thunderstorms, followed by going home to Mother. Jimmie Daniels, articulator of lush-life lyrics, and the Three Flames, a group of instrumentalists without let or hindrance, also stand and wait. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, who've clowned here many a time, are at it again. Somebody named Evelyn Ward is now the house canary, and there's also lots of piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, lifetime keepers of the inn. The clowns are off Sundays, when old movies are added; Miss Ward is off Mondays, when amateur talent has its brief moment.... **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (MU 6-0300): The minute saltcellar of the Hotel Duane, carpeted wall to wall, is activated by people who see no harm in a little fun, such as Mike Nichols and Elaine May, whose one-act plays about Inside U.S.A. are a deft interweaving of pathos, bathos, and chaos; Milt Kamen, an orator in whom the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, and the height of foolishness are all well met; and Jo March, a very recent girl delver into country music. Mickey Leonard's trio, also very recent, provides the proper underpinning. Closed Sundays.... **THE BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The whole thing, tucked away behind the sort-of-jaunty Midtown Café, is probably the figment of someone's imagination, but the music—the voice of a wisp named Janice Mars, and the piano of the composer Baldwin Bergerson—is as real as can be and quite free of cliché. All quiet Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's new and handsome place of business are Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bud Freeman, saxophone emeritus of the Condon hierarchy, leads a trio into action. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, for whom the world stopped back around 1913, are reproducing as faithfully as possible the music of that long-ago sphere. They are assisted in this memory course by Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut tight on Sundays. Jam sessions Mondays; the one on March 10 will be the work of the St. James Society Band, a Holy Cross undergraduate.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Whether it's new-school jazz or new-school concert piano that Bernard Peiffer is playing in the back room is not always completely clear, but whatever it is, he shouldn't ever go back where he came from (France). He works with two sidemen who read him like a book. There's other new-school sound by the trio of Tal Farlow, whose fingering of his electronic guitar is as unorthodox as the music that comes from it. This group is fancy-free when its Eddie Costa plays vibes, guttural when he plays piano. The Peiffers are away on Sundays, the Farlows on Mondays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The assembly room for the Pro Musica Antisymmetrica gang is enlivened by one of its foremost spokesmen, the Stan Getz quintet. Sam Donahue's new band is not yet a known quantity. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar, after nine-thirty, Marian McPartland casts a practiced eye over her piano, which is modern without being *in extremis*. Her trio larks away every night but Monday.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by Billy Maxted's band, which has great respect for tradition. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Men of iron, firing point-blank and selling their lives as dearly as possible. Dixie is their home. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are Vic Dickenson, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3 P.M., Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon play host to Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Music for nostalgists, from the teething age on up, and plenty of nut-brown ale to wash it down with. On Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, the rumble should be handled by Wild Bill Davison, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Johnny Windhurst, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Freddie Moore, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A slight case of split personality (is it music room or convention hall?) that can lead to a slight case of split eardrums. When the room noise isn't overpowering, Johnny Costa's trio, which represents the Pittsburgh school of the new jazz, and a brand-new threesome run from the piano by Bernie Nierow can be heard from certain tables. Sunday is devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Any resemblance between this small world and the one the rest of us live in is coincidental. The musicians concerned, who blow hot, blow cool, are presumably, at the moment, Art Blakey, his Jazz Messengers, and Bobby Scott, now a piano soloist. Sundays, the doors open at five; nothing doing Tuesdays.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quartet of Lee Konitz, of which Billy Bauer is an active member, woos a muse of music unknown to any of the classicists and to quite a few nontraditionalists. Sundays, the wooing runs from four until ten. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A fairly accurate reconstruction of the seething Romany Marie days in the Village, all except the music, whose sense of doom is quite modern. It comes from Pepper Adams, Donald Byrd, and two or three fellow-mourners. Mondays, indigenous poets chant to a background of the same sort of jazz.... **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): On Saturday, March 15, Russ Bowman's Finger Lake Five Plus One will recite from eight to twelve in the Bowman Room (no relation).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WILLIAM BAZIOTES—Fancifully romantic abstract oils; through Saturday, March 8. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

BEN-ZION—Water colors, gouaches, and etchings, including landscapes, still-lifes, and Biblical illustrations; through March 29. (Deitsch, 51 E. 73rd St.)

PETER BLUME—Paintings and drawings of Roman and other Italian scenes; through March 22. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Six very large stabiles, as well as a group of new wall mobiles; through Saturday, March 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—A thirteen-by-ten-foot religious painting, "Santiago El Grande," along with preliminary drawings and water colors; through Saturday, March 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

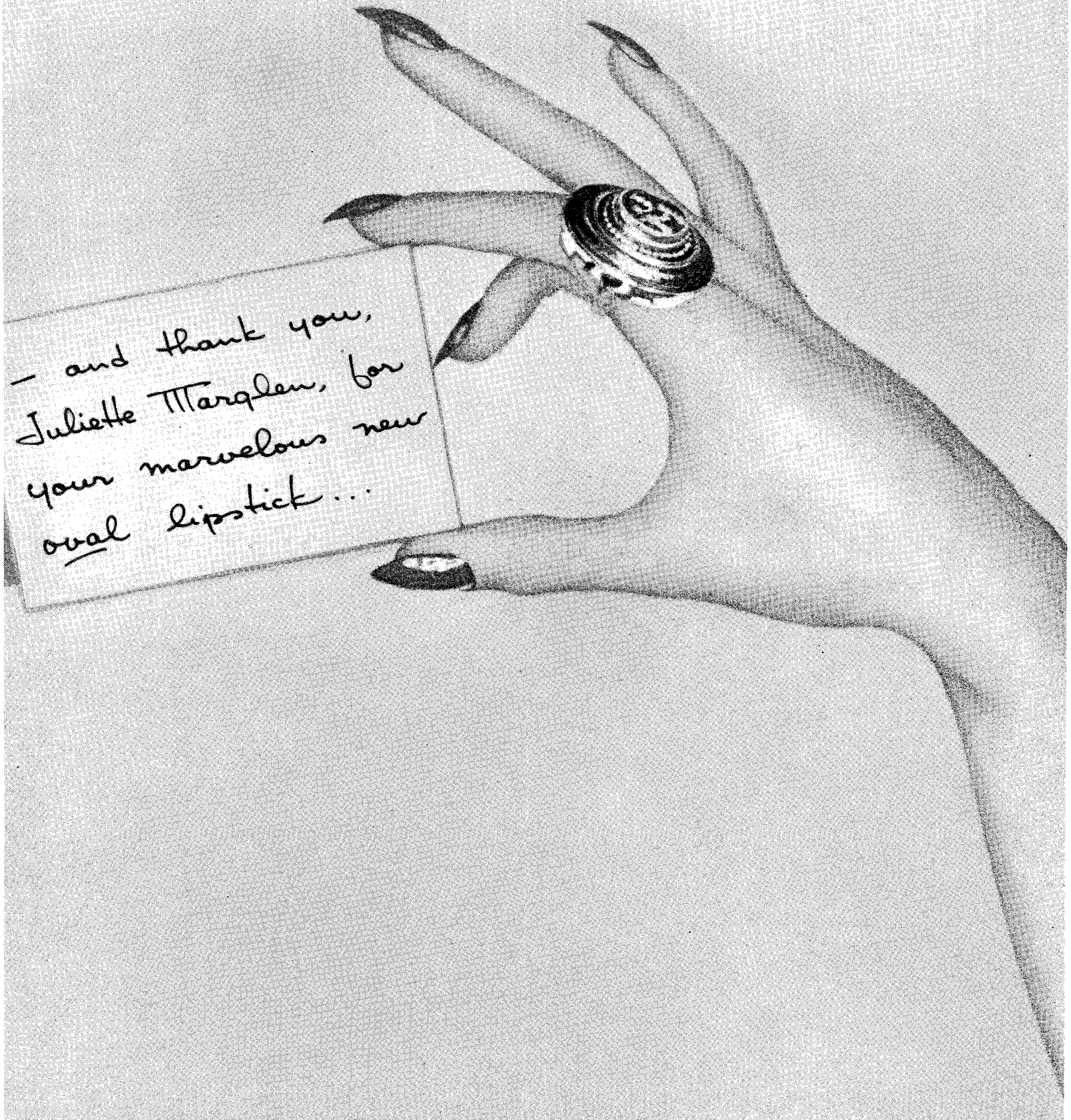
RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent canvases; through March 22. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

PAUL FEELEY—Large abstract oils; through Saturday, March 8. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

SIDNEY GROSS—Semiabstract oils; through March 22. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

PHILIP GUSTON—Abstract oils; through March 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

CHILDE HASSAM—Late paintings, mainly of the


– and thank you,
Juliette Marglen, for
your marvelous new
oval lipstick…

a FABERGÉ presentation

A&F

For comfort afield or afloat

Shoes expressly designed for the sportsman . . . naturally, you find them at A&F.

Oneida Moccasin. Enjoy comfort on camping trips with this light, hand-sewn, flexible footwear. Cradles foot in protective, moulded outersole. Great for loafing, too. Men's sizes. **$15.50**

Top-Sider Floating Oxford. With cellular squeegee soles, these moccasin-style Top-Siders cling to a slippery deck. Actually float if lost overboard! Hand-crafted, elk-tanned leather. Steel shank for daylong support. Men's and women's. . **$19.95**

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

New York—360 MADISON AVENUE
Chicago—VL&A—9 NO. WABASH
San Francisco—220 POST STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Long Island countryside; through Saturday, March 8. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

John Koch—Still-lifes, landscapes, and interiors; through Saturday, March 8. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Henry Koerner—Realist oils and drawings, principally of scenes in upstate New York; through Saturday, March 15. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Kaethe Kollwitz—A series of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs, supplemented by some rare drawings; through March 28. (New Art Center, 1193 Lexington Ave., at 81st St.)

Lee Krasner—Very large abstract oils; through March 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Aristide Maillol—Thirty-nine bronzes and one marble statue; through March 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Matta—Abstract Surrealist paintings by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through Saturday, March 15. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Randall Morgan—Landscapes of New York and Italy; through Saturday, March 8. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe—Water colors, dated 1916-17; through March 22. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstract Expressionist paintings done in almost tapestry-like, arabesqued patterns; through Saturday, March 8. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Anton Refregier—Figure paintings; through Saturday, March 15. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Edward John Stevens—A new series of his gouaches; through Saturday, March 15. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Tancredi—Non-objective oils and gouaches by an Italian painter. First one-man show in New York; through March 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Esteban Vicente—Recent collages; through Saturday, March 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-third annual exhibition, comprising over three hundred paintings, sculptures, and prints, submitted by both members and non-members; through March 16. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: New paintings and sculptures by such artists as Jonah Kinigstein, George L. K. Morris, and Jack Squier; through March 22. . . . **argent**, 236 E. 60th St.: Oils by members of the National Association of Women Artists; through Saturday, March 8. . . . **contemporary arts**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by Stephen Csoka, Winslow B. Eaves, Lily Ente, and others; through Friday, March 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: "The Performing Arts" is the theme of an exhibition of paintings selected by Leon Kroll, Sol Wilson, and George Picken; through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **fine arts associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Emil Nolde, and Wilhelm Lehmbruck are among the artists represented in a showing of German Expressionist paintings, prints, and sculptures; through Saturday, March 15. . . . **hervé**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Ten paintings by Georges Rouault, plus paintings and sculptures by six artists, including Marcel Gromaire and Alexander Archipenko; through March 20. . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Five European painters and sculptors—Afro, Peter Lanyon, Alan Davie, Mirko, and Luciano Minguzzi—and one American sculptor, Bernard Rosenthal; through Saturday, March 8.

Oriental Art—At the **mi chou**, 36 W. 56th St.: Paintings by twelve masters of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties; through March 22. (Weekdays, 1 to 7, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **world house**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and woodblock prints by thirty-six contemporary Korean artists, in an exhibition that coincides with the Korean show at the Metropolitan Museum; through March 22.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **de nagy**, 24 E. 67th St.: Jane Freilicher; starting Tuesday, March 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **grand central**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: John Pike; starting Tuesday, March 11. . . . **kootz**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Gérard Schneider; starting Tuesday, March 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . **matisse**, 41 E. 57th St.: Marino Marini; starting Tuesday, March 11. . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Louis di Valentin; starting Monday, March 10. . . . **passedoit**, 121 E. 57th St.: Charles Schucker; starting Monday, March 10. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Edouard Pignon; starting Monday, March 10. . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Joseph Glasco; starting Monday, March 10.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—"Masterpieces of Korean Art," an exhibition being presented under the auspices of the Korean government. Included are ceramics, sculptures, metalwork, stoneware, and paintings, ranging in date from the first or second century to the twentieth. Through March 30. (A good complement to the exhibition is the Korean show at World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.) . . . ¶ A travelling exhibition of thirty-five oil paintings, dating from 1916, by Winston Churchill; starting Friday, March 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Seventy Photographers Look at New York City," a showing made up of photographs from the eighteen-fifties to the present, taken by Mathew Brady, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, and others. Through April 27. After Sunday, March 9, the Museum will be closed until Saturday, March 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Eduardo Paolozzi, Etienne-Martin, Alicia Penalba, and four other abstract sculptors are participants in a sculpture-and-drawing exhibit that is international in scope; through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A showing of the work of Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933), including a Favrile glass window, Favrile bowls and plates, and vases, paintings, jewelry, and enamels, all on loan from museums and private collections; through April 6. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Ancient Peru," an exhibit of sculptures, textiles, and so on, including some rare and remarkable featherwork; through May 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-second annual of the American Abstract Artists, with paintings and sculptures by member and guest artists, including Josef Albers, Ad Reinhardt, John von Wicht, and Ibram Lassaw; through March 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Nature in Abstraction," composed of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Arthur Dove, Willem de Kooning, and Leo Amino; through March 16. . . . ¶ A display of the work of the late Robert Edmond Jones, consisting of a hundred and thirty original designs for plays, operas, ballets, musical comedies, and motion pictures; through April 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 6, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Martha Moedl, Marianne Schech, Irene Dalis, Albert Da Costa, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Otello," with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Marcella Pobbe, Laurel Hurley, Carlo Bergonzi, Frank Guarrera, and Jerome Hines. (A benefit for the Vassar Club of New York scholarship fund;

for tickets, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2315.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 10, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Martha Moedl, Marianne Schech, Jean Madeira, Albert Da Costa, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 11, at 8:15: "Gianni Schicchi," with Emilia Cundari, Fernando Corena, and Charles Anthony; and "Salome," with Inge Borkh, Irene Dalis, Ramon Vinay, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Mario Zanasi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Risë Stevens, Mario Del Monaco, Martial Singher, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Margaret Harshaw, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: "Tosca," with Antonietta Stella, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Margaret Roggero, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting performances of Richard Strauss's opera "Elektra," in concert form, on Thursday, March 6, at 8:45; Friday, March 7, at 2:30; and Sunday, March 9, at 3 (all with Inge Borkh and Frances Yeend, sopranos; Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano; David Lloyd, tenor; Giorgio Tozzi, bass; and others). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos and Danny Kaye conducting on Monday, March 10, at 8:45, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (no soloists). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, March 13, at 8:45, and Friday, March 14, at 2:30 (both with Glenn Gould, piano). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 15, at 8:45 (with Carl Sandburg, narrator).

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting the last in a series of three concerts, with Eunice Podis, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Fritz Reiner conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concerts—Newell Jenkins conducting the last in a series of three concerts of eighteenth-century music, with Renato Bonacini, violin, and Artur Balsam, piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 6, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Albert Katz, cello, and Adriana Dal Mare, soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting the last in a series of five concerts, with Mischa Elman, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—James B. Welch directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8:40.)

Sacred Vocal Music by Heinrich Schütz—Howard Boatwright directing the choir of St. Thomas's Church, New Haven, and an instrumental group from the Yale University School of Music, with Helen Boatwright, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Hollywood String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Artur Balsam—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New School Concerts—A program of chamber and choral music by Ernst Krenek and Ben Weber, performed by Alexander Schneider, violin; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; the Galimir String Quintet; Bethany Beardslee, soprano; the Schola Cantorum directed by Hugh Ross; *and an instrumental ensemble*

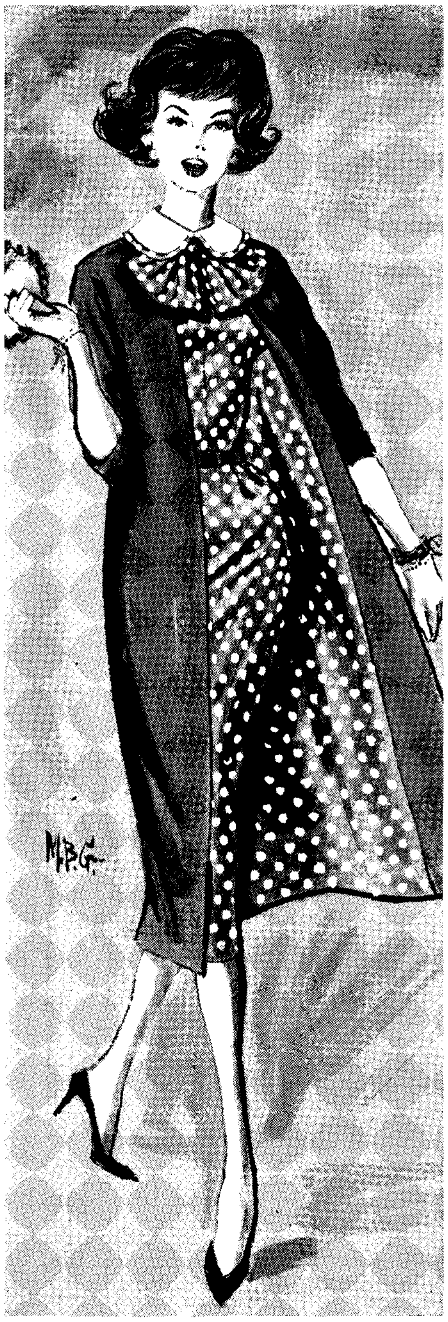
individual, lightweight, distinctive
OUR OWN MAKE TROPICAL SUITS
in attractive Dacron-and-worsted blends

Brooks Brothers tropical worsted suits are outstanding in quality, styling and comfort...being made in our own workrooms of good-looking, crease-resistant Dacron*-and-worsted suitings, most of them woven exclusively for us. This Spring's interesting selection for town or country wear includes solid shades of blue, tan and grey, dark pin stripes on tan or grey, and fancy patterns. Coat and trousers, $95

*Du Pont's fiber

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave., at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.



Young Cosmopolitans®

In Tune With Spring...

in this harmonious breeze-fresh ensemble that does such beau-catching things to a junior's figure! A Phyllis de Trano original by Georgette, its polka dot-brightened sheath is navy and white Acetate . . . the blade-slim coat, sheer navy wool. Sizes 7 to 15. *(N-11).* Together, only **29.95**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Order by Style Number
Please include postage beyond our motor delivery areas.
AND 17 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

conducted by Mr. Krenek. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, March 9, at 3 and 9.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-58—The fourth in a series of eight concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Leyna Gabrielli, soprano; Max Pollikoff, violin; the Beaux Arts Quartet; and composers Teo Macero and Vincent Persichetti. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 9, at 5:30.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the last in a series of three concerts, with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano, and Leonid Hambro, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 9, at 8:40.)

Patricia Neway and Robert Colston—Soprano and piano, in the second in a series of three programs of contemporary music. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Monday, March 10, at 8:40.)

Jennie Tourel—Mezzo-soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 11, at 8:30.)

June Summers—Piano, with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Matti Holli. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Koeckert Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

David Bean—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Shoshana Damari—Israeli folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—With Walter Trampler, viola. The last in a series of five recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 15, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Operas-in-Brief—"Madame Butterfly," the sixth in this year's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Theatre. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 11, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 7: Ike Chestnut vs. Harold Gomes, featherweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14: Yvon Durelle vs. Tony Anthony, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 9, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

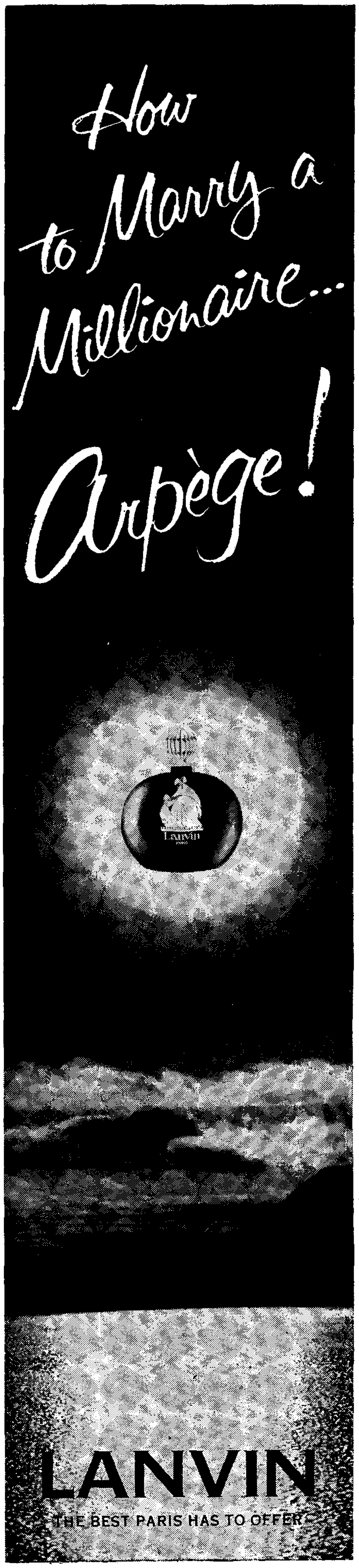
Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 9, at 3.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 29. The Barbara Frietchie Handicap, Saturday, March 8, and the Bowie Handicap, Saturday, March 15.

Track Meet—Knights of Columbus. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 8, at 7:15.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **new york philharmonic:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 8, at noon.) . . . **little orchestra society:** The final children's concerts of the season. Thomas Scherman directing the first performances of "The Thirteen Clocks," a children's opera based on the fairy tale by James Thurber. Mary Johnson composed the music and, along



with Maritza and Norman Morgan, also wrote the book. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 8, at 3, and Saturday, March 15, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Plays—By the **theatre for young people:** "Treasure Isle," a musical play. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 8, at 11.) . . . **traveling playhouse:** "Robin Hood." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 15, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Variety Show—"Jack and the Beanstalk," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a magician, a clown, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 8, at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "Time and the Stars," contrasts ancient conceptions of astronomy with modern scientific knowledge and shows how both affect our daily lives. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—"The Red Pony," with Robert Mitchum and Myrna Loy, and two Walt Disney shorts. (Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St. GR 5-1660. Saturday, March 8, at 10:30.) . . . ¶ Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

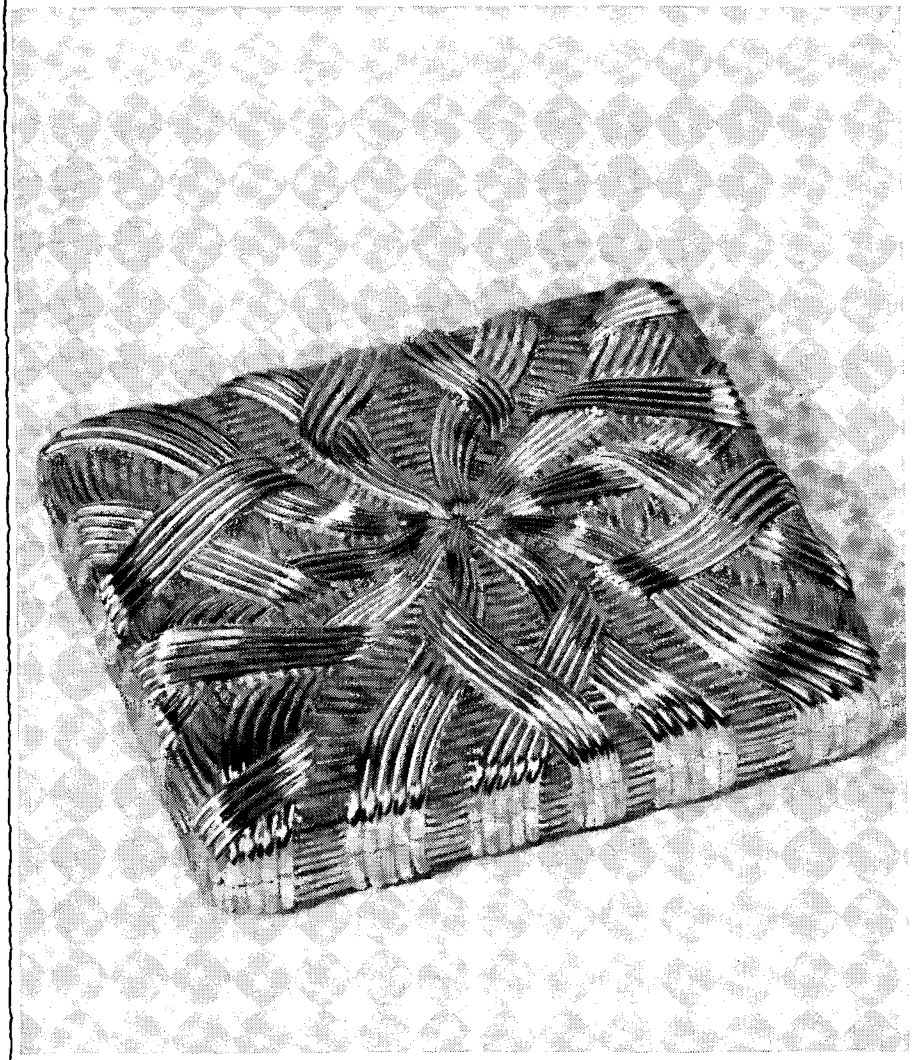
United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to adjourn Friday, March 14), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Drama Readings—Saturday, March 8: H. A. L. Craig's play "The Common Wind," read by Max Adrian, Austin Briggs-Hall, and others. . . . ¶ Monday, March 10: Stanley Kunitz and Ruthven Todd reading from their own poetry. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

International Flower Show—Right down to, and including, daisies. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Sunday, March 9, from 2 to 10, and Monday through Saturday, March 10-15, from 10 to 10.)

National Antiques Show—See Luke 5:39. (Madison Square Garden. Monday through Saturday, March 10-15, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 16, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French furniture, porcelains, modern paintings, tapestries, Oriental rugs, and bibelots; the property of Mrs. Robert L. Gerry and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 11-12, at 1:45: Books on angling, hunting, and guns, together with first editions, early printed volumes, and standard sets; from several collectors, among them Arthur D. Leidesdorf.



CIGARETTE CASE, designed in

eighteen karat gold by

Jean Schlumberger of Tiffany,

hand-chased with twining ribbon motif.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A Cook's tour, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a little too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Awakening—Anna Magnani is superb in this story of a nun who, after being sent from Rome to an island off Naples to sell a convent that is going broke, decides to save the place in order to stay near a small boy for whom she has built up an overwhelming maternal feeling. At once humorous and pathetic, the film, which was written by Cesare Zavattini and Mario Camerini, and directed by Mr. Camerini, has a first-rate cast. An Italian film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

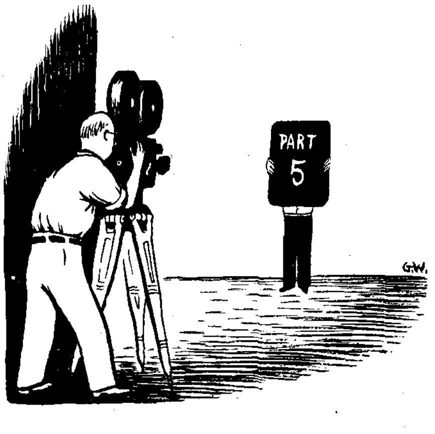
The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's a bit of practically everything in the emotional line in this description of British military adventures in the Far East during the Second World War, but it holds together impressively. The direction, by David Lean, is brisk and perceptive, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, and Jack Hawkins, performs admirably. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a flawless performance in this powerful French film, based on a novel by Zola, which has to do with the unhappy lot of the lower orders during the Second Empire. Miss Schell is sturdily assisted by François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

It Happened in the Park—It happens in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome, in five episodes, all beguiling and all concerned with Roman love of one kind or another. There is a splendid cast on hand, including Vittorio De Sica, Franca Valeri, Giulia Rubino, and Anna Maria Ferrero. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 12.)

Operation Mad Ball—For a change, a really comical military film. Some soldiers attached to a medical unit stationed in France after the Second World War are distracted by the presence of a group of handsome nurses, and their method of impressing them—which includes pilfering anything that isn't nailed down from the mess of their outfit—is funny indeed. The highly skilled cast is headed by Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through March 12.)

Sayonara—Marlon Brando and a Japanese actress named Miiko Taka demonstrating rather happily that East and West can, too, meet. Mr. Brando, equipped with an accent that is strictly from Dixie, plays a major in the Air Force taking a breather in Kobe during the Korean War, and Miss Taka plays a lissome song-and-dance girl who makes him see the advantages of racial tolerance. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12			

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a vivid swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also visible in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; through March 12. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Charles Laughton giving a gaudy and compelling performance as an English barrister defending a young man who is accused of knocking off an old lady. Based on the play by Agatha Christie, the movie was adapted for the screen by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz, and the cast includes Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 8.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Odeon, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through March 11. Daily at 2:30 and 8:40. Extra performance Saturday morning at 10:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting March 12. Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, 7, and 9:45; Saturdays at 10, 1, 4, 7, and 10; and Sundays at 1, 4, 7, and 10.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—Carson McCullers' play, translated to the screen. Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon de Wilde again enact the leading roles. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 10-11.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock (1953)—An Italian film about a bunch of girls who are plunged into tragedy by the collapse of a stairway. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through March 8.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The Disney landmark. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—The André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 6.)

Tea and Sympathy (1956)—An adaptation of Robert Anderson's play about a boys' boarding school, with Deborah Kerr and John Kerr. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 10-11.)

Torero! (1957)—A Mexican film in which the toreador Luis Procuna reënacts his life. With an English commentary. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting March 12.)

War and Peace (1956)—The Tolstoy classic with Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Mel Ferrer. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; March 7-11.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years: A Retrospective of the Motion Pictures"—Through March 8, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Juve Contre Fantomas" (1913) and "Amor Pedestre" (1914). . . . ¶ March 9, at 3: "A Fool There Was" (1914), with Theda Bara; an excerpt from "The Exploits of Elaine" (1914-15), with Pearl White; and an excerpt from "The Whirl of Life" (1914), with Vernon and Irene Castle. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1. The Museum will be closed March 10-14.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Cowboy," Glenn Ford, Jack Lemmon.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through March 12: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.**

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell, Claire Bloom.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through March 11: **HENRY V**, revival.
From March 12, at 8:30: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins. (Opening night will be for the benefit of a Eugene O'Neill Scholarship Fund, to be established at the Yale University School of Drama. For information about tickets, call BR 9-8700, Ext. 356.)

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Mark of the Hawk," Eartha Kitt, Sidney Poitier.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Theatre temporarily closed.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands; and "Satchmo the Great," a film on Louis Armstrong, with a commentary by Edward R. Murrow.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 11 (tentative): "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
From March 12 (tentative): "How to Murder a Rich Uncle," Charles Coburn, Nigel Patrick; and "Full of Life," revival, Judy Holliday, Richard Conte.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
SAYONARA.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 11 (tentative): "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
From March 12 (tentative): "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Périer.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through March 11: "I Accuse!," José Ferrer; and "The Safecracker," Ray Milland.
From March 12: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave; and "The Girl in the Black Stockings," Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through March 9: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker.
From March 10: "The Lovemaker" (in French), Betsy Blair.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through March 11: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.
From March 12, at 8:30: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins. (Opening night will be for the benefit of a Eugene O'Neill Scholarship Fund, to be established at the Yale University School of Drama. For information about tickets, call BR 9-8700, Ext. 356.)

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
SAYONARA.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
GERVAISE (in French).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 11 (tentative): "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
From March 12 (tentative): "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Périer.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 12: **OPERATION MAD BALL.**

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through March 11: "I Accuse!," José Ferrer; and "The Safecracker," Ray Milland.
From March 12: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave; and "The Girl in the Black Stockings," Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through March 11 (tentative): "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
From March 12 (tentative): "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 8 (tentative): "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin.
March 9-11 (tentative): "The Story of Esther Costello," Joan Crawford, Rossano Brazzi.
From March 12 (tentative): "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
SAYONARA.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 10: "I Accuse!," José Ferrer; and "The Safecracker," Ray Milland.
March 11: "No Time to Be Young," Robert Vaughn; and "The Phantom Stagecoach," William Bishop.
From March 12: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave; and "The Girl in the Black Stockings," Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through March 8: **ROME 11 O'CLOCK** (in Italian), revival; and "Nana" (in French), revival, Martine Carol, Charles Boyer.
March 9-11: "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn; and "Love Lottery," David Niven, Peggy Cummins.
From March 12: **TORERO!**, revival; and "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
March 6 (tentative): "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin.
March 7-11 (tentative): "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.
From March 12 (tentative): "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Périer.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
GERVAISE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 10: "I Accuse!," José Ferrer; and "The Safecracker," Ray Milland.
March 11: "No Time to Be Young," Robert Vaughn; and "The Phantom Stagecoach," William Bishop.
From March 12: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave; and "The Girl in the Black Stockings," Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 8: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier.
March 9-11: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.
From March 12: **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK** (in French); and "Doctor at Sea," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Brigitte Bardot.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
SAYONARA.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
March 6: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.
March 7-8: "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn; and "The Devil's Hairpin," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace.
March 9: "The Three Musketeers," revival, Lana Turner, Gene Kelly; and "Jungle Gents," revival, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall.
March 10-11: **TEA AND SYMPATHY**, revival; and **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING**, revival.
From March 12: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through March 11: "The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, 7, and 9:20; Saturdays at 10, 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:20; and Sundays at 1, 4, 7, and 9:20.)
From March 12: **HENRY V**, revival.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS, revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE AWAKENING (in Italian).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 6: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (in French), revival; and "Albert Schweitzer," revival, a documentary film narrated by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.
From March 7: "The Beggar Student" (in German); and "Fric-Frac" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
SAYONARA.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
March 6: "Santiago," revival, Alan Ladd, Rossana Podesta; and "The Americano," revival, Glenn Ford, Cesar Romero.
March 7-11: **WAR AND PEACE**, revival.
From March 12: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave; and "The Girl in the Black Stockings," Lex Barker, Anne Bancroft.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
SAYONARA.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
SAYONARA.

New "open" champion, our Packalan cardigan

It's always fair-way weather in our warm yet lightweight Orlon* sweater. Alpaca-stitched long-sleeved, 3-button model. In solid white; also in banker's, nut, red, black, with contrasting trim. S, M, L, XL. Washable. 17.95

*R

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

New York · New Rochelle
Fresh Meadows · Stamford

Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

CUSTOM QUALITY
HANES

"MOST LUXURIOUS
UNDERWEAR HE'S
EVER HAD"

IT TAKES A WOMAN, sometimes, to plunge a man into the luxury he's rightfully earned. And a good place to start is with this exceptional new underwear . . . Custom Quality Hanes.

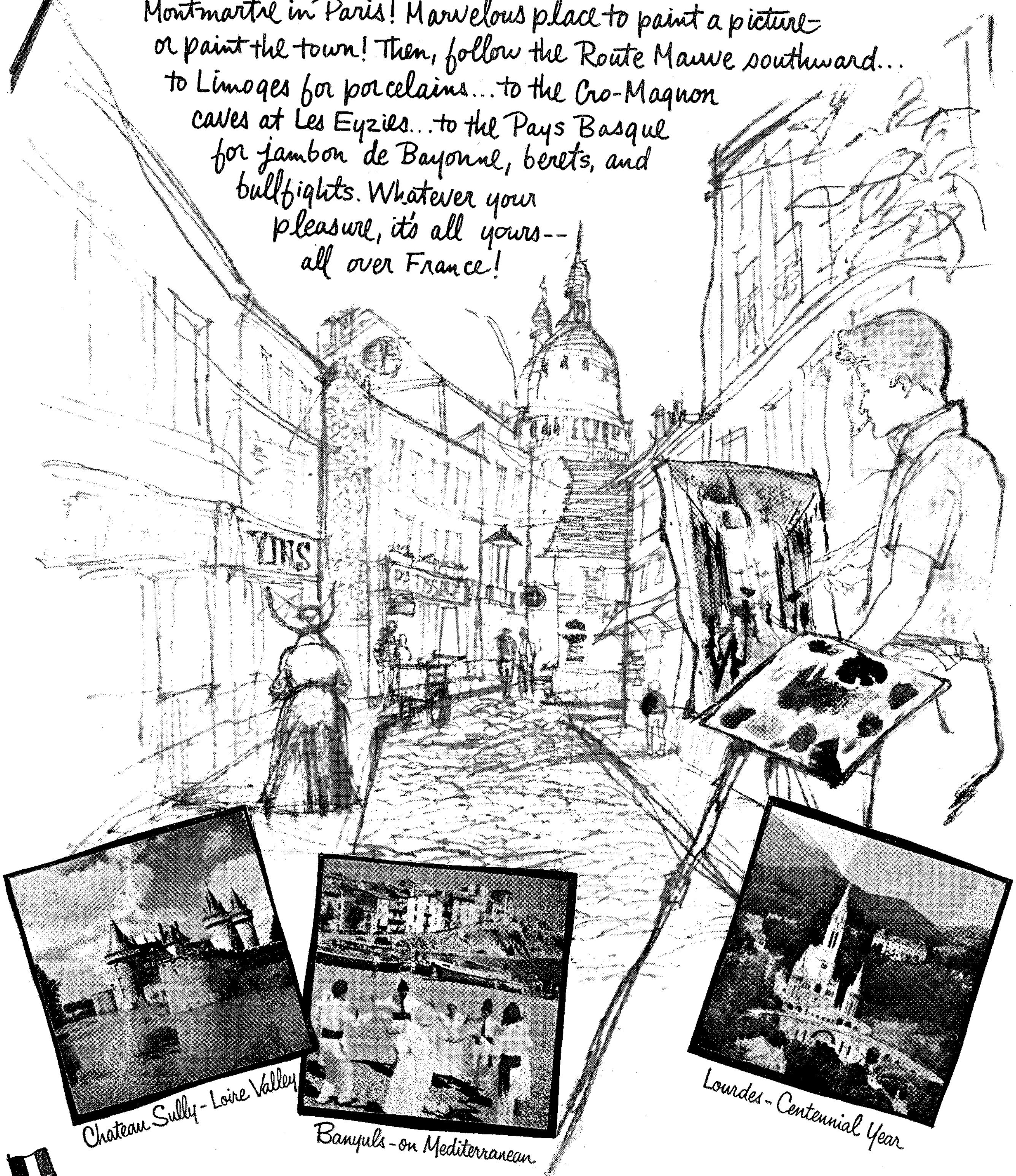
PRIVATELY, men like elegance. But it has to be masculine, and in classic good taste. Like Custom Quality Hanes! Each piece is tailored from the cream of cotton from all over the globe. And the needlework and detailing are noticeably different from any underwear he's ever worn. Shorts, T-shirts, undershirts, briefs range from $1.25 to $3.50. Not excessive, all considered.

CUSTOM QUALITY HANES . . . THE ULTIMATE IN MEN'S UNDERWEAR

At fine stores including: ATLANTA: Rich's; BOSTON: Jordan Marsh; BUFFALO: Hengerer's; MIAMI: Burdine's; PITTSBURGH: Kaufmann's; PROVIDENCE: The Shepard Company; WORCESTER: Denholm & McKay. For further information write P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem 1, N. C.

in France every road leads to pleasure

Montmartre in Paris! Marvelous place to paint a picture—or paint the town! Then, follow the Route Mauve southward... to Limoges for porcelains... to the Cro-Magnon caves at Les Eyzies... to the Pays Basque for jambon de Bayonne, berets, and bullfights. Whatever your pleasure, it's all yours—all over France!



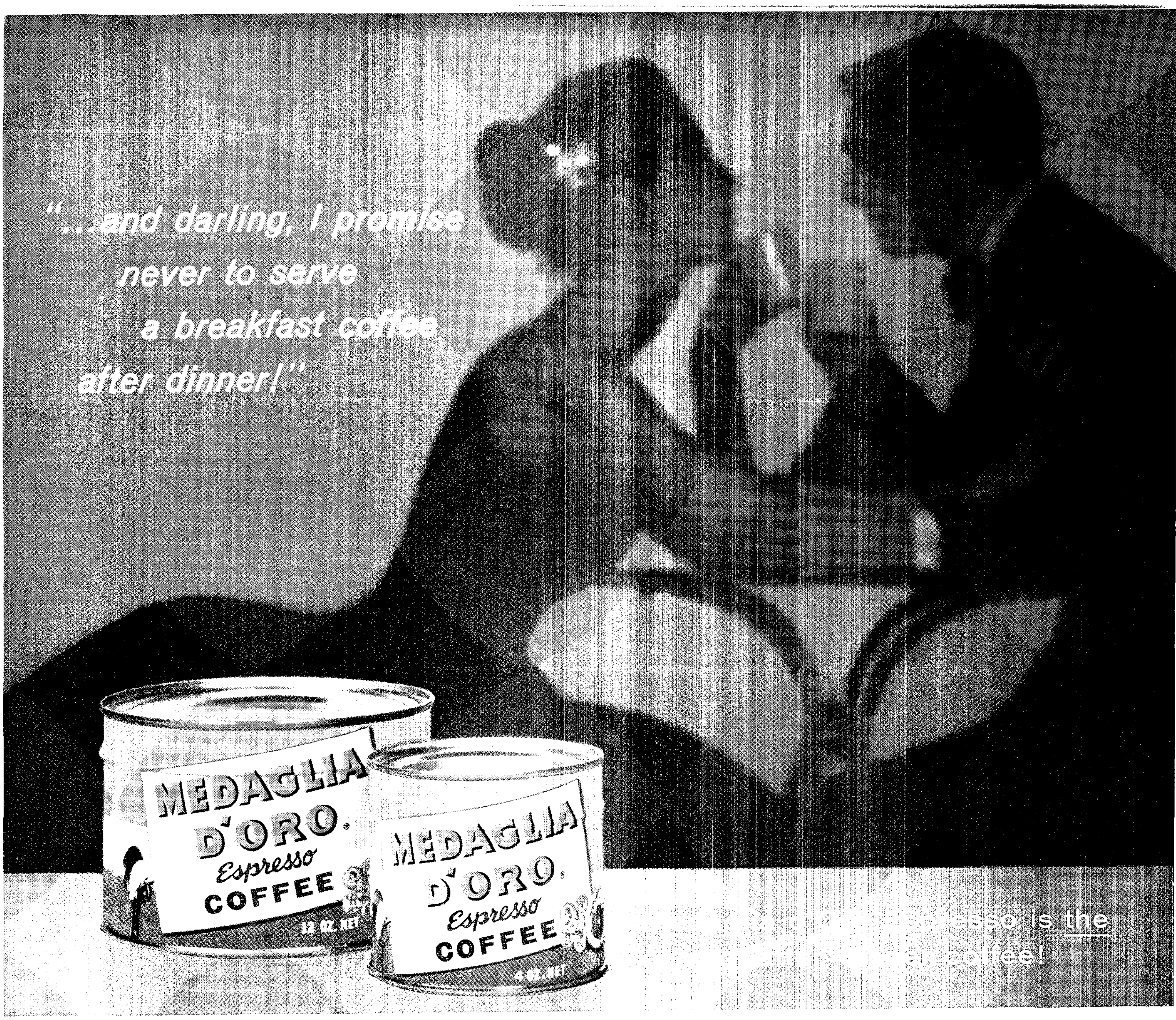
Chateau Sully - Loire Valley

Banyuls - on Mediterranean

Lourdes - Centennial Year

See your travel agent now. For free maps and information write: Dept. GR-28, Box 221, N. Y. 10, N. Y.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE *New York • Chicago • San Francisco • Los Angeles • Montreal*


"...and darling, I promise never to serve a breakfast coffee after dinner!"
MEDAGLIA D'ORO Espresso COFFEE 12 OZ. NET
MEDAGLIA D'ORO Espresso COFFEE 4 OZ. NET
[illegible] is the
[illegible] coffee!

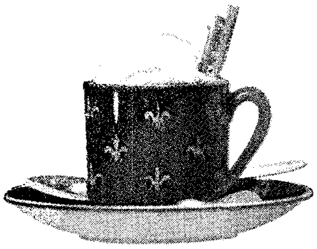
4 Delightful Ways to Serve Medaglia d'Oro...The True Espresso

CAFFÈ ESPRESSO

Most everyone knows *it is incorrect to serve a breakfast coffee after dinner*, but do you know how *simple* it is to prepare Medaglia d'Oro, *the* correct after-dinner coffee? Brew and serve it romantically in a *macchinetta* – or in any coffee maker. Serve piping hot with twist of lemon peel. Add sugar to taste. Incomparable!

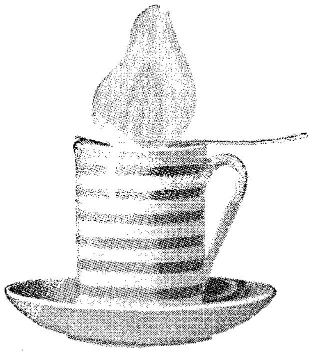
CAFFÈ PONCINO

Stir a teaspoon of rum in a steaming glass or demi-tasse of Medaglia d'Oro. Add twist of lemon peel. Sweeten to taste. In cold or damp weather Poncino gives you a glorious inner glow. And the rich coffee flavor *cannot* be imitated because Medaglia d'Oro double-roasts the world's finest coffee beans to achieve it!



CAFÉ SOIRÉE

Brew enough Medaglia d'Oro for 6 demi-tasse cups. Place in saucepan 6 teaspoons sugar, 1-inch stick cinnamon, 4 cloves, 1 small curl orange peel. Add the Medaglia d'Oro coffee, heat to just below boiling point. Add 4 ozs. rum, strain and serve. Top each demi-tasse with unsweetened whipped cream, if desired. Your guests will be enchanted!



CAFÉ ROYAL

Place lump of sugar in teaspoonful of cognac. Hold spoon over demi-tasse of hot Medaglia d'Oro. Ignite—then lower spoon, thereby firing entire surface. It's a memorable after-dinner treat. And remember, please, throughout the civilized world Medaglia d'Oro is regarded as the *only* correct after-dinner coffee! Try it soon.

S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc. • 77 Water Street, New York 5, N. Y.

With cloak

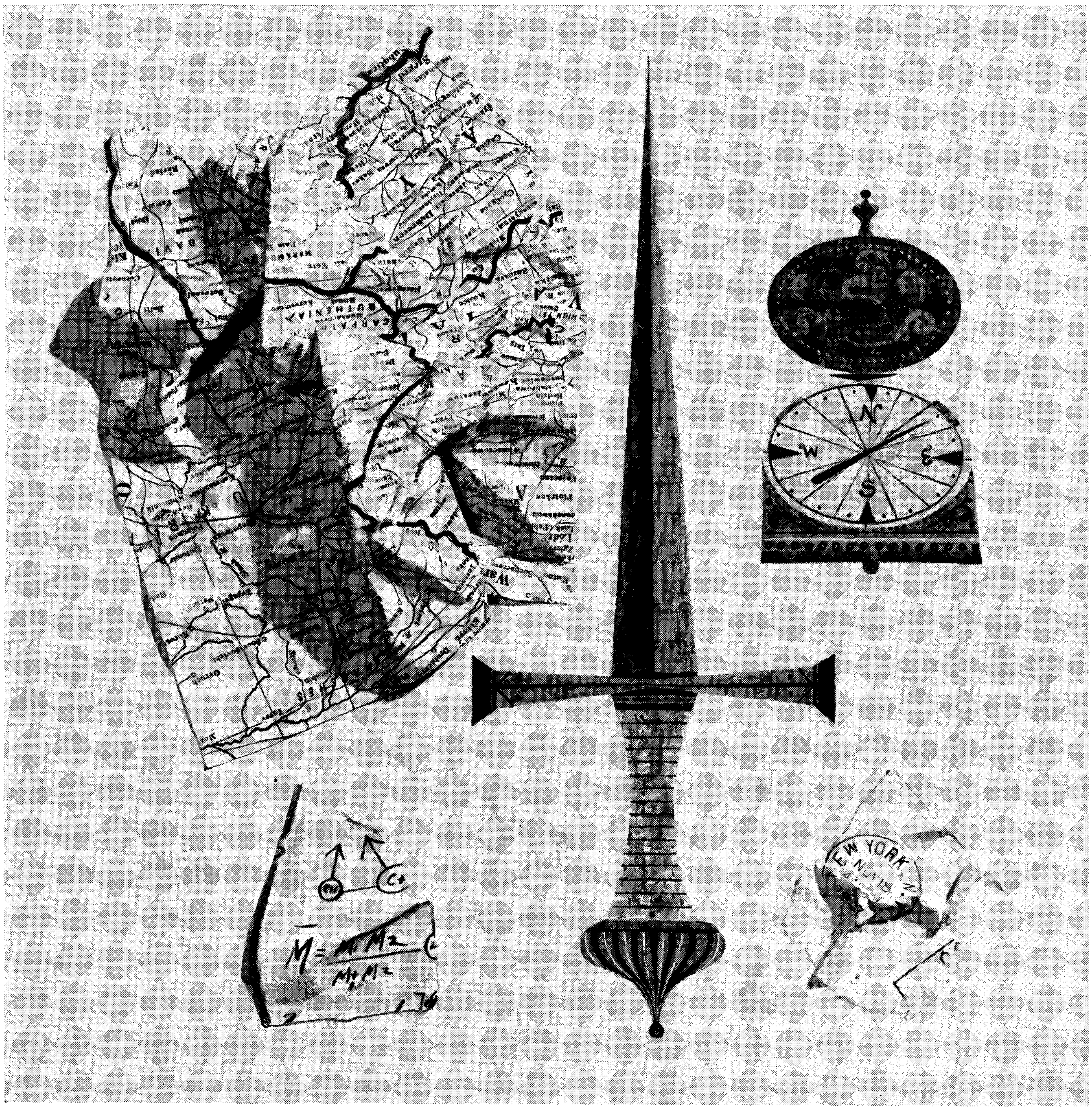
and dagger...

and edible map

Military maps have to be good . . . sometimes good enough to eat. During the last war, agents who were dropped behind enemy lines needed maps that could be swallowed in case of capture.

Printing maps for special purposes is an old story to us at Rand McNally. The first maps we ever published were intended to encourage travel on the early railroads. Today we're even busier producing highway maps that are free for the asking at modern service stations. To the country's big gasoline and oil companies, Rand McNally maps are an important goodwill investment. Their accuracy and legibility are well-known to the country's top executives . . . who also rely on our sales control maps and Commercial Atlas for day-to-day business planning.

RAND McNALLY



PUBLISHERS · PRINTERS · MAP MAKERS · ESTABLISHED 1856 · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · NASHVILLE · SAN FRANCISCO · WASHINGTON

For the woman who believes that
her complexion
deserves the finest care
in the world...

FRANCES DENNEY

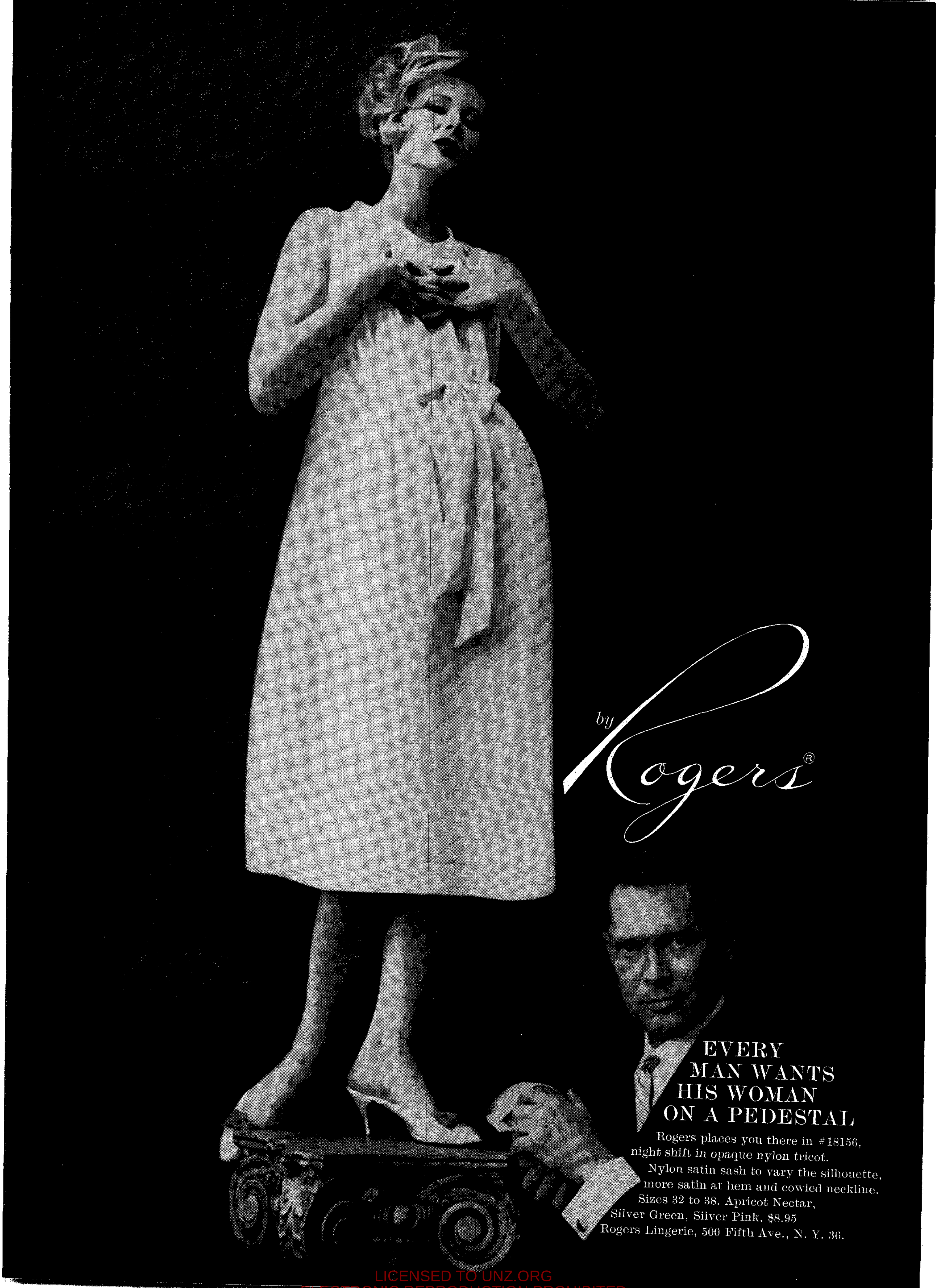
beauty preparations with

ROYAL JELLY

Creme Supreme
with ROYAL JELLY
Multi-layer Moisturizer
with ROYAL JELLY
Viva
with ROYAL JELLY
Eye Cream
with ROYAL JELLY
Neck & Contour Blend
with ROYAL JELLY
Invisible Beauty Strap
with ROYAL JELLY

Viva with Royal Jelly *for dry skin* . . . 15.00
Creme Supreme with Royal Jelly *for sensitive dry skin* . . . 15.00
Eye Cream with Royal Jelly *for wrinkles in the eye area* . . . 15.00
Neck and Contour Blend with Royal Jelly *for relaxed contour* . . . 12.50
Multi-Layer Moisturizer with Royal Jelly *for dehydrated skin* . . . 12.50
Invisible Beauty Strap with Royal Jelly *for a "face lift" treatment* . . . 12.50
Prices plus tax

Miss Denney invites you to visit her Consultant at the fine stores where her preparations are sold.



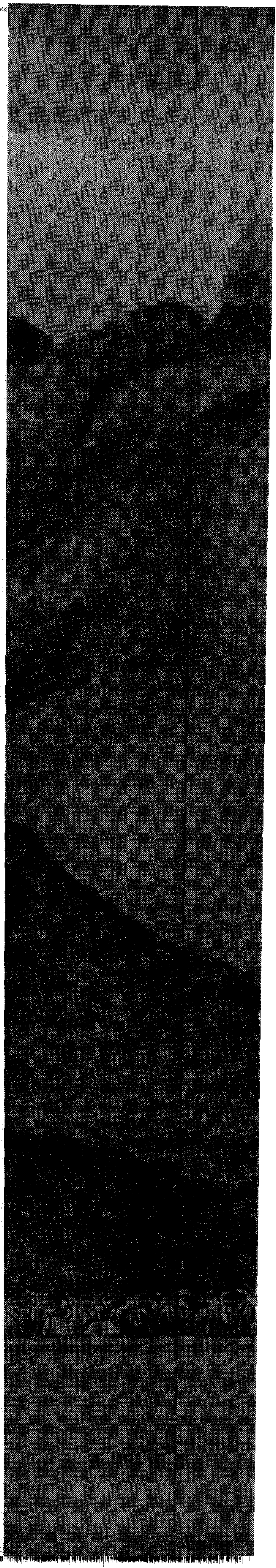
by Rogers®

EVERY
MAN WANTS
HIS WOMAN
ON A PEDESTAL

Rogers places you there in #18156,
night shift in *opaque* nylon tricot.
Nylon satin sash to vary the silhouette,
more satin at hem and cowled neckline.
Sizes 32 to 38. Apricot Nectar,
Silver Green, Silver Pink. $8.95
Rogers Lingerie, 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36.

Your Matson Cruise...

One of life's great adventures



Your ship glides past an ageless mountain sleeping in the quiet of a Pacific dawn. A spicy fragrance drifts across the water. And from the shore, you hear faint sounds of an awakening paradise. This is your Matson adventure.

You'll remember a crystal-toned waterfall; a quiet pool; a Polynesian maiden, serene in her unchallenged beauty. You'll remember sprawling surf on a palm-shaded beach . . . a marketplace ablaze with color . . . a majestic chieftain, fierce with ancestral pride.

This springtime adventure is waiting for you aboard a luxurious, completely air-conditioned Matson liner. The MARIPOSA or MONTEREY sails every 3 weeks from California to New Zealand and Australia. They make an exciting stop at Tahiti, southbound, and return via romantic Fiji, Samoa and Hawaii. The LURLINE or MATSONIA sails for Hawaii every week from San Francisco or Los Angeles.

Choose *your* Matson voyage. Enjoy the fun of shipboard parties, dances. Delight in a world-famous cuisine that highlights every meal from poolside picnic to Captain's dinner. Relax in an atmosphere unhampered by time, work or worry. Make friends, play cards, read, dream or simply sit in the sun. This is your great Matson adventure in leisure.

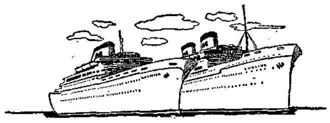
SPECIAL SPRINGTIME TRAVEL OPPORTUNITIES

when weather is at its glorious best all along the route

Space now available for these spring sailings: Apr. 2, Apr. 27, May 18, June 11

S.S. MARIPOSA **S.S. MONTEREY**

Sail round-trip by ship, or return by air from New Zealand or Australia. Or plan an exciting journey around the Pacific or around the world. Whichever you choose, the MARIPOSA or MONTEREY is the perfect beginning for an unforgettable adventure. Yacht-like atmosphere, superb service. All rooms in First Class, all with private bath. See your Travel Agent now for a plan to fit your time, budget, and dreams.



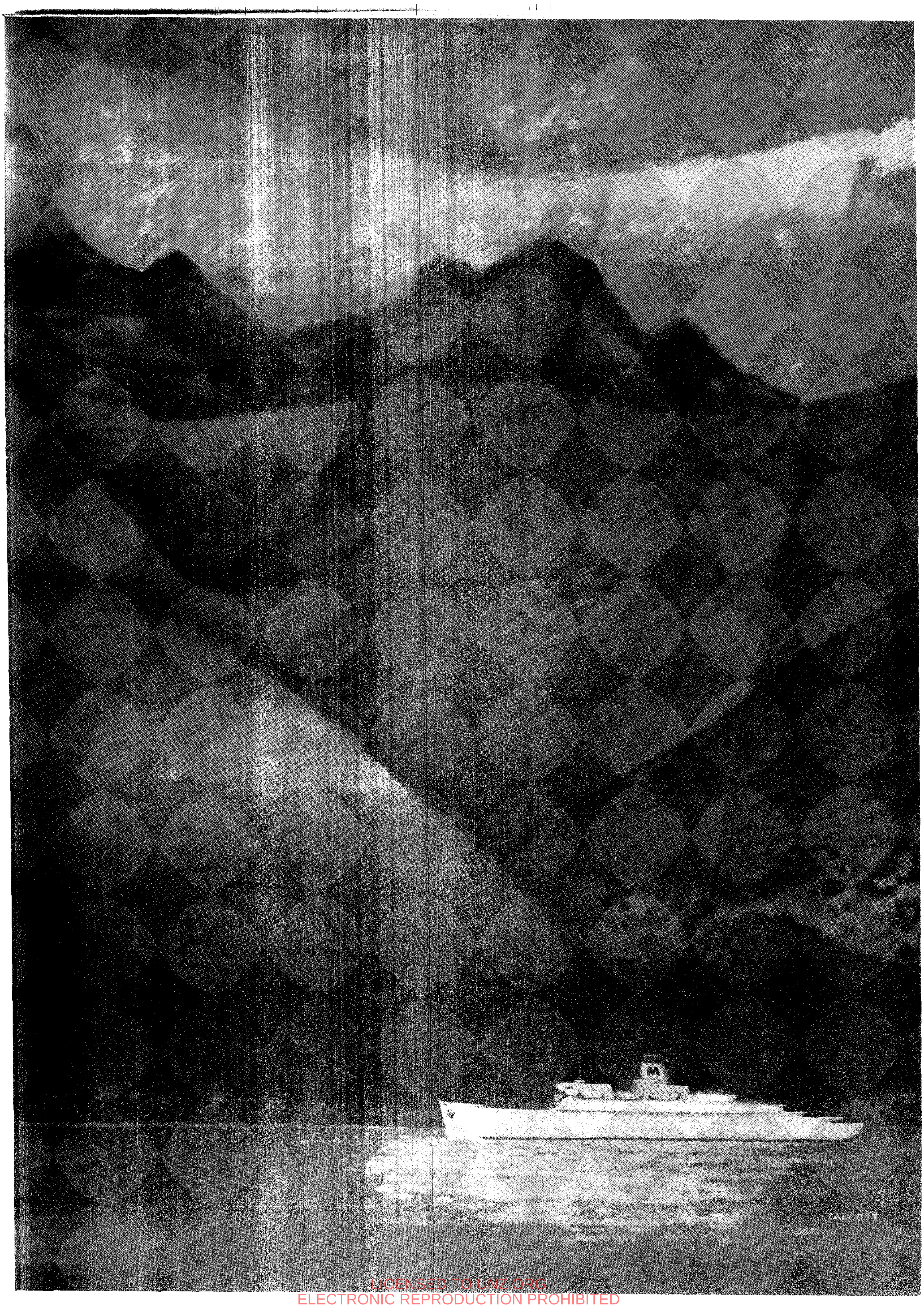
go Matson®

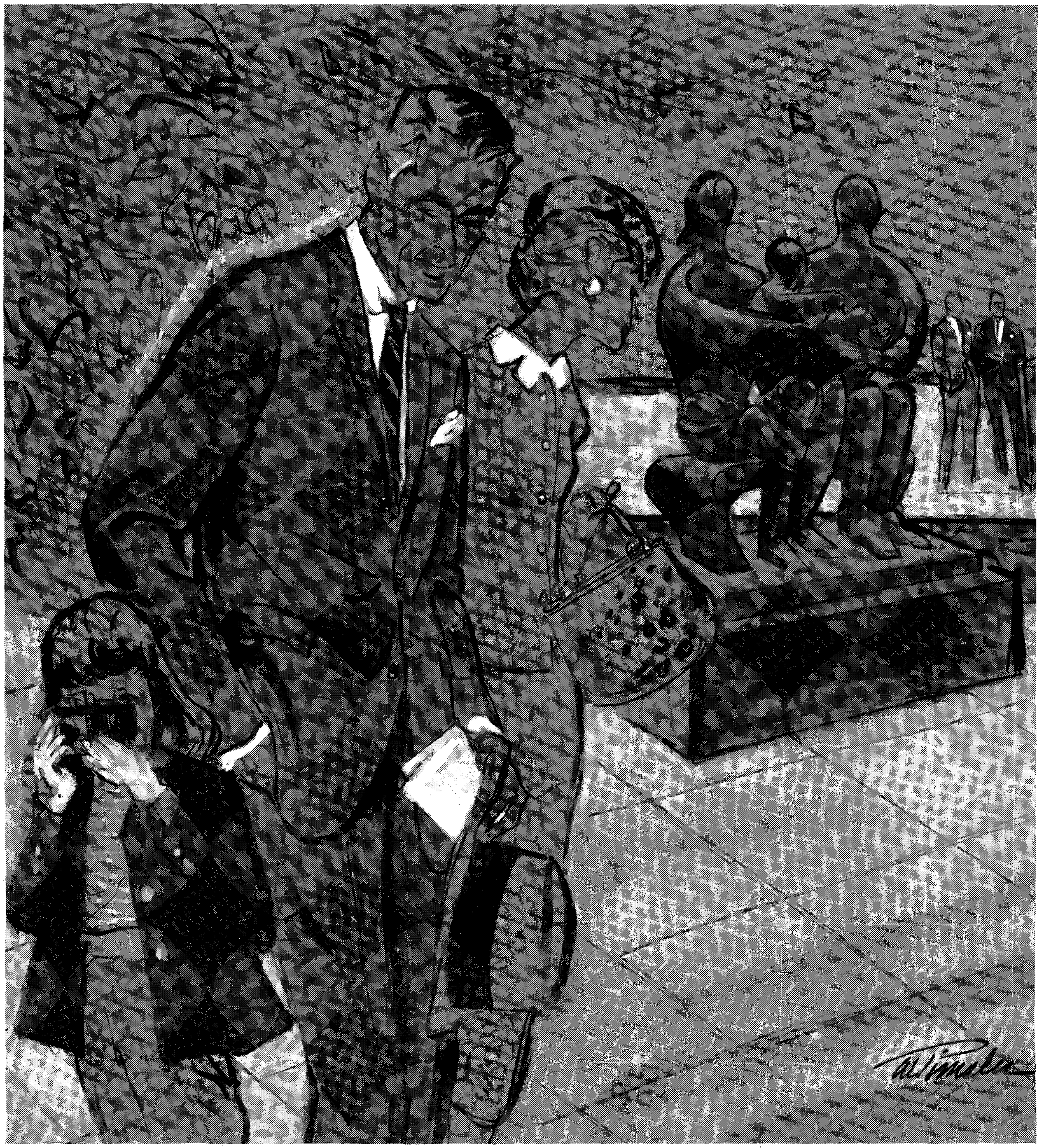
THE SMART WAY TO HAWAII AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC

MATSON LINES

THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

S.S. MARIPOSA • S.S. LURLINE • S.S. MATSONIA • S.S. MONTEREY


TALCOTT

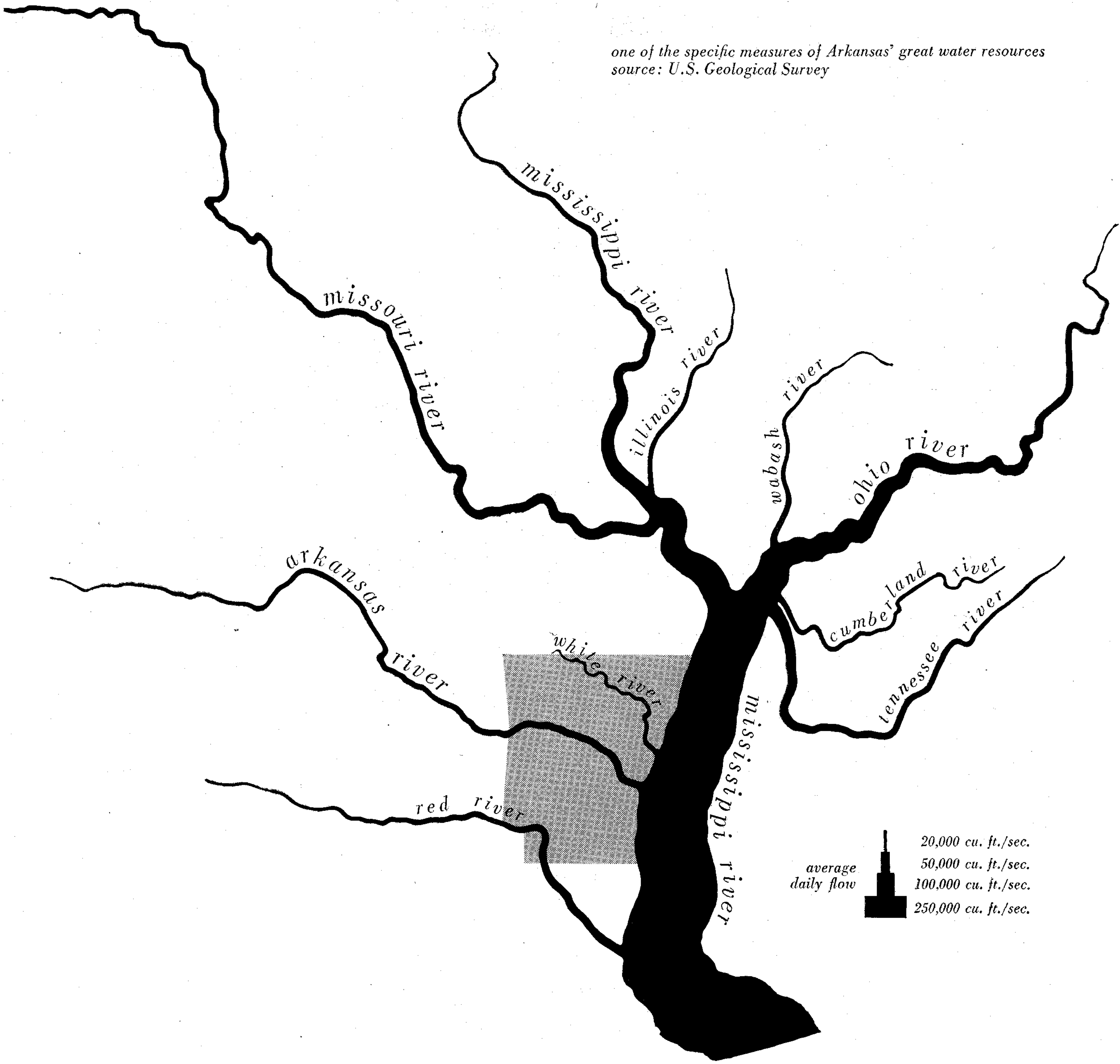


Henry Moore's bronze "Family Group" sketched in the Sculpture Garden of the Museum of Modern Art, New York

Two arts in three dimensions

Though we don't mean to put it on a pedestal, tailoring—like sculpture—*is* a three-dimensional art. And this uncommonly smart Gabalite suit by Society Brand illustrates our point perfectly. From any angle it has an unmistakable look of casual ease and elegance. It takes correct proportions, smooth style lines, and many hidden handstitches to achieve such sculptured perfection. This luxurious tropical worsted also adds a fourth dimension: for Gabalite is phantom-light and phenomenally cool. Its crisply tailored discipline discourages wrinkles—sun-up to sun-down. For store names, write Society Brand, Chicago. Gabalite—Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

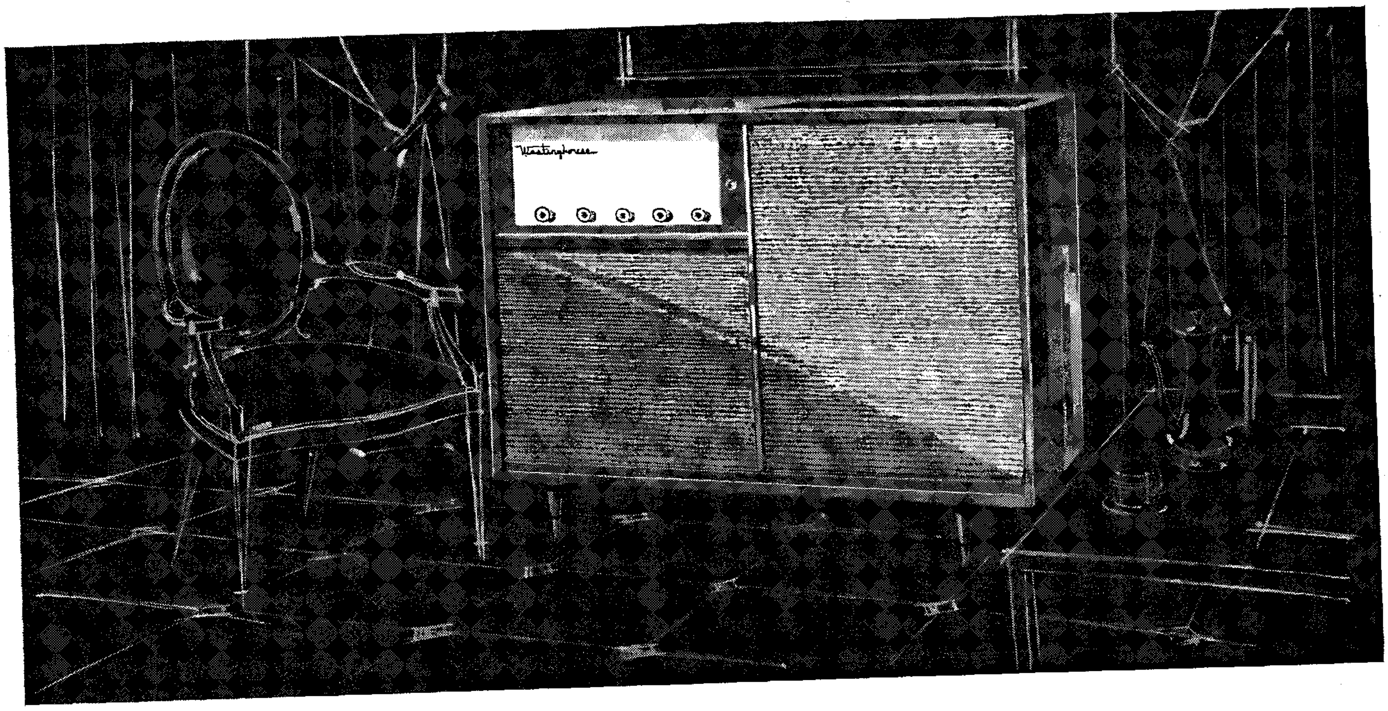
FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG Society Brand Clothes


missouri river
mississippi river
illinois river
wabash river
ohio river
cumberland river
tennessee river
arkansas river
white river
red river
mississippi river
average daily flow
20,000 cu. ft./sec.
50,000 cu. ft./sec.
100,000 cu. ft./sec.
250,000 cu. ft./sec.

one of the specific measures of Arkansas' great water resources
source: U.S. Geological Survey

ARKANSAS and the water tree

Adapted from "An Economic Atlas of Arkansas", volume four of the forthcoming Arkansas Encyclopedia, published exclusively for the industrial executive concerned with his firm's future plant locations. Over 400 pages of authoritative maps, charts, tables, photographs and text. The Arkansas Encyclopedia may be reserved now. No charge for executives writing on corporate letterhead, others twenty-five dollars. Dept. NM, The Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, State Capitol, Little Rock.



Westinghouse High Fidelity Challenge . . . we challenge you to find High Fidelity to equal this—not just at the same price—but in many sets costing far more!

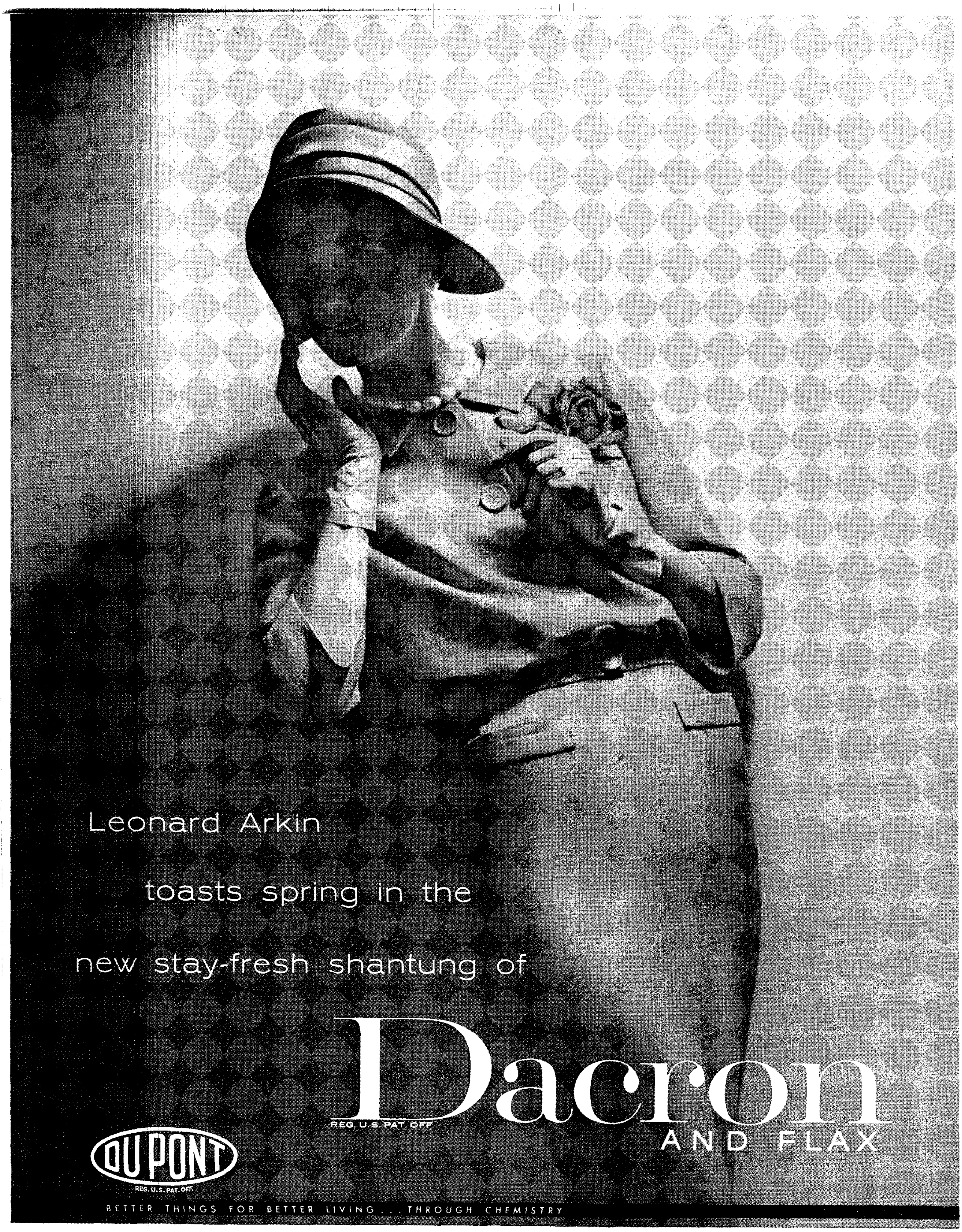
Coast to coast people listening to Westinghouse High Fidelity for the first time are amazed at what they hear . . . and *what they save!* They're finding they have to pay *far more* to equal Westinghouse performance. The reason is the Westinghouse "Balanced" Sound System. Every component—even the acoustic cabinet—has been so perfectly matched *the whole set plays*. You have to hear it to believe its perfection of timbre and dynamic range, its freedom from distortion. But, hear Westinghouse High Fidelity yourself, then let *your* ear decide. From $149.50 to $298.50.

Illustrated—High Fidelity Phonograph Console. 4 matched speakers (one 15" bass, one 7" intermediate, two 4" treble), 4 speed Record Player with automatic shut-off, dual diamond-sapphire stylii, connection provisions for remote speakers and tape recorders. Choice of woods. Biarritz . . . $219.50 in Mahogany. Also available with AM-FM radio (Fontainbleu) $289.50 in Mahogany. Limed oak and Fruitwood veneers slightly higher.

(Prices slightly higher in South and West)

YOU CAN BE SURE . . . IF IT'S **Westinghouse**

Television-Radio Division, Metuchen, New Jersey


Leonard Arkin
toasts spring in the
new stay-fresh shantung of
Dacron
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
AND FLAX
DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

The Costume Complete . . . in a beautiful new shantung of 65% "Dacron"* polyester fiber and 35% flax, so apropos for town and travel. For "Dacron" gives new perfections to shantung . . . insurance against wilting and wrinkling . . . superb shape retention . . . lightweight comfort. Sheath with its own blouson jacket in toast, beige and navy. Sizes 8-16. About $70. At Bonwit Teller; Filene's; The Blum Store, Phila.; Chas. A. Stevens; Sakowitz. Hat by Sally Victor.

*"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR DRESS SHOWN HERE.

GRACE
... THE MOST FAMOUS NAME IN CARIBBEAN CRUISES!
SANTA ROSA

CARIBBEAN SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES

This is a picture of *Graceful* living . . . why aren't *you* in it? Right now, you could be spending 12 memorable days in the sunny Caribbean with other people who have discovered that *we live only once!* They are enjoying the delightful Grace Line food and service on one of the famous "Santas." Every room is outside, each with private bath. Outdoor, tiled swimming pools on the "Santas" are the largest afloat.

The "Santa Rosa" or "Santa Paula" sails every Friday from New York on a 12-Day Cruise visiting Curaçao and Aruba in the Netherlands West Indies; Caracas, Venezuela, and Cartagena, Colombia. Other modern cargo-passenger "Santas" also sail weekly from New York on Casual Cruises of approximately 18 days.

GRACE LINE

Agents and Offices in all Principal Cities

Regular, frequent American Flag Passenger and Freight Services between the Americas

For Details See Your Travel Agent or
Mail Coupon Today for COLORFUL CRUISE FOLDER

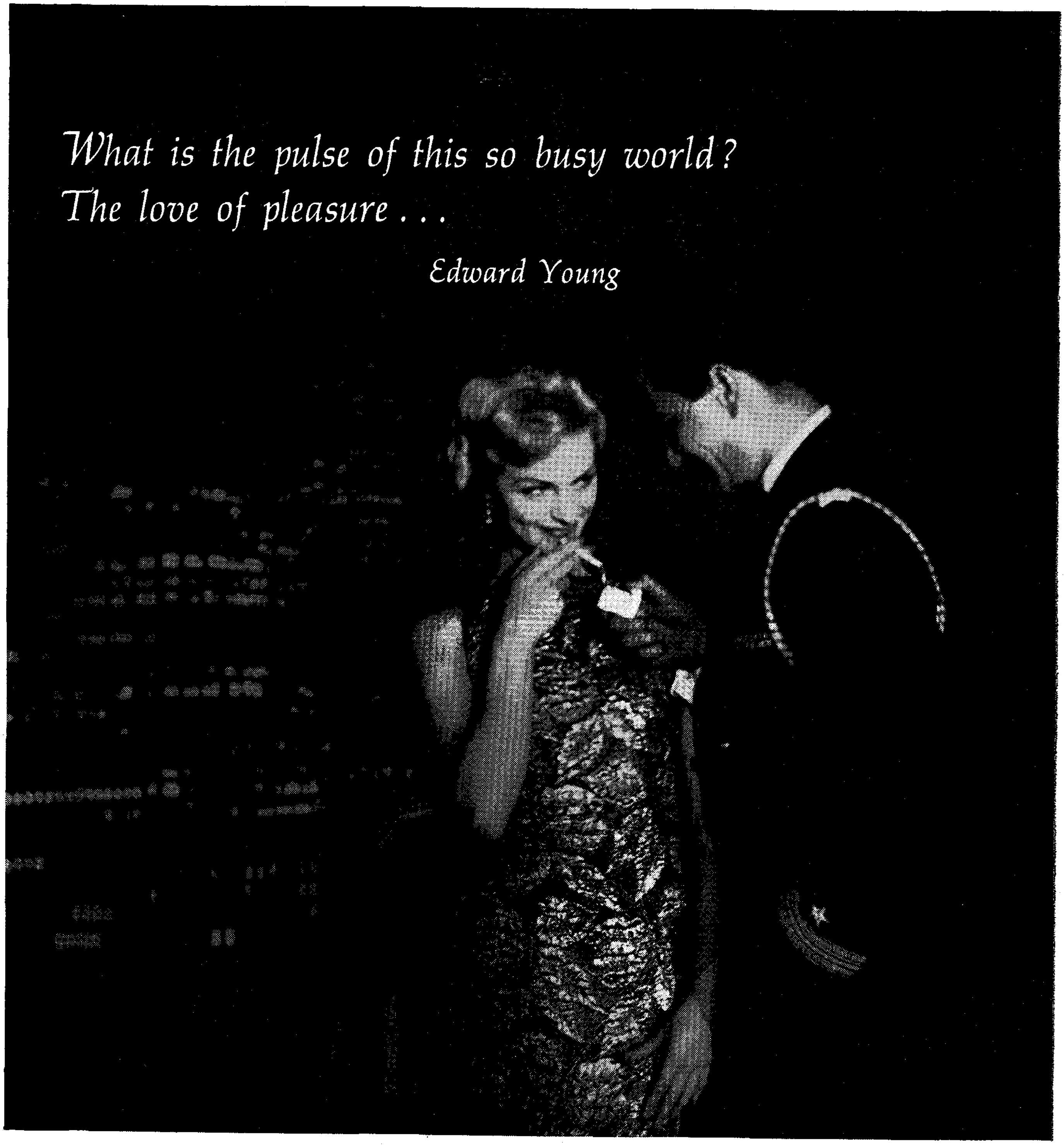
GRACE LINE, 3 Hanover Square, New York 4
Please send illustrated cruise folder:

NY-3

Name...

Street...

City..............................Zone.....State......


What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of pleasure . . .
Edward Young

FILTER MOUTHPIECE
Benson & Hedges
CIGARETTES

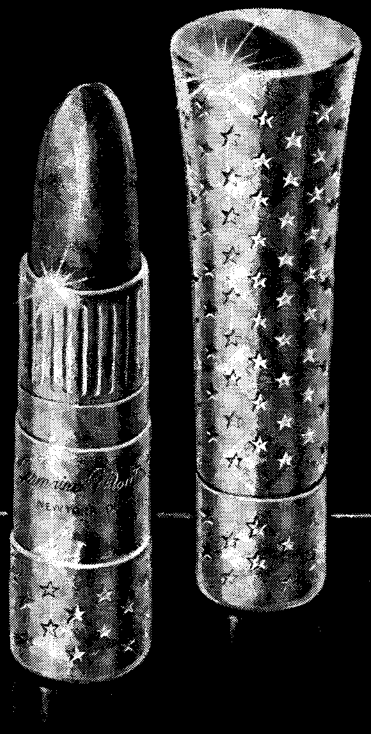
Expect to find in Benson & Hedges certain pleasures no other cigarette offers. Costlier tobaccos, luxurious in flavor. Unique filter of natural cellulose, cross-fibered for maximum filtration. Custom mouthpiece to recess the filter, so that only the flavor touches your lips.

BENSON & HEDGES · Regular and King Size

SUPER-ROYAL

LIPSTICK

the new quick-change lipstick made with Royal Jelly
in the new automatic "Continental" case.



Germaine Monteil combines Royal Jelly with recently developed emollients
to make your lips incomparably more beautiful.

Germaine Monteil's "Continental" case is all new too,
with a "click-in, click-out" refill cartridge that makes changing lipsticks a pleasure.

in nine new ultra-luminous shades

Germaine Monteil

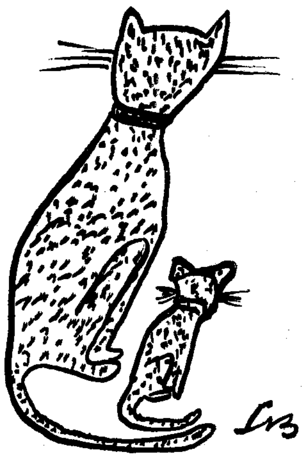
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

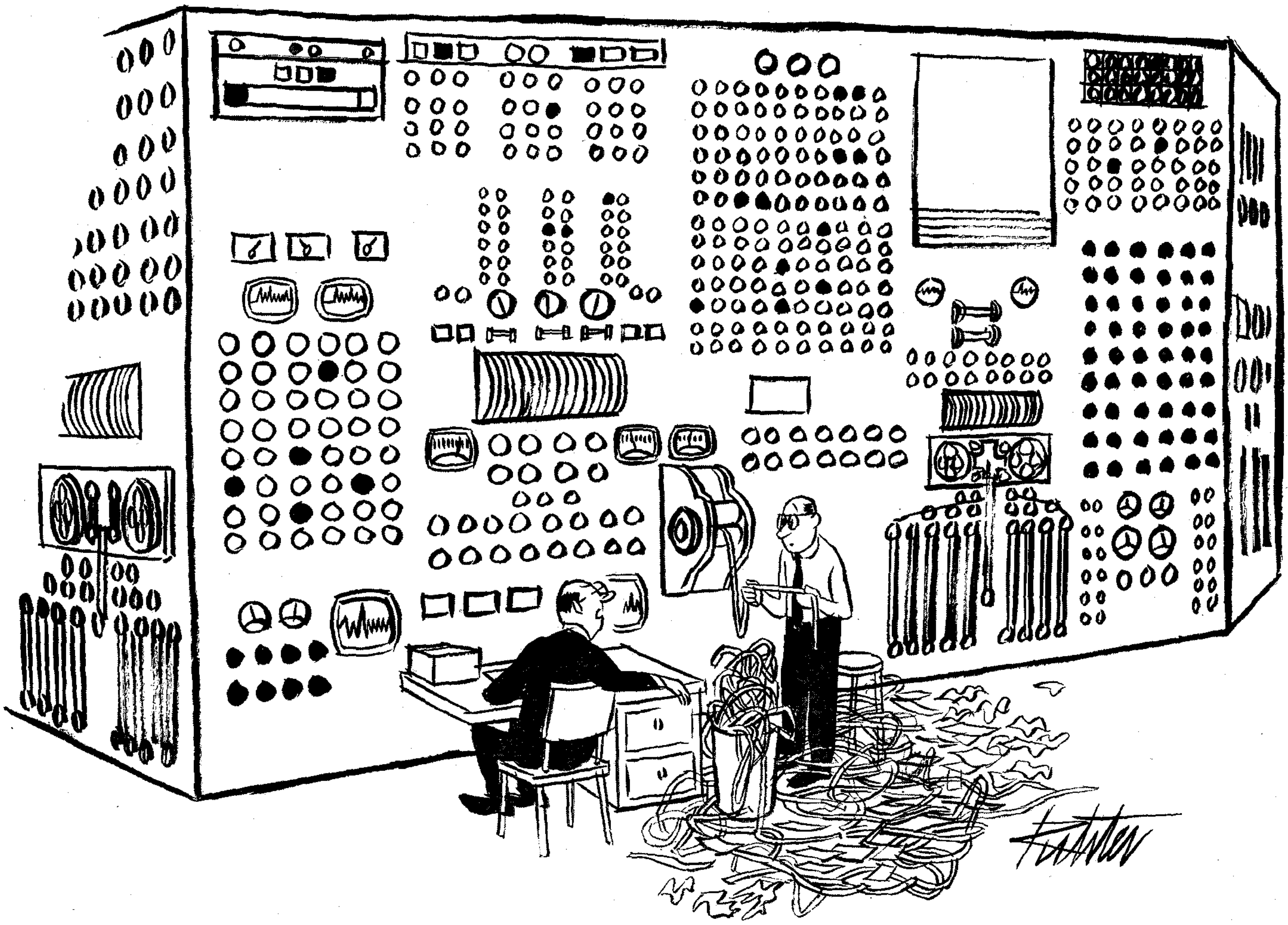
WE have just received another communication from that long-winded lady who has been having adventures underground this winter, and we want to lose no time in rushing it into print:

"It seems ages ago now, but it was only a few weeks ago that I was on the A train riding up to the bus terminal at 168th Street after an exhausting day at the linen sales. The train was crowded, and so I was riding standing up with my arms clasped around the center pole of the car, and my hands were joined not together but by a copy of *Life* that I had purchased at the Fifty-ninth Street station newsstand. I was reading from the back of the magazine to the front—not from inclination, since by nature I am a methodical person, but because the particular balance I was trying to maintain between my right shoulder and the pole obliged me to turn the pages with my left hand. I describe my position with some care because it occasioned the backhanded manner in which I learned about the career of Miss Jerry Stutz and may therefore account to some extent for the unsettling effect that her remarks, which I am about to quote, had upon me. Miss Stutz is a pretty girl with dark hair who has a luxurious apartment and a French maid and a very big office. I looked at her photographs, working backward, as I say, and finally I turned to the first page of the article, where a great deal of information about Miss Stutz and her career was boiled down into one long column, and I read that she is only thirty-three years old and has recently been made president of Henri Bendel. Now, to be president of Henri Bendel is a big job for a woman of any age, or even for a man, and I was very much impressed and read right along. Here is what *Life* says: 'A logical person, President Stutz likes to see perfect logic in the rapid rise to her present job. She majored in journalism at Mundelein College in her native Chicago, modeling on the side while there, and for a year after graduation wrote fashion publicity. Then she became accessories editor on *Glamour* magazine and learned all about shoes. When the $223 million General Shoe Corporation bought I. Miller shoes in 1954, it hired Jerry as fashion coordinator. A year later, breaking an industry-wide tradition against woman executives, she was made vice president of Miller's and general manager of their retail stores, and sales rose 20%. General Shoe, which also controls Bonwit Teller and Tiffany, bought Bendel's and at the end of 1957 put fast-moving Jerry Stutz in command. "I expect it'll be years before everything's slicked up here and I know enough to be interested in moving along," says she placidly. "Meanwhile, my first principle applies—when you come into a new job, put your eye on people, not figures. Once you've found the right people and set them free, you can't lose." '



"Well, I read that last sentence again, and then I read it again. 'Once you've found the right people and set them free, you can't lose.' Those words reminded me of something, but I could not remember what it was I was reminded of. 'Once you've found the right people and set them free, you can't lose.' I rolled up my copy of *Life* and fitted it into the straw carryall that always hangs on my arm when I travel in and out of town. I repeated Miss Stutz's words over and over, putting the emphasis on different words to see if I could discover the reason for the commotion they were causing in my head. I am afraid my thoughts wandered a bit. I couldn't begin to guess how Miss Stutz recognizes a right person, but I did allow myself a little naughty conjecturing about how she sets the right people free once she has put the finger on them. Does she take them up on the roof at Henri Bendel? Or out into Central Park? Does she set them free all at once, in a flock, or one by one? At dawn, or when? If by some mischance a wrong one starts out of a coop, how is he or she got back in again? A hand on each shoulder? Both hands together on top of the head? Net? What if a wrong one gets clear away? The whole time, I kept thinking of all the people who are right people for Henri Bendel but who are someplace else. What arrangements was Miss Stutz making for finding them and setting *them* free? Myself, for instance. There I was down in the subway, but it was entirely possible that all the time what I really was was a right person for Henri Bendel. I was quite staggered by the sweep and scope of the vision that Miss Stutz's words had conjured up before me in my mundane underground flight toward home and dinner, and I *wished* I could remember what it was she had reminded me of, because I began to feel that if I *didn't* remember, my brain would be locked up forever and I would never be able to think of anything again except once you find the right people and set them free, you can't lose.

"Well, of course, it wasn't as bad as all that, but there has been this ugly nagging in my head the last few weeks, and from time to time I have wished that I hadn't bought that copy of *Life*, or that I had waited to get home, where



"Oh, come on, Woolton. Suppose you do catch it in an error. Then what?"

• •

I could read it properly, first page first. Then, this morning, I was standing by an upstairs window in my house admiring a light snow that fell last night and that makes everything look much better, I must say, and suddenly I remembered what it was that Miss Stutz had called up in my head, and naturally it was the most trivial thing in the world—that old, old story I first heard from a friend of mine years ago about Chinese fortune cookies. This friend of mine told me about a friend of hers who had dinner at this wonderful Chinese restaurant and after dinner she ordered fortune cookies and the waiter brought four and she broke them all open and read the little messages that were inside. Well, the first three fortune cookies said, 'A letter is on its way and will arrive' and 'When you are versatile, it will give you confidence' and 'Yes, you will be lucky,' but the fourth fortune cookie said, 'Help. I am a prisoner in a Chinese bakery.' Well, I was really pleased with myself. 'Once you've found the right people and set them free, you can't lose—help, I am a prisoner in a Chinese bakery.' And that is all I was trying to remember all this time, but I am so glad to have the whole matter cleared up."

Once Over Lightly

THE principal of a school that shall be nameless here reports that a fourth-grade teacher at the establishment included in her written summary of the day's lessons the following entry: "10:30 to 10:45—Taught the Atom Bomb."

Uganda's Loss

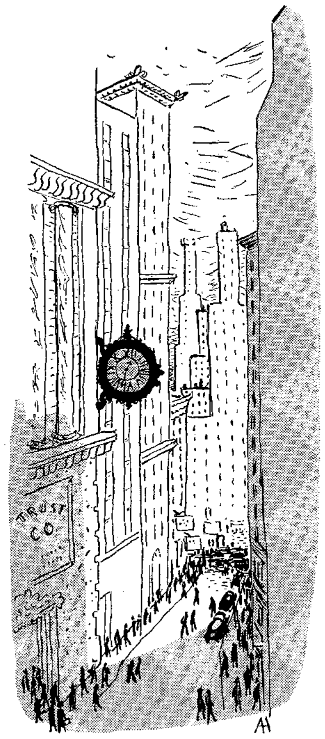
THE population of Uganda, a British protectorate in eastern equatorial Africa, is five and a half million, of which, or whom, about eight thousand are Europeans and fifty-two thousand Asians; many of its natives live in dense banana groves; it is the biggest coffee producer in the British Commonwealth, specializing in instant-coffee coffee; its Lake Victoria, two hundred and fifty miles long, is the third-biggest lake in the world; its Nile perch, which run up to two hundred pounds, are the biggest perch in the world; its provinces include Buganda, whose tribe, the Baganda, is composed of individuals called Muganda, who speak a language called Luganda and follow a style of living known as *kiganda*. We are indebted for this information to Sir Andrew Cohen, the permanent British representative on the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations, who came to this post last May after five years as governor and commander-in-chief of Uganda. "New York is a great contrast to Uganda," he said. "I miss the space and a certain ease, but I enjoy getting about among a lot of different people. There, I lived in the capital, Entebbe, which is a beautiful garden village on the edge of Lake Victoria. Very romantic. A bird sanctuary. I suppose it's the only place on earth where you can sit in your office and look out on kingfishers."

Sir Andrew, one of the biggest permanent representatives in the world—just under six feet three, and a couple of stone heavier than the biggest Nile perch—is a deliberate, powerful, gentle, boyish, clean-shaven knight, a descendant of a family that left the

Netherlands for England in the seventeen-hundreds and intermarried lavishly with the Goldsmids, Samuels, Montefiores, and Rothschilds. "Both my grandfathers were members of Parliament," he said when we asked him about his relatives. "One was a conservative and the other a radical, or what we call a radical. The conservative one was Lionel Louis Cohen, a banker, and the radical one was Henry P. Cobb, a follower of Gladstone. The most eminent member of the family today is Lionel Leonard Cohen. He's a law lord—a member of our highest appeals court, and thus automatically a life peer. My sister Ruth is principal of a women's college at Cambridge—Newnham. My father, who is eighty-eight, was long interested in the economic development of Palestine." Sir Andrew, who is forty-eight, went to a men's college at Cambridge (Trinity), passed a competitive examination for the Civil Service, and was assigned to the Inland Revenue Department in 1932. "I was moved to the Colonial Office the next year, was sent to Northern Rhodesia on a financial and economic commission in 1937, and came here the following year on a Harkness Foundation Commonwealth Fellowship," he said. "I spent a year studying the economic problems of the Negroes in the Southeast, and I also visited a Navajo reservation in Arizona and made a trip to Mexico. Extremely interesting year. Quite useful background, I think. North Carolina problem very different from Mississippi problem. I was going to write all this up, but the war interfered. When Germany invaded Poland, I got on the first flight to Europe. We received the flash of the British entry into the war on the way to Lisbon."

During the war, Sir Andrew worked first in the Ministry of Economic Warfare, and subsequently as assistant to the lieutenant governor of Malta, during two and a half years of the worst bombing there. "Enjoyed it immensely," he said. "We really did get very low on food. Back in London, to which I returned in 1943, I was in the Colonial Office again, and for seven or eight years was closely concerned with our African policy. Period of big social and economic planning, and political and constitutional planning. As head of our African division, I worked on the constitution of the Gold Coast and made several trips to Africa. Later, I became governor of Uganda and tried to help build up the country and expand its education. While I was governor, the Kabaka of Buganda was both exiled, which caused quite a furor in Uganda and England, and restored. Uganda is still a protectorate, but more than half the members of its legislature are Africans. I travelled all over the country, stopping in tents and small resthouses, and walked and bicycled a lot. The people are friendly and very hospitable. The countries of Africa are moving steadily toward independence. The proper handling of their affairs in the United Nations is very important. We must give them outside assistance. I'm trying to get around America, talking about Africa. I recently had ten days in San Francisco and a week in Canada. My hobby is fishing. The fishing in Uganda is first-rate. I caught an eighty-five-pound Nile perch in Lake Albert, near the Congo, on a six-inch fish-shaped plug made in Indiana. I believe Indiana is the only place that makes a plug that a Nile perch will take. Very realistic. I once had mine taken by a fish eagle, which carried it two hundred feet before dropping it. Fortunately, the eagle hadn't hooked itself. But trout are more fun. I'd rather get a half-pound trout than an eighty-five-pound perch. You must have a fifty-fifty chance of losing the fish to make fishing any fun. You *can't* lose a Nile perch once it's hooked. Do you know what happened when the Queen came to Uganda, in 1954, to open the Owen Falls Dam across the Nile? The Nile was actually turned off for twenty minutes as it came out of Lake Victoria, or tried to, so as to make a big jet when it was turned on again. You saw the bottom, with huge barbels flopping about. Fortunately, they all lived. One day, a hippo walked into the electrical-controls room of the dam, but, fortunately, it promptly walked out again."

Sir Andrew and his wife live in the East Sixties, and have a seven-year-old son, Richard, at St. Bernard's School; by a previous marriage, Lady Cohen has three other children, all in England, who will join them here next summer. The Cohens' life involves a great deal of dining out and the throwing of parties heralded by cards marked "Black Tie. Informal Dancing." "We like to circulate," Sir Andrew said. "I especially like to drop in at Jimmy Ryan's, on West Fifty-second Street. Remarkable jazz band there."



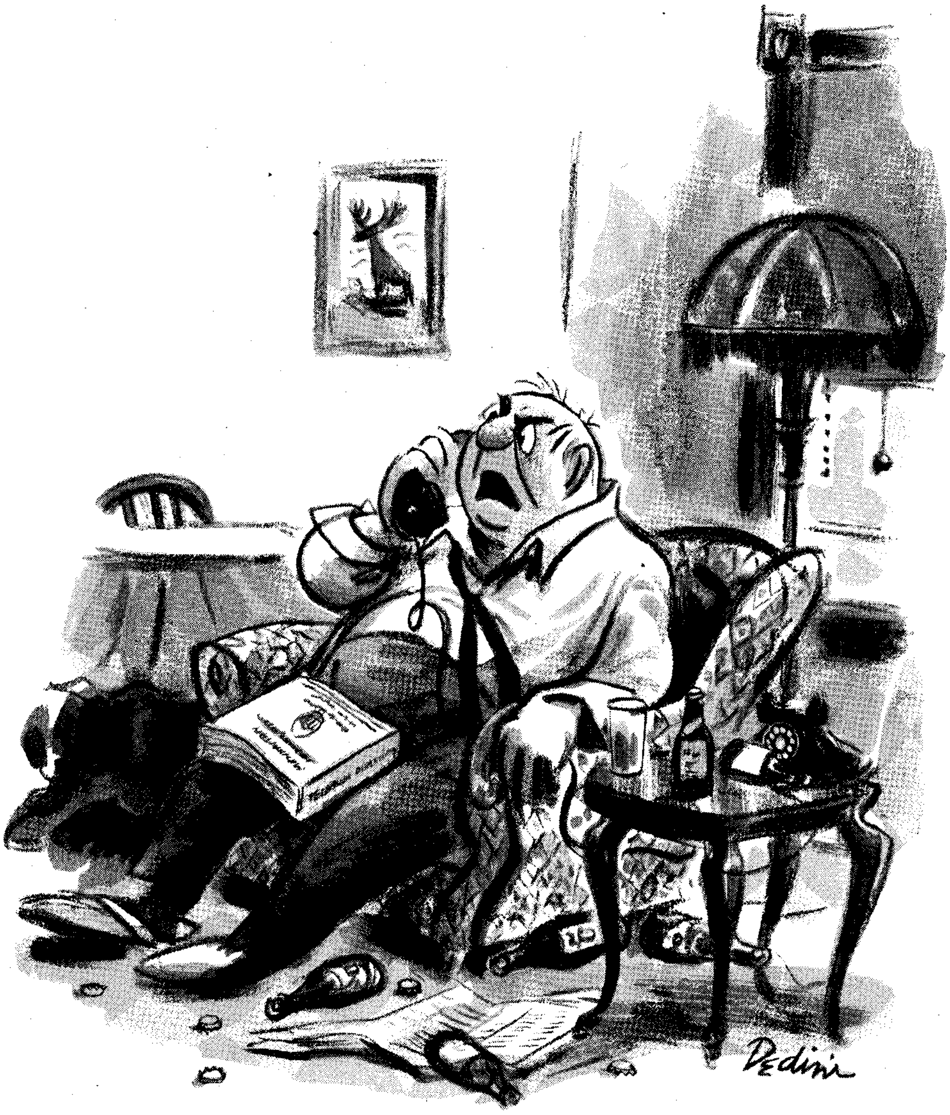
●

OVERHEARD at the Metropolitan Museum, one young matron to another: "In a way, it would be nice for the dogs to be reared with a sympathetic child."

Serene

THE latest wrinkle in the world of dentistry is for the patient to lie on a couch instead of sitting in a chair. A distinguished local dentist, Dr. George Trattner, is one of the champions of this revolutionary development. He has installed a dental couch, as it is called, in his office, at 730 Fifth Avenue, and we've been up there to lie upon it and hear it praised to the skies as a sort of psychological tranquillizer. The couch was devised by a manufacturer in San Francisco, and so far there are only about sixteen of the things in this part of the country. A tall, lean, cheerful man in his middle forties, Dr. Trattner has been arguing in favor of dental couches for a good many years now, but innovations in dental equipment are no cinch to bring about. For one thing, three companies make all the dental chairs sold in this country, and they're pretty well satisfied with the dental picture just as it is. For another, the turnover in dental chairs is so small as to be almost un-American; a chair purchased at the beginning of a dentist's career is likely to last him his whole professional lifetime. The switch to couches, if it comes, is bound to be gradual.

"I've always wondered why dentists didn't try to make their patients comfortable, the way psychoanalysts do," Dr. Trattner told us upon receiving us in his waiting room. "I've never been analyzed, but I'm sure I couldn't bear it if I had to sit in a chair. Everybody knows that physical comfort has a great deal to do with one's emotional reactions. And emotional reactions are espe-



"Coogan's Bar? I can lick any man in the house!"

• •

cially important in dentistry. The more comfort, the less pain. The standard dental chair hasn't changed much in forty years, but dentistry has; it's time our equipment caught up with our skills. My present dental couch is a step in the right direction, though only a step. Come along and see." Dr. Trattner led us to one of three working cubicles, drew back a curtain, and revealed the couch, which looked to us rather like a Barcalounger. "Not as radical as it could be," he said. "As you see, the back and headrests of the old-fashioned chair have been modified, but not the base, which contains the machinery that raises, lowers, and tilts the couch. Care for a trial spin?"

One arm of the Trattner couch is hinged, to make it easier to climb aboard. Dr. Trattner lowered the arm, we got on the couch, and Dr. Trattner, seated beside us on a motorized stool, executed some fancy footwork with the pedals on the base of the couch. We felt our legs going up and our shoulders going down; at the same time Dr. Trattner's stool propelled him gently higher and higher. We stopped and he stopped as his hands came abreast of our nose. "Here are my fingers and here are your teeth," he said. "Everything in the ideal position for you *and* me." We confessed to feeling so comfortable that we feared we might drift off to sleep. "The perfect response," said Dr. Trattner. "Physiologically, it's far easier to lie than to sit, you know. The blood circulates with less strain on the heart, the body functions with less fatigue, and the result is that you automatically become more serene. To date, none of my patients have refused to try the couch; I've kept chairs in my other cubicles, in case anyone did. I expected that some of my more elderly lady patients would prove skittish. On the contrary, they're the ones who like it best. By and large, men resist relaxing more than women do. It may be that men have a sense of guilt about feeling too comfortable at the dentist's. They anticipate a painful occasion and anticipate having to be brave about it. Women don't seem to worry about having to be brave; they just are."

We felt ourself dozing off. Dr. Trattner footed about with the pedals and quickly brought us into an upright, physiologically taxing position. "It isn't only the patient who gains from the use of the couch," he said, after making sure we were awake. "A serene patient saves an enormous amount of emotional wear and tear on the dentist. My experience is that with the help of this couch a dentist can do more work each day than he's ever done before and still not go home at night a nervous wreck."

Victim

A MIDTOWN publisher recently gave a party for one of his editors, who was forsaking New York to live in Vermont. Figuring that the New England Room of the Hotel Lexington would be appropriate for the blowout, he led his editor into the place, only to discover that while it was adorned with scenic murals and the official seals of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, there was nothing on view that had to do with Vermont. "Where's the stuff on Vermont?" he demanded of the maître d'hôtel. "It used to be right over there," the man said, "but they decided to cut a new door through, and Vermont had to go."

Vince

THERE are two living ex-Mayors of the City of New York—William O'Dwyer, who is practicing law in Mexico City, and Vincent R. Impellitteri, who is a justice of the Court of Special Sessions, here in town. Thinking that it was high time we renewed our acquaintance with Impy, we made our way to his chambers, in the Criminal Courts Building, down on Centre Street. We hadn't seen him since the day he left City Hall, four years ago—a departure whose sadness, thanks to one of those coincidences more often to be found in politics than in real life, was considerably sweetened the next day, when Impy's successor thoughtfully appointed him to the bench. Hushed and monastic to the point of seeming uninhabited, the chambers on Centre Street are a far cry from the hurly-burly of City Hall. As we glanced about the room, we were relieved to spy a familiar face behind a desk. For if Impy's occupation and surroundings have changed, Impy hasn't; he greeted us with the same benign stare and careful smile that had served him so well as Mayor, and except for the graying of his hair, he appeared scarcely a day older. Congratulating him on his evident good health, we asked him to tell us something about his life in Special Sessions.

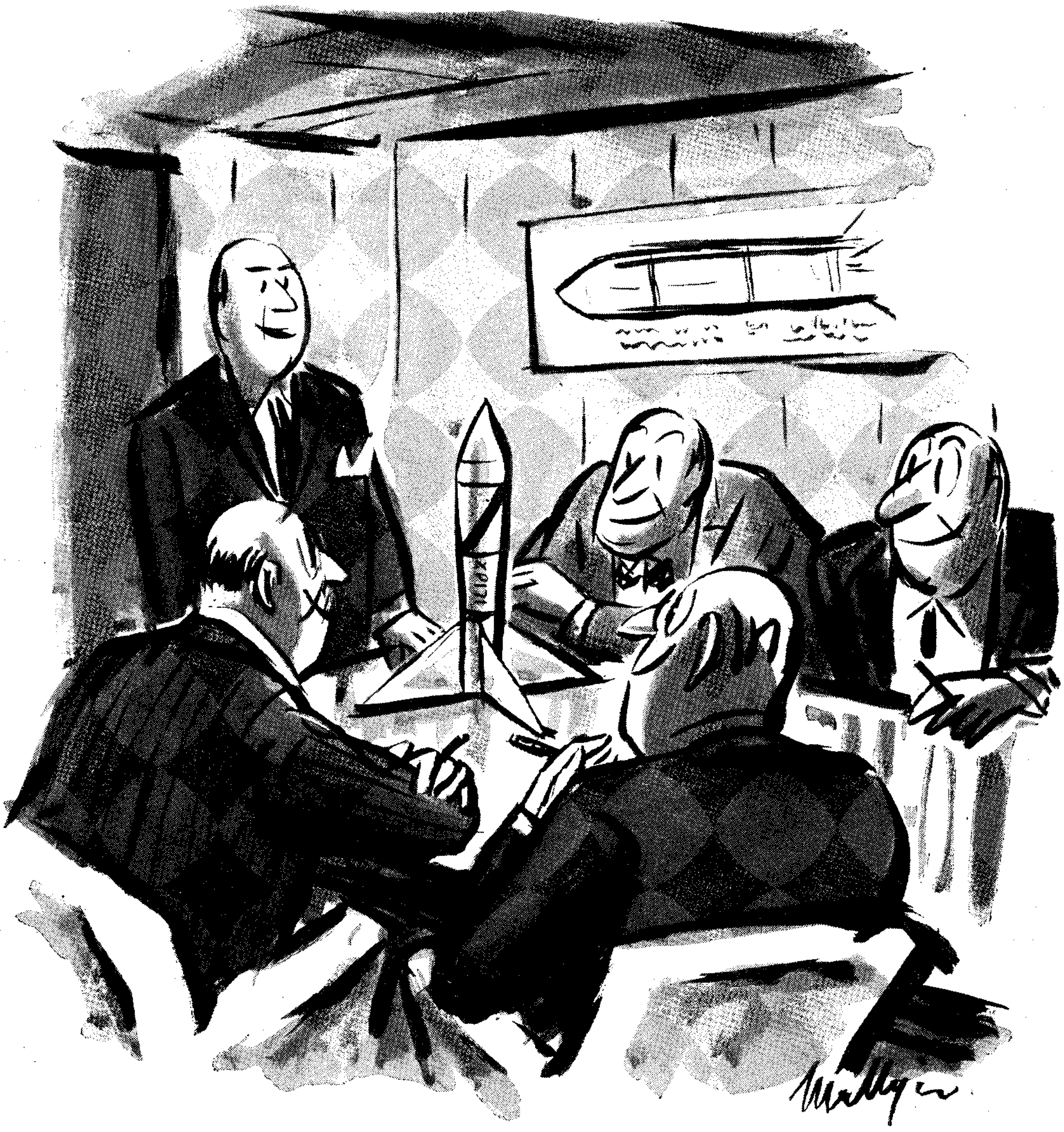
To begin with, Judge Impellitteri said (we found we couldn't think of him any longer as Impy—not in chambers), Special Sessions handles misdemeanor cases that have been referred to it by a county grand jury or the Magistrates' Court, or are on appeal from that court. "Mostly what we get is statutory rape, simple assault, impairing the morals of minors, and unlawful entry," he said, putting a match to an outsize cigar. "The last is burglary, more or less. We also get paternity cases. We nail down a pile of fathers here. I don't mean we consider paternity a crime; what we do is ascertain paternity, then order the father to pay so much a week for the support of his child. We operate in all five boroughs, changing around every couple of months. That lends a little variety to our judicial lives. I suppose I try about forty cases a week. Three judges sit on every case, with the presiding judge in the middle. Sometimes I'm in the middle, sometimes on the side." He drew reflectively on his cigar. "I don't do much talking from the bench," he said. "I understand I'm known as a kind judge. Kind but firm."

Judge Impellitteri went on to say that Special Sessions is different in every way from City Hall, and that although he thoroughly enjoyed being Mayor, he doesn't regret the change for a moment. "Running a two-billion-dollar-a-year operation like the City of New York is all challenge, challenge, challenge," he said. "I must say I liked having Gracie Mansion to live in. That is, I liked the idea of having it. The trouble with being Mayor of this city is that you're always too busy running around to enjoy any of the perquisites. When I think of the heads of state and movie stars I had to meet! And all those parties and ceremonies I had to go to, whether I wanted to or not. And if, occasionally, I stumbled on a party that turned out to be fun, as like as not I had to leave it in a few minutes and hurry along to the next one. Nowadays, my wife and I enjoy the privilege of staying home and watching TV. I never miss 'The $64,000 Question' or 'The $64,000 Challenge.' Also, I read some. Mainly light fiction. When I was Mayor, I never got to read anything but the Bible and the budget."

On leaving Gracie Mansion, the Impellitteris returned to an apartment, on West Sixteenth Street, in which they'd lived for twenty-six years. Two years ago, they moved to a slightly larger one across the street. The Judge takes the subway to and from Centre Street. "Sometimes I give my business to the I.R.T., sometimes to the B.-M.T., and sometimes to the Independent," he said. "I make a little game of trying not to take the same subway more than two days in a row. I'm happy to say that my fellow-straphangers often greet me with the appellation Impy. That nickname was invented by the *News*, to fit me into their headlines, and I've no objection to it. People who know me fairly well call me either Mr. Mayor or Judge, and my friends call me Vince."

Fatherly Gesture

THE traffic cop at the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-third Street, a burly, red-faced, amiable-looking fellow, must be a good family man at heart. We were standing at the curbing there the other day, waiting for the lights to change, and they did, and the last of a clutch of cars heading slowly north happened to be a little Volkswagen. As it passed the policeman, he reached down, before turning to wave the crosstown traffic on, and gave it the friendliest sort of pat on its tiny rear fender.



"Gentlemen, you're looking at the salvation of the free world, not to mention Amalgamated Electronics, Inc."

SPOUSE LEAK

HIGH on the list of the books that I plan to take along to that familiar hypothetical desert island is the *Statistical Abstract of the United States*. The *Abstract* is a work put out by the Department of Commerce and one of its adjuncts, the Bureau of the Census. The edition I have recently been browsing in—first with mingled pleasure and astonishment, then with alarm—is that of 1955. It is a compilation of the findings of the census of 1950, supplemented by more recent data, and its thousand pages absolutely teem with information, neatly charted and statistically distilled, which, taken all in all, gives you nothing less than a comprehensive picture of America's mores in business, war, and love.

What strikes you first when you open the *Abstract* is the numbers—thousands of numbers, millions of digits. Numbers have whirled out of forty-eight states and out of every nook and cranny of our economic life to settle down in neat rows on these pages. For example, in 1950 the nation produced 2,355,620 tons of folding boxboard. Production of finished masonry, natural, and puzzolan cement had skyrocketed to 3,488,000 bbls. from a mere 1,792,000 bbls. in 1930, which was, after all, the era of Al Capone and the puzzolan shroud.

And behind the numbers lurked—and lurk—the people of America. Not just people producing puzzolan but people who marry, desert, divorce, and vote, who pay taxes, raise poultry, visit national parks, enroll in federally aided distributive vocational courses, and get themselves imprisoned for violating the migratory-bird laws, as three of them did in 1952. All of them are there—disguised as numbers, to be sure, but there. With a little imagination, the sensitive reader can sniff the salty tang of America's 969 female fishermen and oystermen, listen to the cacophony of the nation's 266 lady piano tuners and 318 lady boilermakers, wax maternal with our 286 male midwives, and swagger with our 754 female sailors and deckhands.

But in all this there is one sinister note. Until I came across the *Abstract*, I had never devoted much thought to statistics or, for that matter, to Sinclair Weeks, the Secretary of Commerce, or to Robert W. Burgess, the Director of the Bureau of the Census, both of whose names appear on the title page. Now I have begun to brood over certain statistics, and over the Messrs. Weeks and Burgess as well. For in the pages of the *Abstract* I have discovered a phenomenon that I have come to think of as "spouse leak," and I have also detected a dubious attempt to ignore or gloss over it—a tactic for which I feel these gentlemen should be held accountable.

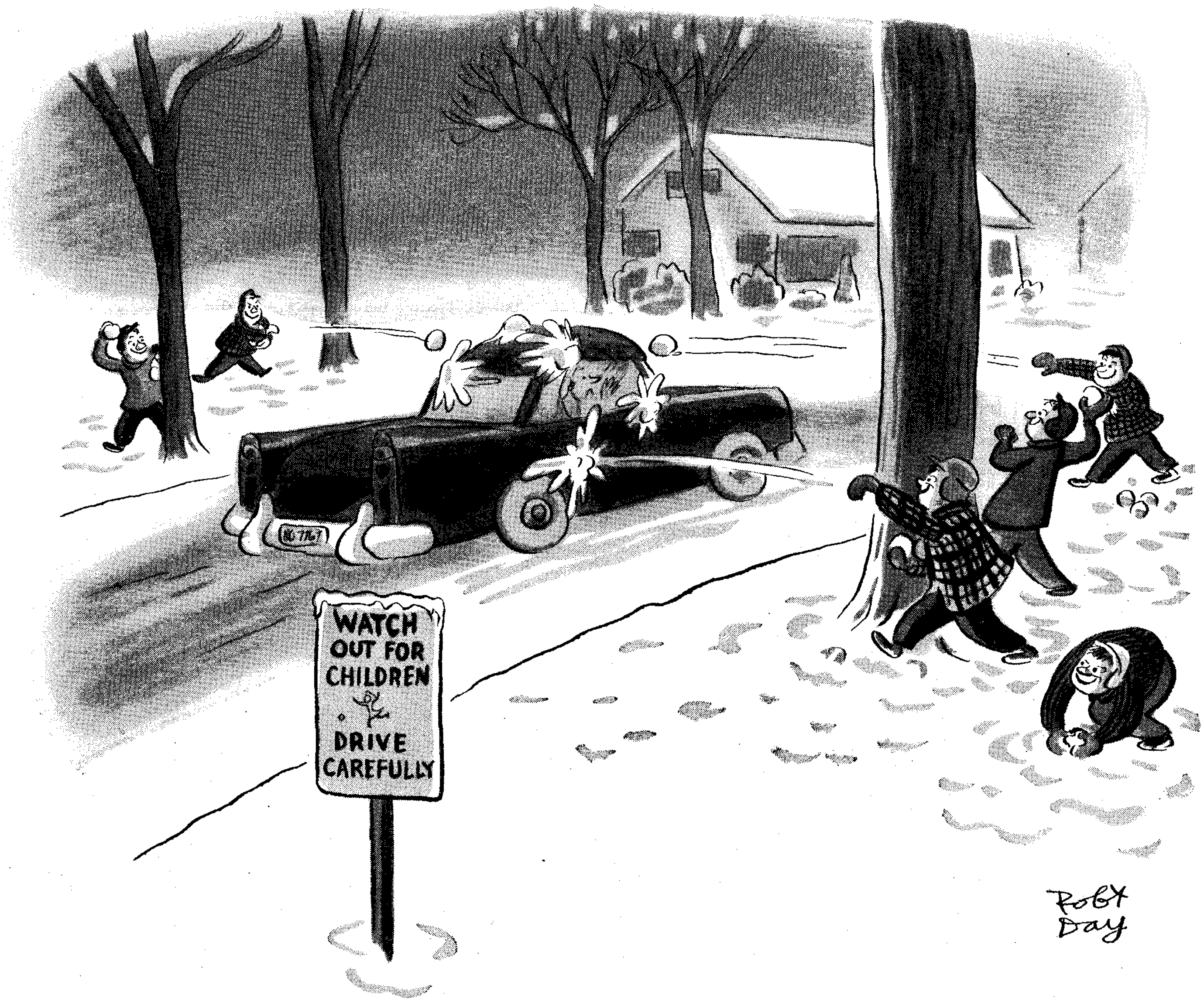
I FIRST encountered spouse leak while looking through the section of the *Abstract* devoted to the territories. There I learned that thousands upon thousands of territorial wives have disappeared. Perhaps this happens with every census, even with every annual edition of the *Statistical Abstract*. At any rate, in 1950 there were 30,380 married men over 14 years of age in Alaska, and only 24,441 married women over 14 years of age. Where are the missing 5,939 Alaskan wives? If 5,939 women disappeared in the States, there would be quite a ruckus raised, yet I haven't heard any complaints from Alaska. If Alaskans can't hold on to their wives, how can they expect to benefit from statehood? And the Hawaiians—also candidates for greater responsibility—have it even tougher; 8,949 Hawaiian wives have disappeared.

In Puerto Rico, the story is reversed. Puerto Rico has—or had—a shortage of 7,481 husbands. Reading this, I decided that the answer to the whole question might be revealed by this reversal. Obviously, I thought, mainland husbands go off to work in Alaska and Hawaii, while their wives remain behind in the States. Puerto Rican husbands emigrate to New York, hoping to save enough money to be able to send for their wives eventually. And if 14,888 husbands were in Alaska and Hawaii without their wives and 7,481 Puerto Rican husbands were in the United States without theirs, the United States should have, according to the *Abstract's* figures, a surplus of exactly 7,407 wives. Well, a quick look at the statistics for the States disproves *that* heady hypothesis. The nation as a whole has a surplus of 104,219 wives, in the 1950 census. New York State alone has a whopping surplus of 43,098, while 2,618 husbands have vanished from Connecticut, and New Jersey is missing 6,970. Out West, a compensating trend sets in—23,879 *wives* have flown the coop in California, as have 1,018 in North Dakota and 1,284 in South Dakota—but it never overcomes the handicap.

All in all, twenty-seven states, including all of the West, have an excess of husbands. Twenty-one states and the District of Columbia have an oversupply of wives. Husbands have disappeared from all of the New England states except Rhode Island, and from all of the states of the old Confederacy except Texas and Virginia. And not one of the forty-eight has managed to maintain itself in, or as, a state of marital equilibrium.

WHAT causes spouse leak? Married men overseas with the armed forces aren't totted up as husbands, and that might seem, on the face of it, to account for some of the leak. But are they now drafting only wives in Rhode Island and only husbands in Connecticut? It can't be caused by the desertion of spouses. True, desertion takes place in all states, but in all states more men desert than women. Death doesn't do it, and divorce doesn't either; the widowed and divorced are counted separately. Spouse leak can't be caused by cradle snatching, unless adults in Arkansas are marrying pre-adolescent boys and, in Ohio, girls who still push doll carriages.

Spouse leak isn't affected by the population characteristics of the states. Michigan and Illinois are about as



• •

alike in this respect as two states can be. They have a similar urban-rural population ratio, and a similar index of population mobility. Both have had a great deal of recent Negro immigration. Using standard sociological criteria, one would expect them both to show a shortage of mates of the same sex, and since Illinois has a larger population, it should have a larger number of wandering spouses. But Michigan has 9,031 extra husbands, and Illinois has 343 surplus wives.

Adding to the confusion is the fact that, in another compilation, we learn that 3.1% of America's married men do not live with their wives. Slightly less than half of these men (1.4%) are described as "separated," and, coyly, the remainder (1.6%) are described as "other." Apparently, the Bureau of the Census is content to be offhand and vague as long as the numbers tally—as long as 1.4% plus 1.6% equals 3.1%. But 1.4% plus 1.6% does *not* equal 3.1%. Mr. Sinclair Weeks and Mr. Robert W. Burgess have slipped up. Overboard and unaccounted for is .1%. One-tenth of one per cent of *all* American husbands—37,399.6 stout-hearted men and true, hopelessly misplaced. The Bureau of the Census admits (in the 1950 Census, Volume II, Part I) that what it calls "small biases" may have occurred as a result of the enumerators' not getting their instructions right. Well, if the Bureau of the Census considers the disappearance of 37,399.6 husbands just a matter of a small bias, let it explain that to 37,399.6 of the 104,219 surplus wives. Even if the Messrs. Weeks and Burgess put their heads together to figure out a way to do this ("Madam: The Secretary of Commerce regrets to inform you . . ."), how will they know which wives to send telegrams to? No matter what Washington decides, there will still be 66,819.4 wives wondering what's become of the men they married.

AMERICA's missing husbands aren't in the Virgin Islands, which can boast a surplus of 9 wives, and I don't suppose it matters *where* the husbands are—whether they are misplaced or just in hiding. The responsibility for searching them out should no longer be shirked by the Bureau of the Census. The administration's public-relations men may tell us that, spousewise, the country is as sound as ever. Weeks and Burgess may try to gloss over the entire spouse-leak problem as a matter of small biases. But let me remind the gentlemen that 1960 holds more than just another census. An angry electorate will surely feel that as long as Mr. Burgess plays Pied Piper, Mr. Weeks will call the tune. And an angry electorate, mourning its missing husbands, sons, and fathers, may not stop to reason that the lost men vanished in the course of a *Democratic* census.

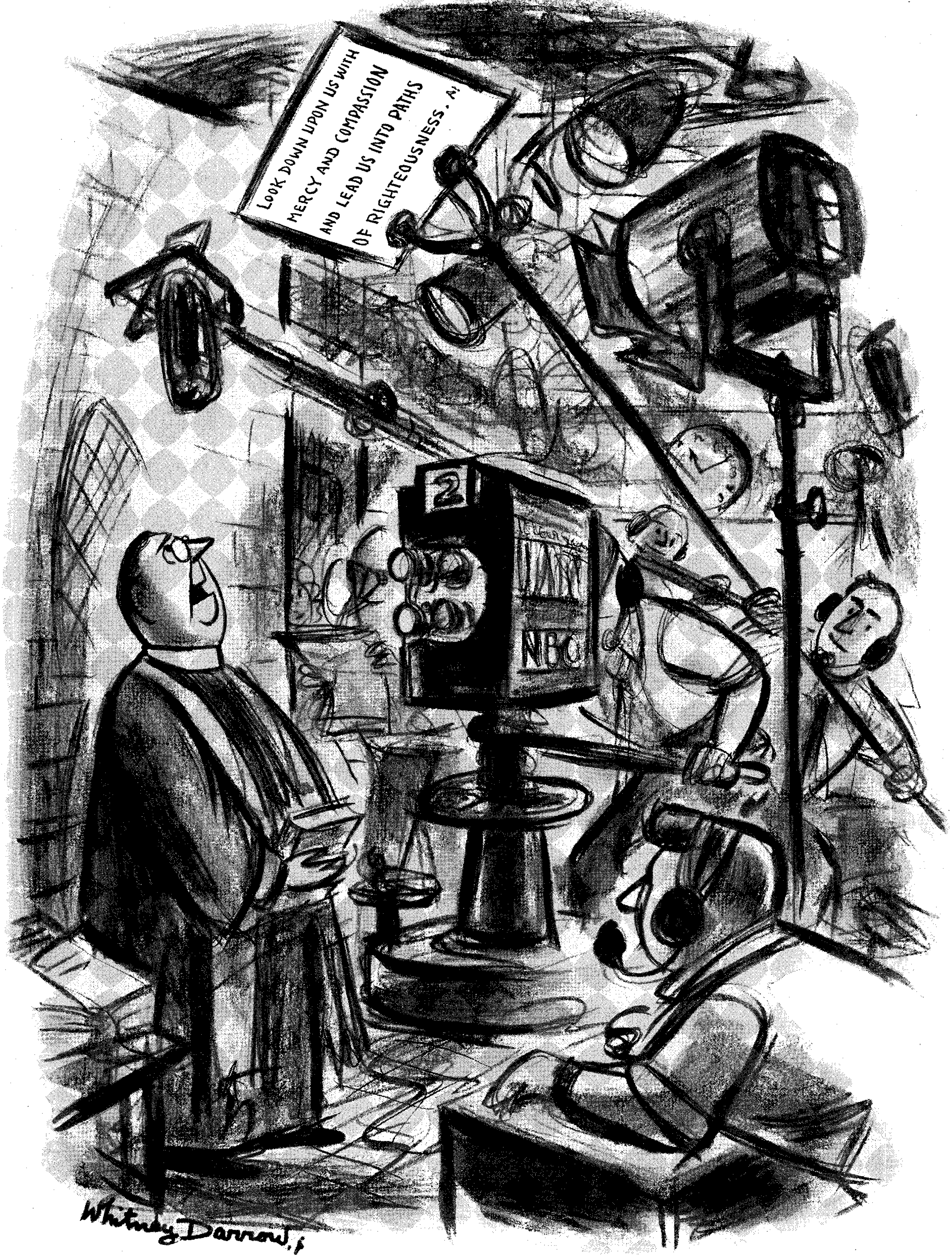
—NORMAN KOTKER

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the London Evening News]

Mr. Parmely Herrick, aged 46, of the Chase National Bank, was found dead in Paris with an arrow sticking in his side. His death, however, was due to a stroke.


LOOK DOWN UPON US WITH
MERCY AND COMPASSION
AND LEAD US INTO PATHS
OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. A
2
NBC
Whitney Darrow, Jr

"Look down upon us with mercy and compassion . . ."

LEAD, DAMSEL, AND I FOLLOW

My brother Pete is an engineer. He works for an American oil company in the Middle East and has his family there with him, but sometimes he is sent elsewhere on trouble-shooting errands of one sort or another. He makes it back to the States about twice a year.

As a rule, he writes or cables in plenty of time for me to make arrangements. For a while after the war, we used to go up to Blakeney, our old prep school, where our brother Owen is now headmaster. But in recent years we have taken to meeting at my place, and not only because it is well located between Blakeney and Pete's home office in New York. Our main reason has been that the last time we drove up to the school, Owen's wife Amy and Pete had an awkward exchange of firmly held views.

Last Monday, I had no idea Pete was here until he called me from Idlewild. He was on his way to Venezuela, but he had managed to work in a brief stopover. When I offered to ask Owen down, he surprised me by suggesting that we drive up to Blakeney on Tuesday morning. "It's a school day," he said. "Owen might not be able to get away. Let's just drop in on him."

I was surprised and I was glad. The exchange with Amy had taken place years ago, after all; why keep the awkwardness going?

From my house, it's only about a two-hour drive to Blakeney, which is in the northwestern corner of Connecticut. There was snow on the roads Tuesday morning, but I didn't mind, and Pete was delighted; they don't get much snow in Saudi Arabia. We started out in fine spirits. I knew Owen would be happy to see us, happy to see the end of any bad feeling he may have grown aware of. He could not have helped but notice that Pete has been staying away from the school. For that matter, Amy may even have told him about the thing that happened during that previous visit. It happened in the living room, while he was out in the kitchen.

Owen was out there washing dishes—a practice that his father-in-law and predecessor at Blakeney had not been given to. True, domestic help was easier to get during the late Dr. Todd's incumbency. Amy has had to do with just a cook, a maid, and the part-time services of the school gardener. And on that day, because of circumstances too dull to go into (she did, I'm afraid, go into them), both domestics were off. Amy had prepared the elaborate dinner herself, and prepared it, as always, superbly.

Pete had not considered the hours and hours it had taken to prepare that meal. He simply noted that Owen had been out of the room for some time, and he said, "Where's our host?"

"He's in the kitchen," Amy said. "When I do the cooking, he insists on washing the dishes."

At that point, as Pete later told me, he thought, What the hell. He had not seen Owen for almost a year, they had things to talk about, and here Owen was out in the kitchen washing dishes.

He said, "I bet he does."

"Well, as it happens," Amy said, "he does insist, and as it happens, I admire him for it. I'm sorry if our ways are not Oriental enough for your taste, Peter."

"Oh, they're Oriental enough, my pet. In reverse."

It was not a subject Amy cared to go into. She said, "If you want to know the truth, he's in the kitchen doing the dishes because he loves me. Do you find that puzzling, Peter?"

"Not at all. I used to be in love with you myself. So was Norm here. So was every other Blakeney man worth his salt. In fact, to prove that I still love you I'll go out there and give him a hand."

That is about all there was to it. Compared to what happened last Tuesday, it was a harmless conversational exchange between old friends—though after Pete had taken off to the kitchen, Amy turned to me and said, "Norm, why does he detest me so?"

And I of course said, "Nonsense. He's very fond of you."

But they had both been right—Pete in remarking that he (and I) used to be in love with her, and she in concluding that his sentiments had changed. Pete felt about her as he had once felt about her father, Dr. Todd, who for more years than either of us cares to remember had acted as our guardian under the law. Tuesday morning, if I had stopped to think about how Pete felt, we would never have started off in the car.

We had a pleasant drive. Over in Connecticut, the snow got heavier, and Pete spent a lot of time just looking out of the window. Suddenly he said, "Last month, did you get a letter from Amy?"

"No."

"I did. It sounded like something that might have gone out to a lot of other old grads. She wanted to know if I'd care to contribute to the Blakeney Field House Fund. A project that had been close to her father's heart. She enclosed a snapshot of me in football uniform. To awaken nostalgia. To loosen the floodgates of memory and maybe the knot in the old purse strings. She said she found the picture in her father's favorite book, a collection of Rudyard Kipling's verse. Funny you didn't get a letter."

"I've been approached in person."

"So now she has taken over fund-raising, too. Has she left Owen any of the headmaster's functions?"

"He still handles the disciplinary cases. He looks up at the ceiling, just as he used to with us, and says, 'I wish you hadn't done that.' The boys like him."

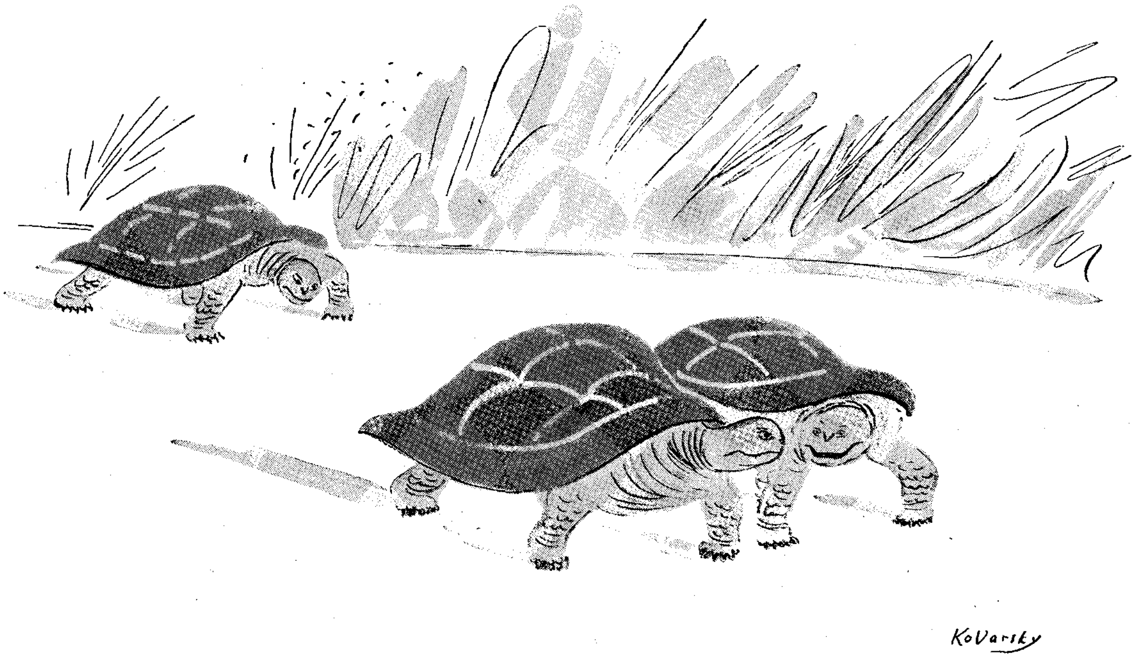
"You know, that last time we were up there?" Pete said. "It wasn't only the dishwashing. I watched her order him around exactly the way Todd used to. Owen, do this. Owen, fetch that. Owen, will you be sure to tell Harris he can't leave for two days after vacation starts. . . . Why does he put up with it?"

"He doesn't think he's putting up with anything. On their fifteenth anniversary, he told me he still couldn't understand how he rated a girl like that."

"Todd knew—he must have known—he was leaving the school not to Owen but to her. He couldn't make her headmaster, so he did the next best thing."

"Look," I said. "Owen's no good at raising funds. She is. Owen doesn't shine at tea with well-heeled parents and alumni. She does. It works out fine. Really it does."

Pete laughed, not too



"The old boy is slowing up."

• •

heartily. "Tea!" he said. "Tea with Dr. Todd and his beautiful daughter. Ah, those literary teas. In sixth form, do you remember her reading 'Gareth and Lynette' to us?"

"Distinctly."

"Do you remember the poem?"

"Vaguely."

"It describes the—from her point of view—perfect man-woman arrangement: 'Lead, damsel, and I follow.' Do you suppose she still reads it to susceptible Blakeney men?"

"I don't know. I can tell you they still think she's wonderful. So does Owen. He told me that when he had virus pneumonia she stayed up with him for sixty hours at a stretch."

"Safeguarding her property," Pete said.

"You be agreeable to her."

"Oh, I'll be agreeable to her. But not one cent for the Field House."

As we crossed the Blakeney town line, snow started coming down in earnest, and I decided to stop and have the chains put on. We pulled into a service station just off the Village Common. It was one o'clock and we were hungry. Amy, I recalled, was not fond of having people drop in unexpectedly for lunch; when she served a meal, she liked to do it well. We decided to have a sandwich at the Acme Diner while the station attendant was fussing with the chains.

As boys, we had often supplemented Dr. Todd's rations at the Acme. On Sundays, a dozen or more of us could be found illegally drinking malteds there, with the result that some faculty wit referred to the place as the Acne. The old diner had recently been renovated. Through the new picture windows you could see, among other sights, the Presbyterian Church, the bank, the movie house, the Civil War obelisk. Snow did things for Blakeney, as it will for any town.

We were well into our sandwiches when Pete, his eyes wide open, said, "Look."

Across the street, Owen was buying a ticket to the movie. He pocketed his change and went in.

Pete said, "What an odd thing for the Head of Blakeney to be doing in the middle of a school day. What's playing—some notable film?"

The title on the marquee could belong only to some particularly imbecile horse opera.

"Unheard of," I said. "I don't understand it. Owen goes for years without seeing a movie. He doesn't even go to plays or watch TV."

"At least we know he's in town."

"Maybe he's after some boy playing hooky."

"Then why would he pay for his ticket?"

"He didn't want the girl at the window to see a Blakeney man disgraced."

"Why didn't he send one of the masters?"

"Maybe he wants to handle it his own way. You remember: 'I wish you hadn't done that.' "

"What do we do—wait till they come out?"

"I guess so."

We finished our sandwiches and lingered awhile over coffee.

"You get him out of there," I said. "I'll pick up the car."

All the way to the service station, I wondered about Owen. As Pete had said, it was an odd thing for the Head of Blakeney to be doing in the middle of a school day; an odd thing for Owen to be doing at any time.

The attendant had supposed Pete and I would be away longer, so he had stopped working on my chains to do something else. I was waiting for him to get through when Pete and Owen came up. There was no truant Blakeney boy in sight.

I asked Owen what he had been doing in the movie, and he said, "Nothing." I must have raised an eyebrow, because he repeated, "Nothing. What do people do in movies? Norm, it's a joy to see you up here. I wish you'd come more often. Don't wait for this tramp to kidnap you."

The tramp stood there looking curiously abstracted and more like Owen's son than his brother. Pete is as powerful as ever, and he moves like a young man, while Owen looks used up, diminished in some way. The two of them got into Owen's car, and I followed them out to the school.

I STILL can't approach the buildings of Blakeney without having to tell myself that everything is going to be all right, Todd can't do a thing to me any more, not a single damn thing. He can't turn up in an unlikely place and say, "Byrne, report to my office at four." He can't put his hand on my shoulder and leave it there until my joints nearly buckle under its inconceivable weight. He can no longer point out what Theodore Roosevelt would have done if he'd been me, and he can't quote Rudyard Kipling: "If you hit a pony over the nose at the outset of your acquaintance, he may not love you, but he will take a deep interest in your movements ever afterward." And best of all, he cannot talk to Pete or me about what we owe to the sacred memory of the parents who brought us into this world.

Our parents died within a few weeks of each other, the fall I was thirteen, Pete twelve, and Owen in his first year of graduate study at Harvard. Our father had been at Harvard, too, and so had Jonathan Todd. They were classmates and good friends. There were no relatives to take us in; nothing could have been more natural than for our father to entrust our care and education to the highly regarded Headmaster of Blakeney.

There *was* a slight hitch. The income from our parents' estate covered only about two-thirds of our board and tuition, and Dr. Todd was Boston enough not to monkey with capital. What he did was force Owen to quit Cambridge and take a job teaching English at Blakeney. Pete and I found out only many years later that the remaining third of our keep had been regularly deducted from Owen's minute salary.

I wish Owen had let us know about the arrangement; the knowledge might have liberated Pete and me from the sense of being recipients of unexampled largess. I also wish I knew how Dr. Todd, without ever in set terms laying claim to our gratitude, managed to saddle us with all its burdens. On second thought, I do too know. Making boys of twelve and thirteen feel unworthy—why, it's like rolling off a log. Prying Owen loose from Cambridge must have been a lot harder.

It was the year of Owen's most profound immersion in Chaucer. As a senior he had taken the Chaucer course then given by Professors Robinson and Kittredge, and he had gone back avidly for more. His wild and passionate dream was to translate the whole of "The Canterbury Tales" into modern colloquial English. That dream stayed with him, no longer wild or passionate but there, until, after a quarter of a century, the job was done by someone else. Still, it must have taken some high-octane bullying to make Owen see his Duty, for at that moment he loved Chaucer, Kittredge, and Robinson much more than he loved his irrelevant young brothers. But he showed up at our school all right, lanky, stooped, his Adam's apple protruding—a cartoonist's version of a scholar, except that he didn't wear glasses. And he was gentle and good to us.

Owen was an able teacher of English. I have it on fair authority that he might have become a distinguished one if Dr. Todd had let him stay at it. But the Doctor had discovered that Owen had a talent for attending to detail, and talents of that sort were not permitted to lie fallow at Blakeney. Owen was put to making bed checks at night, enforcing attendance at chapel, examining fingernails for dirt, chatting with the parents of scholarship students at major social functions, seeing to it that transcripts of records were sent out; he became a sort of factotum. He worked all day, every day, and through most of the evenings. Yet he had to be up at six and taking his cold shower along with the rest of us. Theodore Roosevelt had always taken a cold shower at six in the morning, Dr. Todd said, and so had King Agesilaus of Sparta, and so had Bo Pratt, Harvard '91. Next to Pudge Heffelfinger, also '91 but Yale, Bo Pratt had been the greatest football player since the dawn of time.

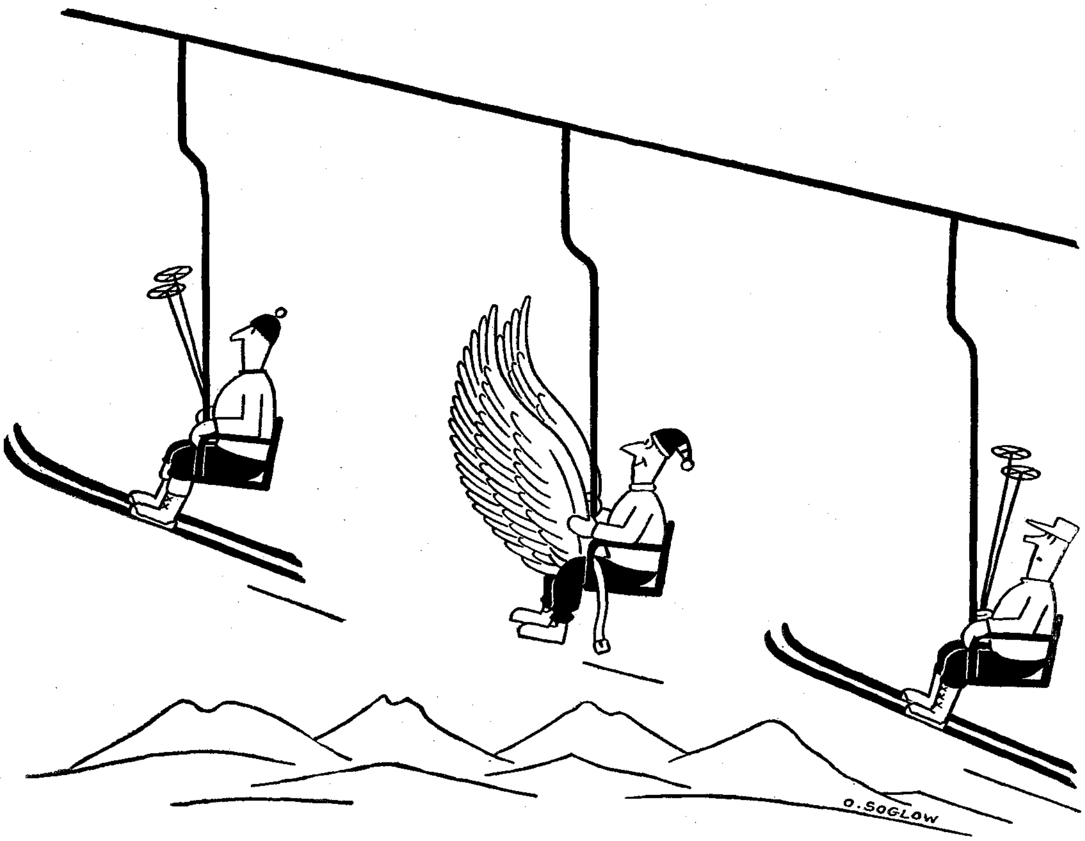
Football was important at Blakeney—more important than, say, rowing at Kent School under Father Sill. Nothing less than an undefeated season would do, and those were hard to come by in our league. We never did make it, though once we came close, and that was something of a miracle, because Dr. Todd coached us himself, and he had very little knowledge of the game.

What the Doctor lacked in knowledge, he nearly made up in fervor. Blakeney boys have gone on to play elsewhere, but I have yet to meet one who will profess to have heard the Doctor's equal as an orator between the halves. It was not just that he drove us as a team; he could look at a player, any player, and infallibly say the one thing that would make that boy want to go out there and break somebody's collarbone. He could do that even to those of us who hated his guts. Pete and I heard him make his Heffelfinger Speech two years in a row, and the second time was still more effective than the first, for by then he had his two matchless props—his wheelchair and his Amy.

The Doctor was no longer coaching us that year. His wife had died, he had had a stroke, and Amy had come down from Mount Holyoke to look after him. She was beautiful, beautiful, stricken, brave, and the only girl within miles. When she poured tea, a man needed both hands to keep the cup from spilling. In a voice like the sounds of violins and cellos, she read "Gareth and Lynette" to us. She worshipped her father and we worshipped her.

As the door slowly opened and Amy Todd, in white, pushed the wheelchair into that stinking locker room, I caught my breath and I could hear Pete, on the bench next to me, catch his. The Doctor let his head hang, then raised it abruptly, in the manner he had learned from Lionel Barrymore.

"Gentlemen," he said, "toward the end of the second quarter, there was a tackle that could have been made by—I will not name names. The man who could have made it knows whom I mean. But your coach has undoubtedly analyzed the game for you better than



I can. Yes—better. I will not try to duplicate his efforts. All I'd like to do is tell you, if I may, of a little incident that took place a long, long time ago, before you were born. It happened before the eyes of many thousands of people, yet not a one of them saw it, because it happened *in here*."

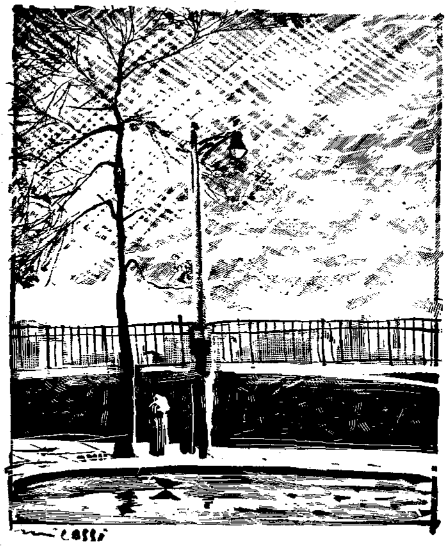
Dr. Todd tapped the left side of his chest with his good hand. "In here," he said again, and paused. "We were playing Yale, and that was one of the years Yale had—Yale *was*—Pudge Heffelfinger. I don't know how much you have read or heard about him. No one who has not actually played against Pudge could ever do him justice. Of all the millions upon millions of men and boys who have engaged in this magnificent old game, he was the greatest. Two hundred and forty pounds of— bone and muscle, some have said, but don't you believe it. There was no muscle there. Just bone, solid bone."

He allowed a rueful smile to come and go. "I went up against that bone half a dozen times in the first half—all one hundred and sixty pounds of me. And gentlemen, he just shook me off, shook me off as you would a pesky first-former. It was no disgrace. He'd done it before, and he'd continue to do it, to bigger and better men than I. But in the third quarter something happened. Pudge had picked up a Harvard fumble on his own twenty-yard line. He broke loose. There was no one between him and a touchdown except the safety man—Todd. And I was scared. Scared of being hurt. Scared of the responsibility. No, I don't mind telling you. I was so scared I could taste the fear as it rose from the pit of my stomach, and the day turned dark, as though the sun had been eclipsed. Oh, I was thinking clearly. Heffelfinger was a fast man, for all his size, and if I came at him from the wrong angle, I knew I could make it look as if I'd tried and missed. Even as I ran, I considered that. But something—not my mind—made me go straight at him. It wasn't a good tackle. I hit him too high. He ran along for I don't know how many yards with me trailing from him like a ribbon in the wind. It felt as though my arms were being shaken loose from their sockets, as though my head were being twisted off my neck. I couldn't bring him down, but apparently I slowed him up enough for Bo Pratt to move in and force him out of bounds. No touchdown. So then what? So then we lost the game. There was no holding Pudge. Yale beat us six to nothing. But Yale's was not the only victory achieved that afternoon. I'd won a victory of my own, one that no one could see, because it happened inside me—a victory over fear, a victory over myself. And gentlemen, if ever I stand up again and walk away from this wheelchair, it will be as nothing compared to that victory. Whether you beat Hotchkiss or not today—it doesn't matter. What would make me proud—prouder than I can say—is if each and every one of you went back for this next half and won a private little victory—over himself. Amy—if you please."

Amy wheeled the chair around and pushed it toward the door. At the door, she turned her head and smiled at us, and we went out for the third quarter, and in the first few minutes there was a Hotchkiss boy carried off the field on a stretcher.

Wheelchair and all, Dr. Todd made the trip to Harvard at least once a season. He inaugurated a series of Blakeney reunions in Cambridge the year I was a sophomore there and Pete a freshman. Why we attended them, I shall never know. Surely not to drink the modest quantity of beer that was offered, nor for Owen's sake. We were, in fact, trying to prevail on Owen to leave Blakeney and return to Cambridge and his Chaucer. We had not been given any hint of his interest in Amy. When I once asked Pete what sort of wife he thought Owen might come up with, he said, "Oh, some Radcliffe girl who majored in Middle English." Much as we loved and admired Owen, we recognized that there had to be a sensible limit to his aspirations. Amy we saw as the probable choice of the then still unmarried Prince of Wales.

The first hint was dropped by the Doctor himself at the second of those Blakeney reunions. While celebrating Pete's exploits in the game that afternoon, he said he would be proud—yes, proud—to be related—one of these days—to that boy—if only by marriage. Pete had atoned for my having been bounced off the squad earlier in the season.



We phoned Owen at once, and he confirmed it. He thought we had already received his letter announcing the engagement. And for the first time I heard him say what he was to say again on his fifteenth anniversary and so many other occasions: "Norm, I just don't know how I rate a girl like that."

"PETE!" Amy said. "You couldn't have thought up anything nicer!" She held her cheek out to each of us in turn. At forty-eight or nine she is still beautiful, and that beautiful low voice has hardly changed.

Owen took our coats, and she led us into the living room. She had long ago thrown out all of Mrs. Todd's oppressive junk, and it is now a room that

ON A CHILD WHO LIVED ONE MINUTE

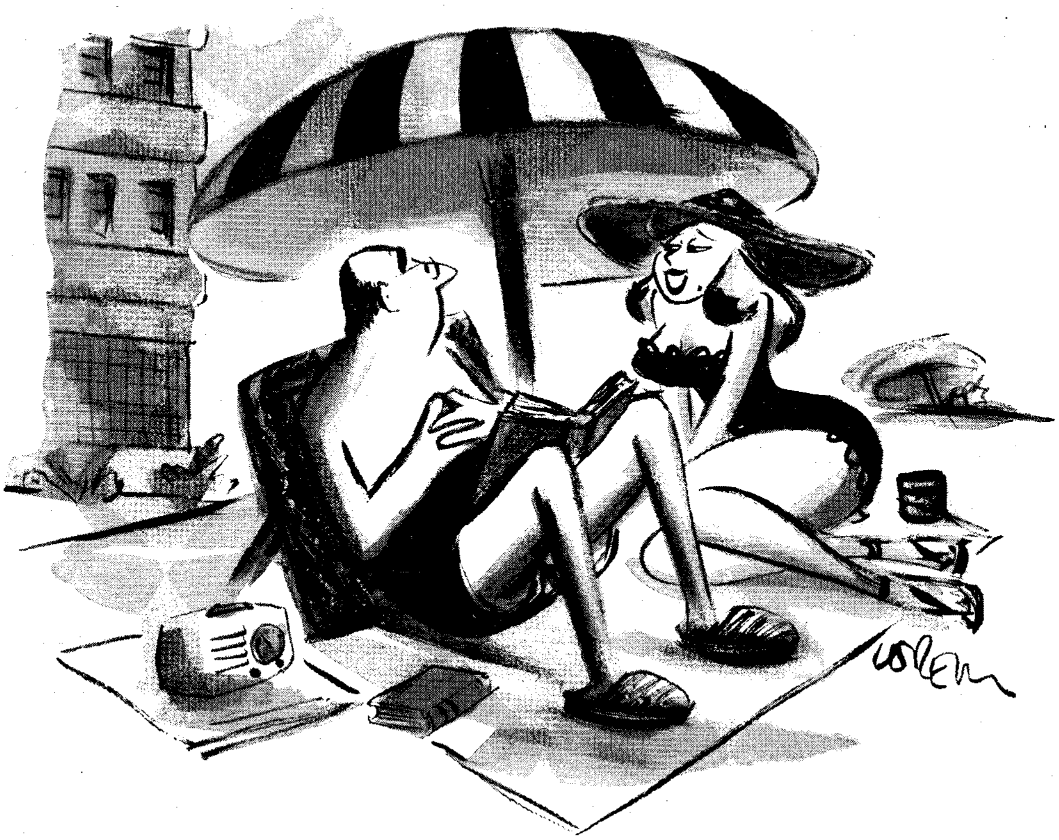
Into a world where children shriek like suns
sundered from other suns on their arrival,
she stared, and saw the waiting shape of evil,
but could not take its meaning in at once,
so fresh her understanding, and so fragile.

Her first breath drew a fragrance from the air
and put it back. However hard her agile
heart danced, however full the surgeon's satchel
of healing stuff, a blackness tiptoed in her
and snuffed the only candle of her castle.

Oh, let us do away with elegiac
drivel! Who can restore a thing so brittle,
so new in any jingle? Still I marvel
that, making light of mountainloads of logic,
so much could stay a moment in so little.

—X. J. Kennedy

• •



"No kidding, Mr. Beardsley, you have very distinctive bone structure."

a boy can sit down in without feeling that another boy's stiff body may at any moment tumble out from behind the heavy draperies.

"You're all icy cold," she said. "Come over here by the fire."

She wanted to know all about Pete's wife and his boys. Did he have any pictures of them?

Pete said he had some pictures in his wallet. "Do you really want to see them?" he asked doubtfully.

"Of course we want to see them," Amy said. "Hand them over."

We passed the pictures around.

"The boys," Amy said. "How handsome they are, and how jolly. And how absolutely Byrne. . . . Can't I *please* have copies of these? I want to be able to show off my two nephews."

"Sure. I think I have the negatives."

"Good. Then you'll have to write. I promise to make Owen write you, too, and next time we won't ask for money. That wasn't very civilized of me anyway."

Owen threw a birch log on the fire, and we watched it blaze.

"All that snow out there," Pete said, "and a log fire. There isn't a real fireplace in all of Saudi Arabia. Why build a field house? Put a fireplace in every classroom. That I'll contribute to."

"It's a thought," she said. "But we'd have to do some tall explaining to the good people I've badgered for the other project. Pete, we're actually within about a hundred thousand dollars of the architect's estimate. My only regret is that Father hasn't lived to see his dream come true."

She told us she had been working on a brochure designed to bring in that remaining hundred thousand, and she showed us the galley proofs and illustrations. It was going to be an impressive structure all right, with no end of facilities.

"We've already had pledges from the few people who've read this," she said. "If we go over the hundred thousand, and if the donors are willing, we're going to earmark the surplus for Owen's pet scheme—a new wing to the library."

Owen said, "She wrote every line of that brochure herself. A man who read it, the head of a professional fund-raising agency, said it was the best he'd ever seen."

"All I tried to do was remember some of the things Father had said. After that, it was just a matter of the pictures and the layout."

I was relieved to see Pete keep his promise about being agreeable. There was not a trace of resentment in his manner. He talked as easily with Amy as with Owen, and we had cheerful, aimless conversation about oil in the Sahara, and other things, for perhaps half an hour. Amy grew animated about the possibilities of space travel. "Think of it," she said. "The whole universe, waiting to be explored. I look at some grubby little boy, who may not be doing any too well in history—but he *may* be the Columbus, the Magellan of Saturn. It's enough to lift the top of your head off."

"You've seen one planet, you've seen them all," said Pete. He said it pleasantly, and Amy smiled.

He started to tell us about the reigning family of Kuwait. The sheik had an income of nearly a million dollars a day and some ingenious ways of spending it. Amy asked if the family had any boys of Blakeney age, but before Pete had a chance to answer, Dorie, who is nine, burst in through the front door. She was howling. On her way back from school she had been accosted, we gathered, by a couple of second-formers (Columbus? Magellan?), and they had shoved a snowball down her back. She stamped her foot and howled and sobbed.

"I hate them!" she shouted. "Dirty rats, I hate them! And they hate me. They all hate me."

"No, they don't," Owen said.

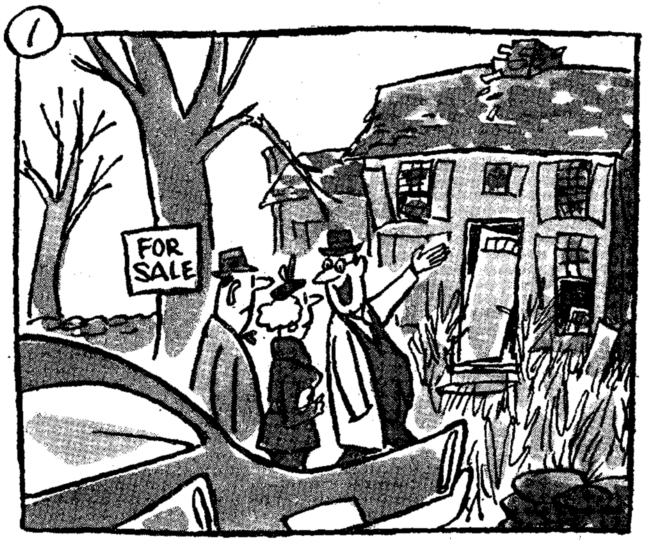
"They hate me, they hate me. And I hate them. I'm going right over to the cafeteria kitchen and spit in their milk. I did it last week, and I'm going to do it again."

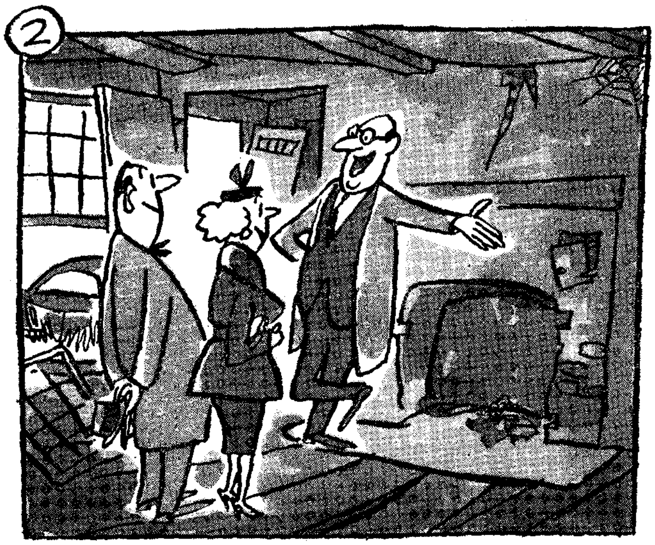
"No, you won't," Owen said.

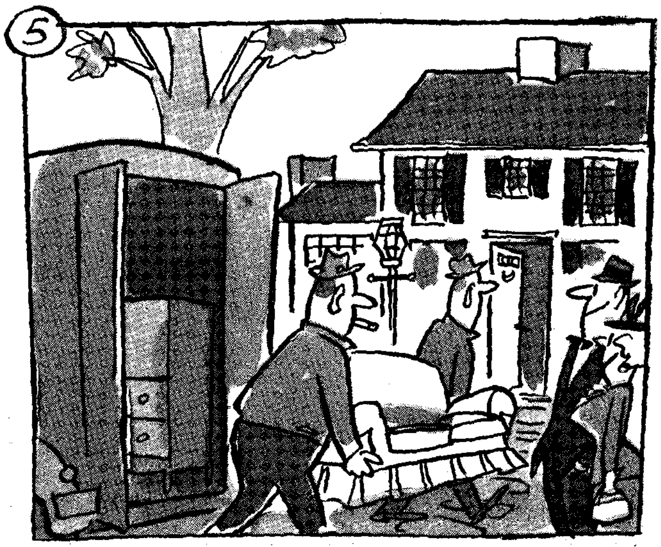
"Yes, I will. *You* don't do anything to them. They shove a snowball down my back, and you don't do anything. I could catch pneumonia. I'm going to spit in their cream and their soup, and I'm going to spill ink in their lockers." She kicked the leather hassock, and screamed.

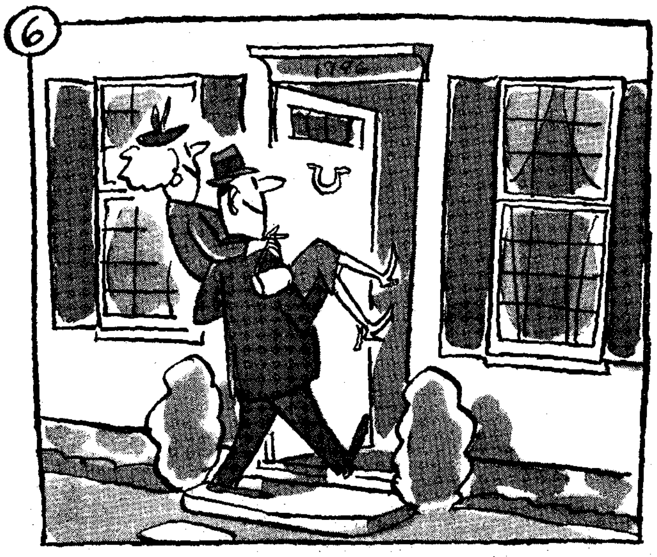
It was not the first time I had seen her behave like that. She is a very sour little girl.

Amy nodded to Owen. He stood up and led Dorie out to the hall. He helped to remove some of her clothes, and I heard him say it could not have been much of a snowball, he could feel no moisture at all. Amy tried to guide the talk back to Kuwait and its potential









Blakeney candidate, but Dorie kept howling. Owen had to take her upstairs.

He came down in a minute or two, and we went on talking. At four-thirty, a maid in black uniform brought in the tea tray. Dorie came back, looking as though she were going to spit in our cream, too.

Owen talked a little about the difficulty of finding good young teachers. Then Amy, during a pause, asked us to stay for dinner. I was on the point of accepting when Pete said he was sorry, we had to start back soon. So I knew something had gone wrong. Earlier, Pete had told me it did not matter how late we got home. I looked at him, but I could not catch his eye. He got up and moved over to the open secretary while Amy poured me another cup of tea.

Standing by the secretary, Pete glanced at the architect's sketch that was to serve as cover to the brochure Amy had been working on. He said, "I see you're going to call it the Jonathan Todd Memorial Field House. Why not the Amy Todd Field House? You raised more of the money than he did."

Amy laughed. She took pleasure in having her efforts acknowledged. She said, "I can just see some of our two-hundred-pound brutes running through signals in something called the Amy."

"Why not? You've played as much football as your father."

"I have?" she said, baffled. "I don't remember a Mount Holyoke team while I was there."

"Harvard, on the other hand," said Pete, "fielded some pretty good ones from '88 to '91. But your father never played on any of them."

"Why, of course he did. You know that."

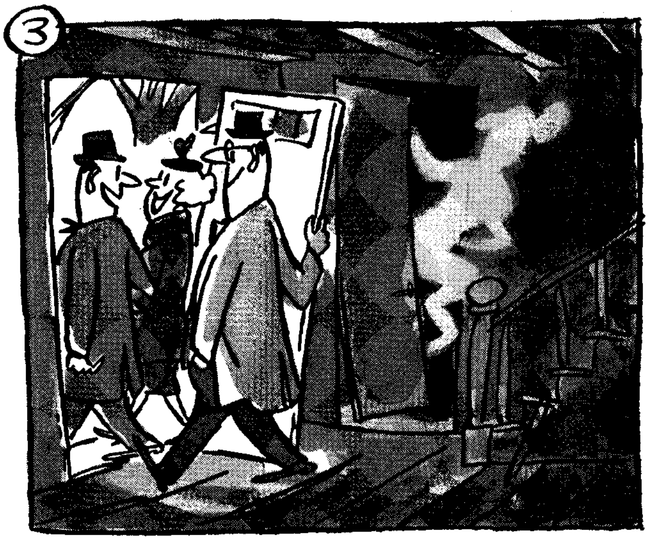
"On the contrary. In my sophomore year I came across the pictures of those teams, at the Varsity Club. I couldn't find your father on any of them. Neither could Norm. We looked it up in the records, and there was no mention of him anywhere. Then we checked with Professor Hollister, who had not only played all four of those years but had known your father well, both as an undergraduate and later. He just roared. 'Jonathan?' he said. 'Jonathan never came near to carrying a water bucket. I doubt if he ever *saw* a game.' Which makes that story about tackling Pudge Heffelfinger all the more remarkable. . . . If I were you, I think I'd drop the word 'Memorial.' "

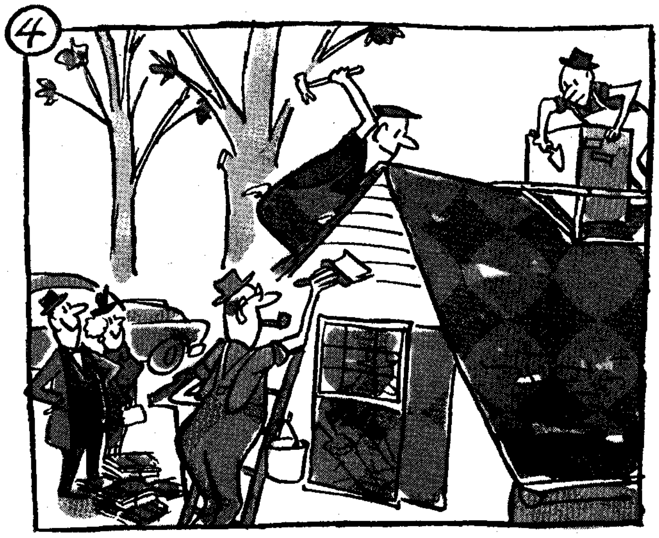
As Pete was talking, Amy's social face vanished by perceptible degrees. When he stopped, she said, in a voice that may have been familiar to Owen but was not to me, "I hope none of this is meant to be taken seriously." She looked at me.

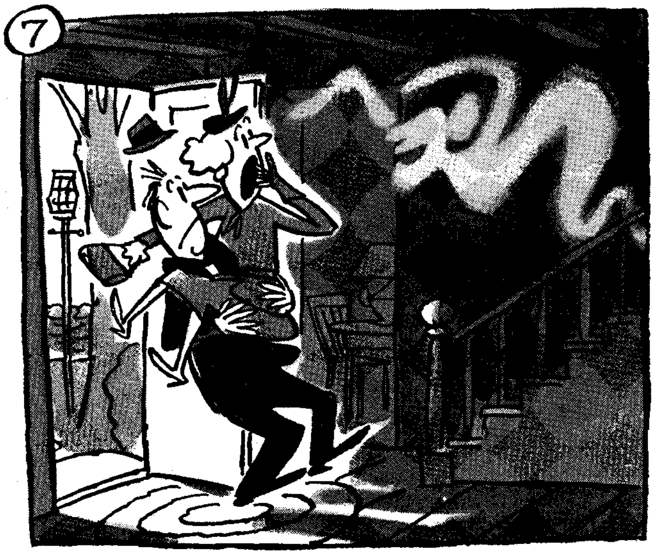
"Oh, it doesn't mean a thing," I said. "Most men tell whoppers about their prowess as young athletes. You know how highly your father thought of Theodore Roosevelt. Well, Roosevelt claimed he'd been boxing champion in his weight class at Harvard, when he was nothing of the kind. It's in Pringle's biography. . . ."

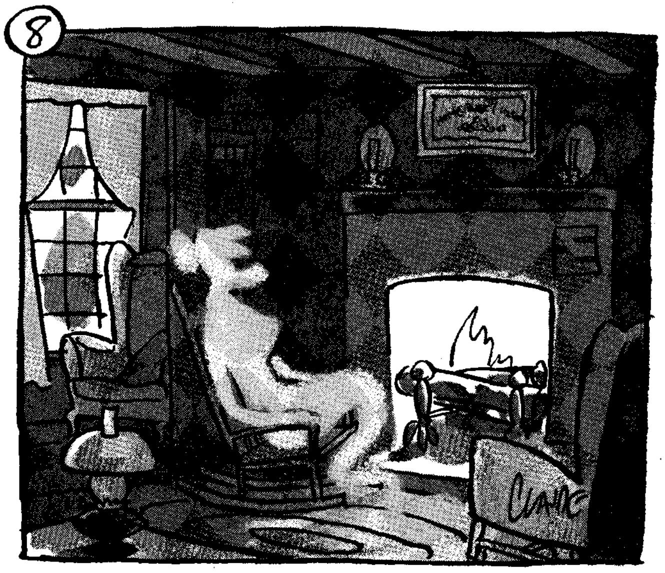
Amy said, "Dorie, go upstairs to your room."

It was plain that at least Dorie had









heard that voice before. She left immediately, without a word.

"I don't care about Theodore Roosevelt," Amy said. "I do care about my father. If he said he played for Harvard, he played for Harvard. If he said he tackled Mr. Heffelfinger, he tackled Mr. Heffelfinger."

"That he didn't," Pete said, smiling, "that he didn't. What makes it still more remarkable is that he was able to put the story over not only with his unsuspecting daughter and students but with Amos Alonzo Stagg. I heard him tell it to Stagg the afternoon of the Yale game in my junior year. To Amos Alonzo Stagg, who was *at* Yale in '88. The two of them talked '88 football together—and without a single false note on the Doctor's part. Tremendous performance. I'd tackle a whole squad of Heffelfingers before I'd try anything like that."

She stood up. "What you're saying is that my father was a fraud and a liar."

"Mmm, not in so many words. What I said was that your father never played football for Harvard, and since he did not attend any other college, his opportunities for tackling Pudge Heffelfinger were— well, limited."

Amy turned to me. "Do you agree with what Peter just said?"

"I wasn't there when your father talked with Stagg. But I know that he never played for Harvard."

"And you, Owen—what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about what?"

"Are you going to sit there while the two of them call my father a fraud and a liar?"

"My dear, there is no reason to take this so hard. If Professor Hollister told—"

She cut in, her voice an octave higher: "Professor Hollister is dead. My father is dead. If he weren't, they wouldn't dare to say these things. They hadn't the courage to say them to a crippled old man, but you'll sit there while they say them to me. Very well. Sit there. It's your chair, though it hasn't always been. But I won't stand here and listen to them defame the memory of a great man. A great man to whom they owe everything."

She ran out of the room, and we could hear the quick sound of her heels on the stairs.

Owen looked miserable. "Wait," he said. "Wait here. I'll be right down."

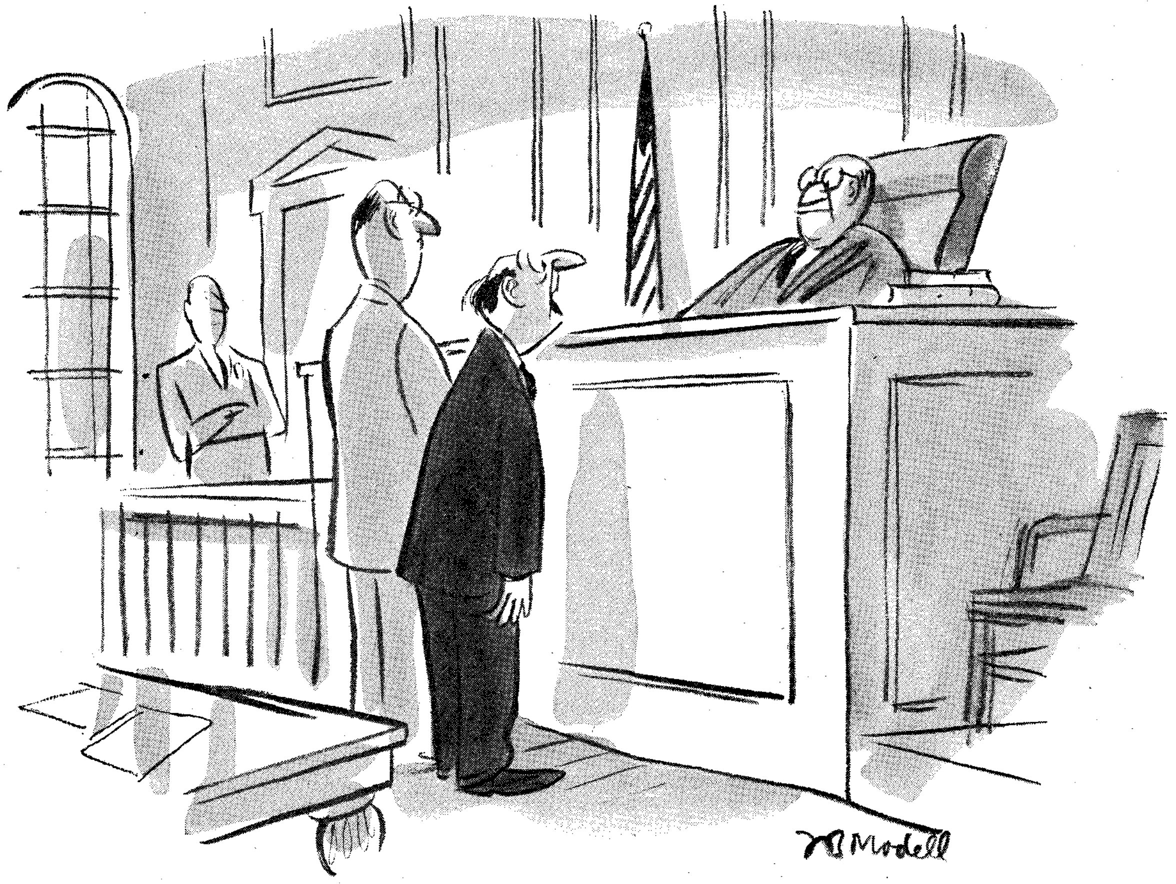
Pete and I listened to his steps, much slower than Amy's, the careful steps of an elderly man going up a flight of stairs.

"The former Miss Todd," Pete said. He picked a shred of tobacco off the secretary and placed it in an ashtray. " 'It's your chair, though it hasn't always been.' "

"Yes. But you didn't have to do what you did, either."

"I suppose not."

It was about a quarter of an hour before Owen came back. "This should never have happened," he said. "I know you didn't mean to— Amy is terribly upset and hurt. In a way, it's probably all my fault. She has always assumed



"Before you pass sentence, Your Honor, I would like to say that it was my lawyer's idea, and not mine, that you should disqualify yourself."

* * *

that both of you liked and respected her father, and I never saw any point in telling her you didn't. So it came as a shock. What are you standing up for? You don't have to go just yet. This had better be straightened out before you do go."

"I think it'd be better all around if Norm and I took off now," Pete said. "I'll be up from Venezuela in three weeks at the most, and you can come down and meet me at Norm's or in New York."

"I wish you'd stay."

"I don't think we should," I said. "You come to my place when Pete gets back, and leave it to Amy to decide whether she wants to come or not."

"I hate to think of you making the drive in this storm."

"We won't have any trouble, with the chains," I said.

When we had our coats on, Owen once more urged us to stay, but it was easy to see that his thoughts were upstairs with Amy.

We did not let him walk us to the car.

It was still snowing hard, and in the headlights the snow looked as if it were continually exploding upward and outward. After a while I stopped counting the cars that had been stalled or abandoned. If it had occurred to either of us to turn on the radio, we would have learned that the snow was setting some kind of record for Connecticut.

I was too preoccupied with driving to be more than intermittently conscious of Pete's silence.

When he did speak, he said, "Did you notice what she did when Dorie came in crying? She nodded. It was all she had to do. And Gareth went trudging out into the hall to clean up the mess so that Lynette might go on conversing with the quality."

"Was that what got you?"

"No, what got me was the movie. I found him in the back row, asleep. It seems he's been going in there every now and then to catch a little nap in the middle of the day."

"But why?"

"Ah. He wouldn't tell you, would he? By the time you asked, he had his wits about him. When I asked, he was still half asleep, and he mumbled something about there being no convenient place at home. At least fourteen rooms in that house, the child at school, but no place for Owen to catch a nap. Amy doesn't approve of naps in the middle of the day. Unmanly. Oriental. Corrupt."

"Had Owen really managed to fall asleep by the time you got to him?"

"With his head thrown back," Pete said, "and his mouth wide open. Do you remember that large photograph of Roosevelt in our dorm, with the inscription under it? 'I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life.' You just don't take a nap in the middle of the day—not with a Todd on the premises. Even if you're fifty-odd and a bit tired. It's your bed, though it hasn't always been. Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor for the Jonathan Todd Memorial Field House. There's some ice forming in this corner of the windshield. We'd better stop and scrape it off before it spreads."

We stopped and scraped it off. Back in the car, it was warm and comfortable. In another half hour, we were out of the storm, and we made it to my house without any trouble.

While we were having our pickup supper, the children came down and settled around the table. They never pass up a chance to be with Pete. Watching them all together, I thought he must be very good with his own two boys in Saudi Arabia. I know he learned some of that from Owen, who had been gentle and good to us during the years when we needed it.

—Edward Newhouse

* * *

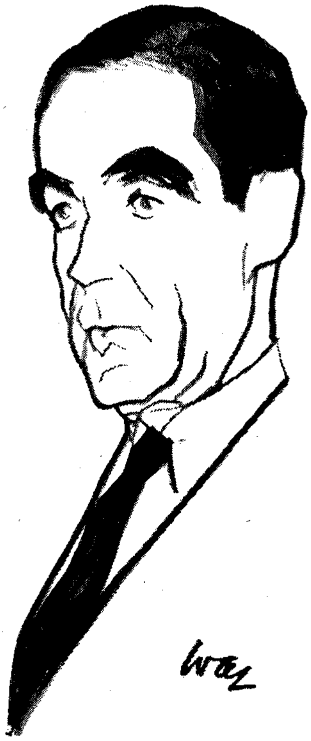
Mr. [Charles H.] Brower is a master of the withering remark. When a stuffy copy writer told him that an idea had occurred "like a bolt out of the blue" Mr. Brower suggested: "Looks to me like you were struck with a broom straw." To an account group that showed him some "mood layouts" he commented: "These should be played on the piano."

One observer put it: "He has flashes of brilliance. Nothing he says is ever measured, but everything he says you wish you had thought of yourself."—*The Times.*

Well-l-l, give us a minute on that.

PROFILES

THE HAPPY VENTURE



Hugh Bullock

IN the upper reaches of Wall Street, where carpets are thick, voices are subdued, and south windows present a glittering view of the harbor, one thing that is rarely suggested by the surroundings, and is mentioned most reluctantly by the inhabitants, is money. Among more favored themes of décor and conversation, two of the front runners are history and affairs of state. The furnishings in the offices of Calvin Bullock, Ltd., an investment-management firm specializing in mutual funds, are a case in point. A visitor getting off the elevator at the thirty-third floor of 1 Wall Street, where Calvin Bullock, Ltd., is situated, finds himself in a hallway whose walls exhibit a print of George Washington, a photograph of President Eisenhower, a color reproduction of a portrait of Sir Winston Churchill, and a quotation from Theodore Roosevelt—"We can leave our heritage undiminished . . . only if we . . . show a resolute and rugged manliness." If, complying with the Rooseveltian precept, the visitor resolutely confronts a receptionist stationed in a glass booth to his left, he may notice, framed on the wall behind her, an ominous handbill announcing the presentation of "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theatre, in Washington, and adding, in a line of large black type, "This evening the performance will be honored by the presence of President Lincoln." Provided the visitor's account of himself is satisfactory to the receptionist, he will be admitted to a spacious waiting room with a conventional board-of-directors table in its center. On the walls, though, is an antidote to this symbol of commerce—an overpowering array of large, florid nineteenth-century oil paintings of scenes, some of them bloody, from the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Below a sanguinary rendering of the Battle of Waterloo stands a small table, on which rests a Dow-Jones stock ticker, but its crass implications, too, are muffled; it shares the tabletop with a model of the Queen Mary and a clock showing the time in London—as if that city, rather than newer, brasher New York, were the firm's spiritual home.

If the visitor is granted permission to proceed farther, he may be fortunate enough to penetrate an inner Bullock sanctum—an exceptionally long, and by no means narrow, board room with windows looking south to the upper bay and west to the Hudson. There he will find himself surrounded by what has been authoritatively called one of the world's leading collections of memorabilia pertaining to Napoleon and his foe Lord Nelson. A huge oil of the Battle of Austerlitz—another exemplar of the gore-and-confusion school of battle painting—hangs on the east wall of this room. A rum keg from Nelson's flagship, H.M.S. Victory, stands near the north wall, under a fetching portrait, by George Romney, of Nelson's mistress, Lady Hamilton. More or less opposite these are a shotgun—a formidable muzzle-loading affair—that was once the property of Lady Hamilton, and a trunk that Napoleon took with him through almost all his eventful travels. Roped off but still in uneasily close association with numerous specimens of today's standard board-of-directors furniture is a rather austere wooden chair; a tag on it records that it stood beside Napoleon's deathbed on St. Helena and is probably the last chair he ever sat on. It is possible that Bullock directors, when they meet here, sometimes gaze pensively at the empty chair and reflect on what Napoleon, if he were sitting on it now, would think of the long-term prospects for General Electric or U.S. Tire & Rubber; at any rate, the Napoleonic presence dominates their gatherings, since, in addition to the items already mentioned, the room contains no fewer than seven sculptures of the great man in various moods, ranging from the bellicose to the contemplative.

Finally, if the visitor is privileged to wander through the rest of the Bullock premises, he will find in every office, right down to the humblest secretary's cubbyhole, one or more reminders of the great world and its stirring past—a chromo of old Venice, a portrait of Robert E. Lee, and the like. Undoubtedly the visitor will be in for a real shock when he enters the headquarters of the research department, where he will be confronted by what may well be the only Soviet flag on display from one end of Wall Street to the other—a three-by-four-foot emblem showing the well-known hammer and sickle in gold on a red field. One recent visitor, unable to suppress an exclamation of wonder at this unlikely ornament, was calmly told by his guide, "Well, we have a custom of displaying, somewhere around the place, the flag of every country whose ambassador has ever visited this office. The Soviet Ambassador dropped by in 1939. It's rather an attractive flag, isn't it?"

One might logically assume that such singular office furnishings and such a self-assured corporate attitude toward them reflect a forceful personality. The fact is that they reflect two forceful personalities—that of Calvin Bullock, who founded the firm and was its president until his death, fourteen years ago, and that of Hugh Bullock, his son, who is the current boss. Some of the objects represent family solidarity in the matter of taste. This is true of the flags, and also of the Churchill portrait and the London-time clock, which typify the unremitting Anglophilia of both father and son, just as the "Ltd." in the firm's name does. (Any American corporation may call itself "Limited" instead of "Incorporated," but the privilege is one that is very seldom exercised.) On the other hand, a number of the objects are there because of the individual predilection of one or the other Bullock. The admirer of Napoleon, Nelson, and Lady Hamilton, for example, was Calvin, while the Washington-Theodore Roosevelt-Eisenhower man is Hugh. Hugh works, just as he did before his father's death, in a comparatively small office, which he describes, not inaccurately, as "rather Spartan," and which is decorated principally with an ancient, tattered American flag and pictures of Washington, Hamilton, and Lincoln. On one wall, however, as if in filial propitiation, hangs a print showing the Battle of Friedland—a manifestation, intentional or not, of an almost idolatrous attitude toward Calvin Bullock that pervades the whole establishment. A client who had been struck by this attitude remarked not long ago that when Bullock men speak of the Founder—and that is how the members of the

"Do I have to have a reason? I'm just not in the mood for a worldwide news roundup."

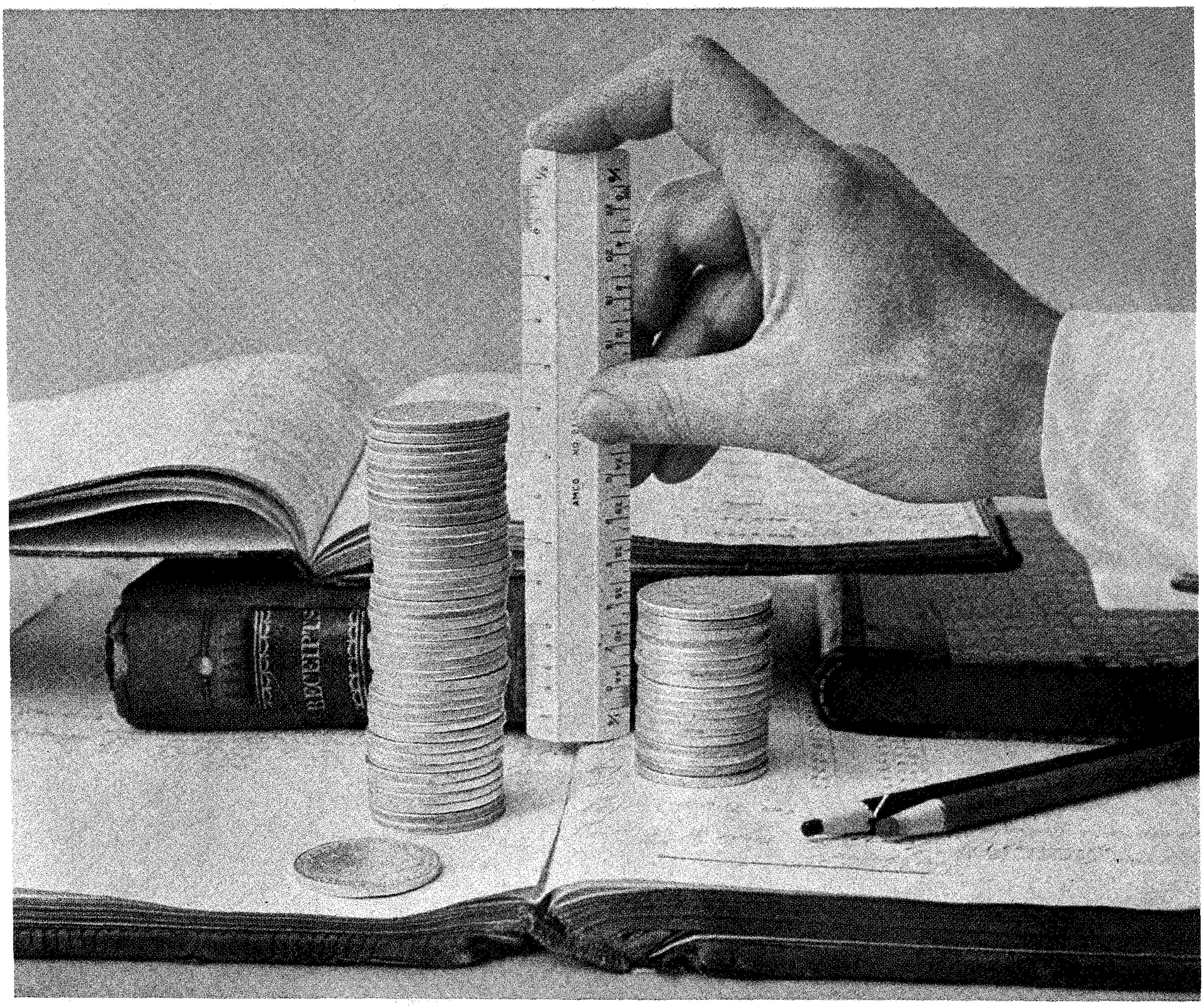
• •

firm, including the son, generally refer to Calvin Bullock, making the "F" indubitably upper-case by the tone of their voices—they give the impression that he is expected back from lunch at any moment. What is now the board room, containing the heart of the Napoleon and Nelson collections, was the Founder's private office, and it has been kept almost exactly as it was in his time; the objects on his desk are still arranged just as they were on the day—June 21, 1944—he died, at the age of seventy-six. Among them are a bust of Napoleon, a spent fire bomb from the Battle of Britain, and a memorandum listing the then current prices per share of Bullock-managed mutual funds.

A MUTUAL fund can be defined in Wall Street language as a diversified-investment company with no fixed capitalization and a self-liquidation feature. Just how many of the million or more Americans who own shares in mutual funds are likely to understand this definition is doubtful, though it is no more murky than most of the jargon in Wall Street, where a broker was recently expelled from the National Association of Securities Dealers for "failure to register registered representatives." To translate the definition, then: The directors and managers of a mutual fund take money entrusted to them by the public and—after deducting a commission that ranges from less than three per cent, if the sum entrusted is substantial, to more than eight per cent, if it is trifling—put it into an assortment of stocks and bonds. (The types of stocks and bonds vary, according to whether the main objective of the mutual fund in question is high dividends, growth of capital, or relative safety of capital.) The mutual fund issues shares to its investors, just as any other company does, and it pays the shareholders dividends based principally on the dividends it receives from its scattered holdings, but instead of having a fixed number of shares, it simply issues new ones when a new investor comes along, and uses the additional money to buy additional stocks and bonds. So much for "no fixed capitalization." As for the "self-liquidation feature," it means that, rather than having to sell his shares in the market, any investor who wants to pull out may merely surrender them and demand, in cash, his slice of the fund's total assets, computed on the basis of the prevailing market prices of the securities it holds. The shares that are turned in cease to exist, and the fund's capitalization declines correspondingly.

As mutual-fund managers explain it, the underlying purpose of their calling is to give persons who have put aside modest nest eggs for investment purposes the opportunity of sharing with the rich the obvious advantage of spreading their money around among a widely diversified assortment of holdings, and to assure expert management of these holdings at reasonable cost. More succinctly, mutual funds constitute the poor man's method of getting into the stock-and-bond market with the minimum of risk. Certainly they have proved to be immensely popular. The mutual-fund business has mushroomed so rapidly since the end of the Second World War that its growth has come to be compared to that of the life-insurance business a generation ago. The total value of the securities now held by mutual funds comes to around nine billion dollars, or more than ten times the 1945 figure. The business is still a relatively new one (the very term "mutual fund" dates no farther back than the thirties), and, like most new businesses, it is full of hard-driving types, with ulcers. In the thick of them, however, Calvin Bullock, Ltd., has somehow succeeded not only in maintaining an imposing serenity but in building up and preserving a reputation as a champion of conservatism and tradition. Indeed, it takes pride in describing itself as "the oldest firm in the United States specializing in the management of investment companies"—a statement that, while technically accurate, is a bit ambiguous. An investment company is one that exists solely to hold the securities of other companies—the category includes not only mutual funds but

THE BANK OF NEW YORK *"... there is a real place in New York for conservatively managed banks and trust companies of moderate size where customers may have easy access to and personal acquaintance with the senior officers..."* QUOTED FROM "THE BANK'S DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES"



Banking Service Measured to Your Needs

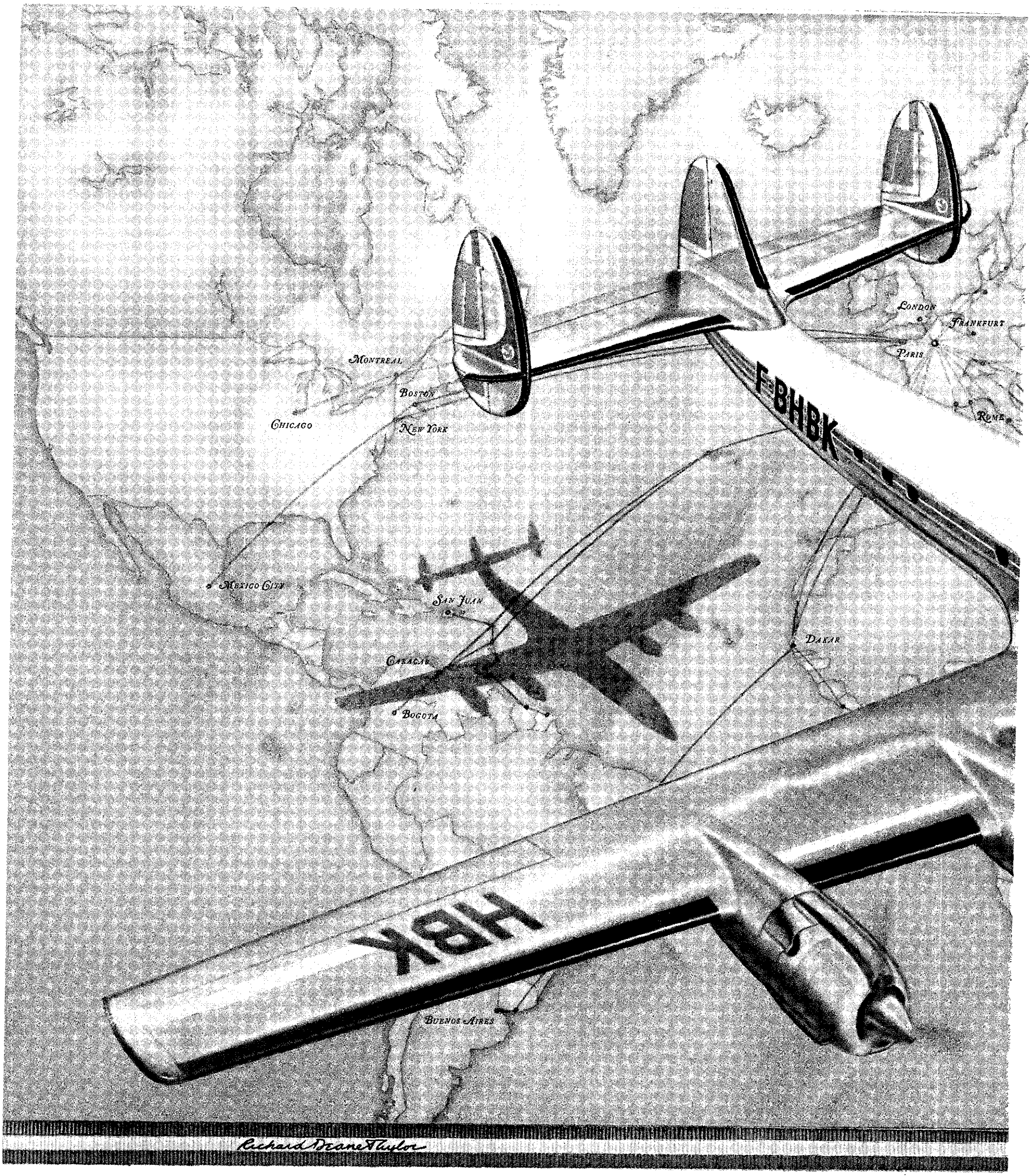
Resourceful Officers . . .
Complete Services . . .
Loyalty to Customers . . . *in all economic situations, a tradition of New York's first bank for 174 years.*

THE BANK OF NEW YORK

RESOURCES OVER $500 MILLION

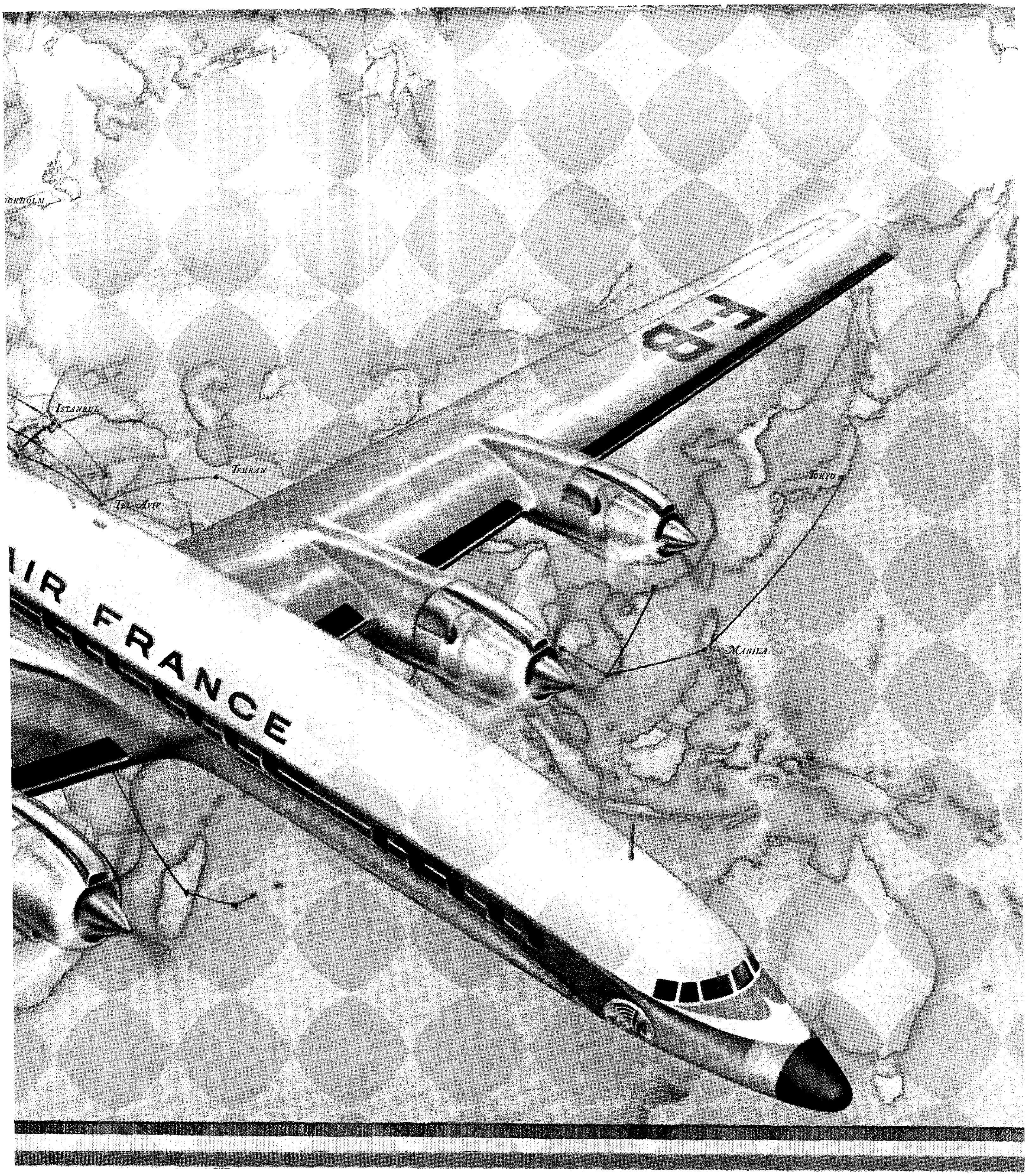
Main Office: 48 WALL ST. ☆ *Uptown Offices.* 530 FIFTH AVE. ☆ MADISON AVE. AT 63rd ☆ MADISON AVE. AT 73rd

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation


London
Frankfurt
Paris
Montreal
Boston
Chicago
New York
F-BHBK
Rome
Mexico City
San Juan
Dakar
Caracas
Bogota
HBK
Buenos Aires
Richard Deane Taylor

177,000 mile wingspread

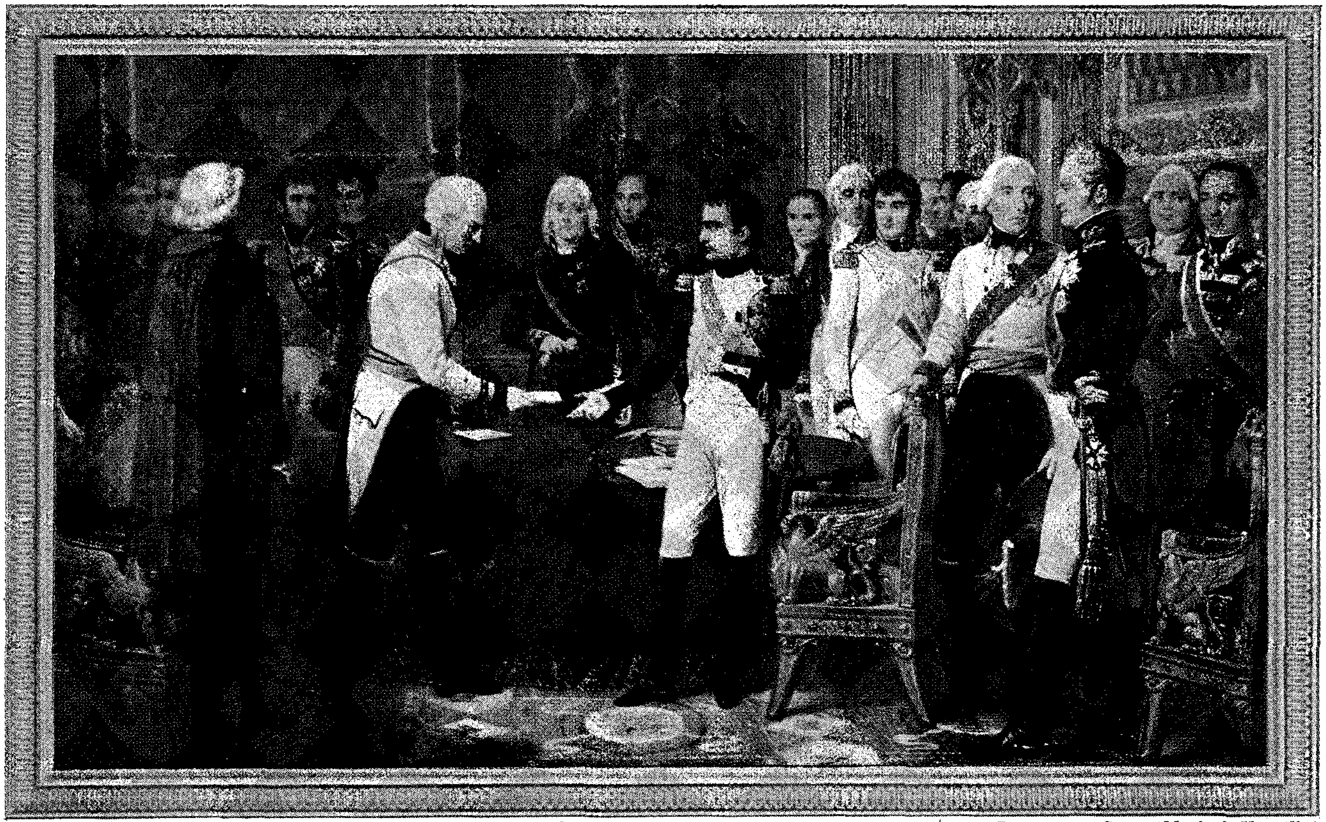
This is Air France! Larger by far than any other air network in the world. Stretching eastward from the interior of South America to the vast reaches of the Pacific. Connecting 215 cities in 76 countries. Spanning 5 continents. Telescoping distance into hours. Flying the Jet Stream over the Atlantic in new Lockheed Super Starliners—world's fastest longest-range, most luxurious airliners. And on every flight, whether it be from Brazzaville to Dakar, New York to Rome, Chicago to Paris, Boston to Tokyo, you find the same superb service, the same high standards of dependability that have made Air France America's favorite airline to Paris!


CKHOLM
ISTANBUL
TEHRAN
TEL AVIV
TOKYO
MANILA
AIR FRANCE
F-B

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, CALL YOUR NEAREST AIR FRANCE TICKET OFFICE, OR WRITE TO 683 5TH AVE., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

AIR FRANCE

WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE



Napoléon Reçoit à Erfurt le Baron de Vincent, Ambassadeur D'Autriche. *Peinture par Gosse.* (*Musée de Versailles*)

CAULAINCOURT EUGÈNE

BARON DE VINCENT TALLEYRAND NAPOLÉON ARCHIDUC CHARLES ALEXANDRE

COURVOISIER
V.S.O.P
COURVOISIER
"The Brandy of Napoleon"
COGNAC
FINE CHAMPAGNE

84 PROOF

* The Brandy of NAPOLEON

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

Down through the ages Courvoisier has ranked as the noblest Cognac of them all. Famous as "The Brandy of Napoleon," it is the time-honored drink of kings and statesmen, and all who can command the finest. Breathe in the aroma of Courvoisier Cognac reverently—enjoy its distinguished flavour leisurely. You will sense the loving care that has been poured into its making—the glorious traditions it perpetuates.

Imported by W. A. Taylor & Company,
New York, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

**Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*

Special Offer in French Crystalware—Four Courvoisier Cognac snifter glasses, about 3½ inches tall, with Napoleonic emblem in permanent gold design. Shipped to you from France. Send $1 cash or check *payable to T.V.*, P. O. Box 1205, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y., Dept. NY-17.

such dissimilar devices as holding companies—and while Calvin Bullock, Ltd., has been in existence for sixty-four years, it has been managing investment companies for only thirty-four of them, or no longer than at least two of its rivals. In its zeal to convey an air of venerability, the company mentions its birth date—1894—so often that it has become the butt of occasional Wall Street jokes. "J. P. Morgan & Co. has fired a secretary [who was] with the firm only three days," the *Bawl Street Journal*, a spoofing publication issued once a year by the Bond Club of New York, reported in its last edition. "Yesterday Dave McElroy asked her to call Calvin Bullock, Ltd., and she tried all morning to get 'Established 1894' on the phone."

"Hugh Bullock is in the tradition of English restraint," a prominent investment man remarked not long ago. "He's a gentleman first and a businessman second. He trades on the fact to beat hell, too." As a trader—whether on tradition or in securities, or both—Hugh Bullock has done well enough to make his firm the largest mutual-fund-management company in Wall Street, or anywhere else in New York State. Nationally, it ranks no better than fifth, but, thanks in part to Calvin Bullock, Ltd.'s concern for tradition and its own antiquity, many people find this hard to believe; the firm is generally conceded to occupy a position of respect out of proportion to its size. It has five mutual funds under its supervision—one that concentrates on securities that pay good steady dividends, one that emphasizes capital growth, one that looks to both of these factors, and two that confine themselves to Canadian investments—and since the Founder's death, which approximately coincided with the start of the boom in mutuals, their combined assets have increased from eighty million dollars to about four hundred million. This is an impressive record, if not, to be sure, as impressive as that of Calvin Bullock, Ltd.'s, four hardest-driving, and presumably most ulcer-prone, competitors. For the past year, the top one has been Investors Diversified Services, Inc., of Minneapolis—a Cinderella that, in the mere eighteen years since it went into the mutual-fund business, has built up the assets under its management from nothing to very nearly a billion and a half dollars. (It has accomplished this feat largely by vigorous and extensive door-to-door selling, a practice not indulged in by the other leaders in the field, who prefer to offer their services in a more formal

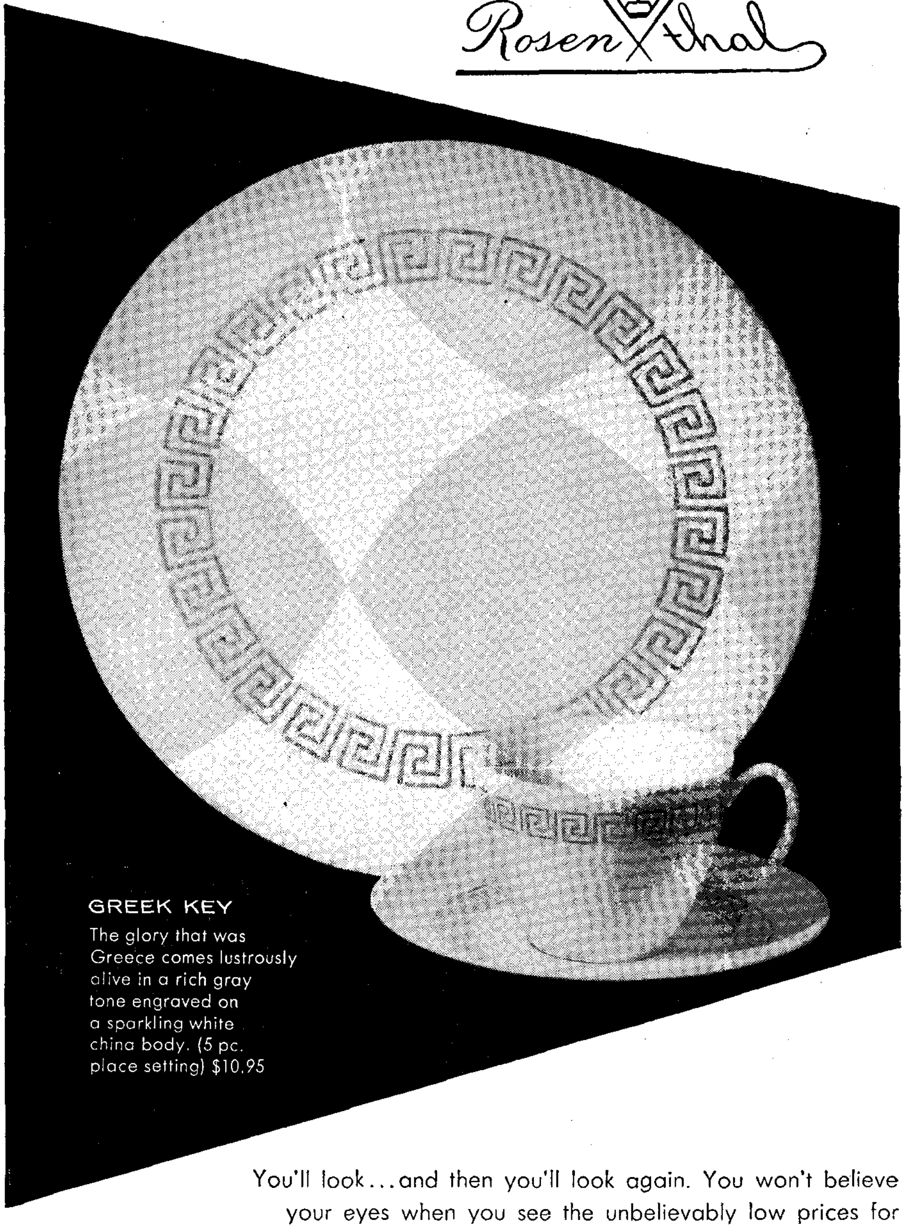
Raymond Loewy created—

Something New...Something Wonderful in

CONTINENTAL CHINA

made by world renowned

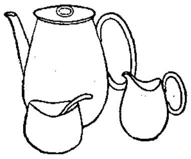
Rosenthal



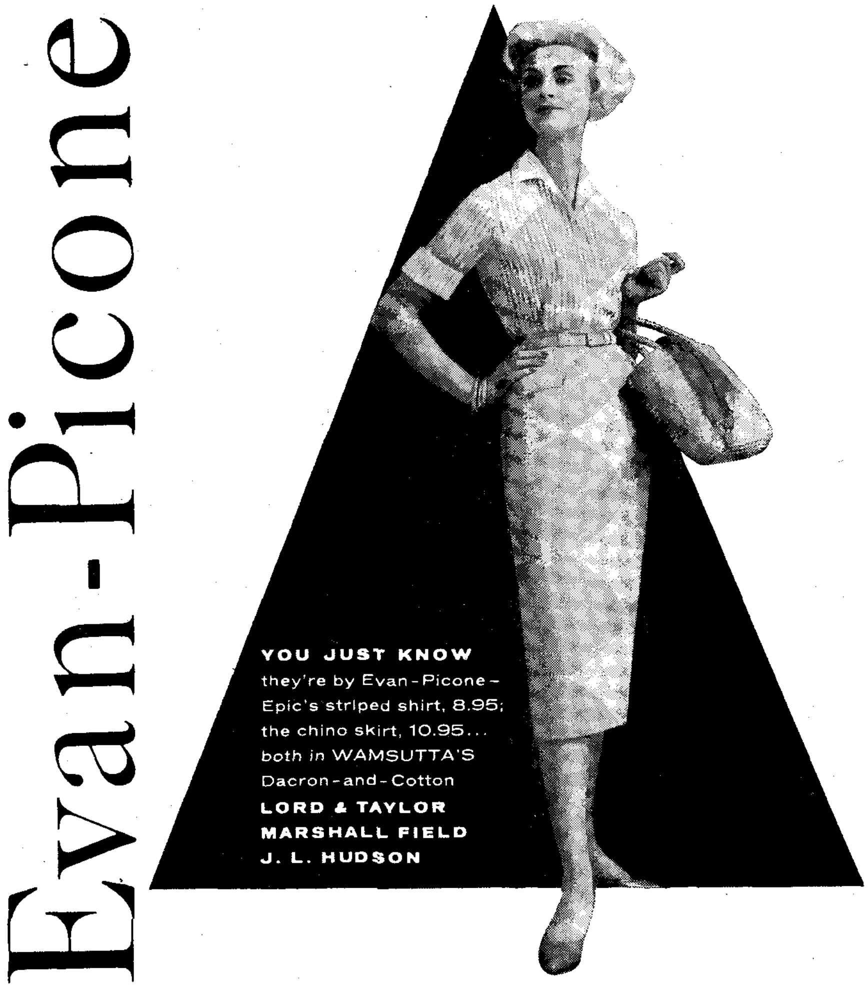
GREEK KEY

The glory that was Greece comes lustrously alive in a rich gray tone engraved on a sparkling white china body. (5 pc. place setting) $10.95

You'll look...and then you'll look again. You won't believe your eyes when you see the unbelievably low prices for CONTINENTAL china imported from Germany—for you never expected to find so lovely a shape...so fresh and spontaneous a treatment in patterns (and such variety)...such quality for so little. Graceful at the formal dinner table... practical for everyday use—CONTINENTAL belongs in your home—as your only set of china...or one of several. See it now in America's finest stores near you. From $6.95 (5 pc. place setting).



FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLETS IN COLOR OF ALL PATTERNS SEND 10¢ TO DEPT. 82Y.
THE ROSENTHAL-BLOCK CHINA CORP. 21 EAST 26th ST., N.Y.


Evan-Picone

YOU JUST KNOW
they're by Evan-Picone–
Epic's striped shirt, 8.95;
the chino skirt, 10.95...
both in WAMSUTTA'S
Dacron-and-Cotton
LORD & TAYLOR
MARSHALL FIELD
J. L. HUDSON

NOW! spillproof, leakproof, breakproof, hand lotion to tuck away in your bag.

on a safari or in a subway

Tiny, single application

Balm Argenta

HAND LOTION "PILLOWS"*

Lotion your hands anytime, anywhere with creamy, lanolin-laden Balm Argenta. A packet no larger than a pack of matches, holds eight handy pillows for purse or pocket.

AN IDEAL TRAVEL GIFT...
or "just the ticket" for you!

WHOLE TRIPS SUPPLY 32 Purse Packs—256 pillows. In a gift package $2.50

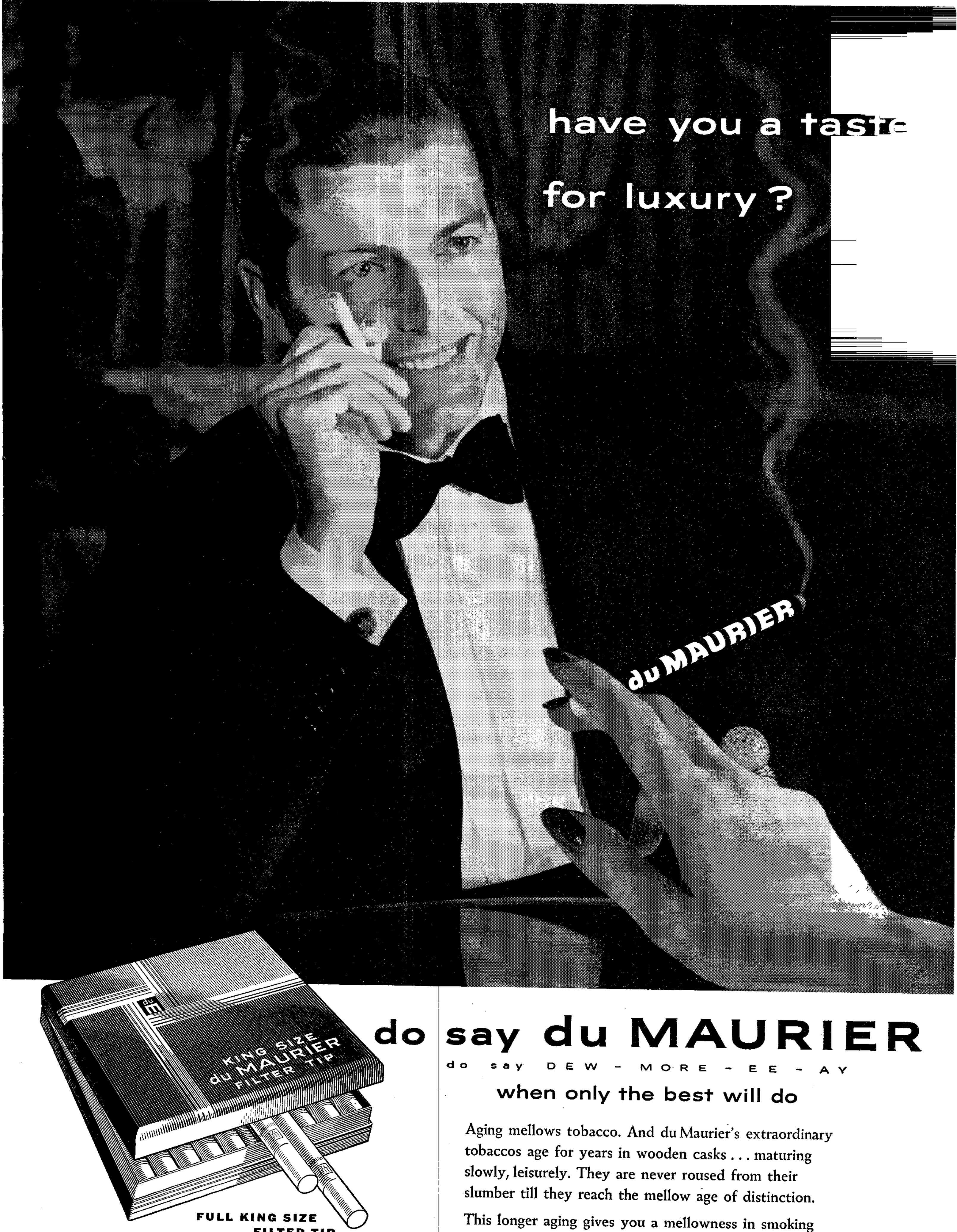
STAY-AT-HOME PACKAGE 12 Purse Packs—96 pillows $1.00 PLUS TAX

*TRADEMARK
At Cosmetic Counters
W. O. WASHBURN & SONS INC.
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

fashion.) Until I.D.S. took first place, the perennial kingpin of the business was the thirty-four-year-old Massachusetts Investors Trust, of Boston, which now manages assets worth a trifle—say, a hundred million dollars—more than a billion dollars. Although the theory has been advanced that at least a few inexperienced investors have signed up for shares in M.I.T., as it is called, under the impression that they were buying a piece of an educational institution, it is generally agreed that the Boston company is run superbly and that its clients—even those thus mistaken at the start—have had little reason to complain. The two other companies out ahead of Bullock are the Wellington Fund, Inc., of Philadelphia, with a lead of about two hundred million dollars, and the Investors Management Company, Inc., of Elizabeth, New Jersey, with a lead of something under fifty million.

An explanation of the sensational postwar growth of mutual funds has been offered by Arthur Wiesenberger, the head of a brokerage firm that specializes in appraising the merits of the various investment companies. "The welfare state is here to stay," he wrote in a recent report. "And why not?" he went on gamely. "It is no accident that the great growth of [mutual funds] has tended to coincide with and parallel the growth of the welfare state.... It is because they are so well geared to the needs of the increasing number of investors that [they] have shown such great and rapid growth." The rising influence and prestige of the mutual-fund business may be judged by a comparison of the sources of the calculatedly calming utterances that floated up from Wall Street during the panic of 1929 and those that marked the alarmingly steep stock-market decline last fall. In 1929—the tail end, as it turned out, of the pioneer era in which the opinions of individual capitalists could do a lot to sway the investing public—John D. Rockefeller made a point of announcing that he and his sons believed in the country's future and were consequently buying common stocks. Last fall—the age of the institution clearly having arrived—it was the mutual-fund companies that felt called upon to fill the tranquillizing role vacated by the Rockefellers, which they did by issuing a highly reassuring stream of market prophecies.

Imperturbably accepting Calvin Bullock, Ltd.'s, position on the fifth rung from the top of the ladder, the officers of the firm maintain that they are more


have you a taste
for luxury?
du MAURIER
du
KING SIZE
du MAURIER
FILTER TIP
FULL KING SIZE
FILTER TIP
FULL FLAVOR

do say du MAURIER

do say DEW - MORE - EE - AY

when only the best will do

Aging mellows tobacco. And du Maurier's extraordinary tobaccos age for years in wooden casks . . . maturing slowly, leisurely. They are never roused from their slumber till they reach the mellow age of distinction.

This longer aging gives you a mellowness in smoking you could never experience—until now.

Do say du Maurier.

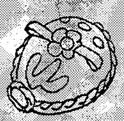
du Maurier Cigarettes, a product of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation interested in the quality of supervision it gives to its stockholders' investments than in the quantity of money confided to it, and on occasion, by way of giving their own horn a low-key toot, refer to it as "the Tiffany of the mutual-fund business." Impartial Wall Street authorities are inclined to agree that the Bullock organization does possess some of the attributes of the distinguished jewelry house. (An out-and-out competitor has said, "All right, so Bullock's is the Tiffany. Then we're the Cartier.") Bullock men are much given to extolling the firm, and, in addition to celebrating its age and likening it to Tiffany, they sometimes refer to it as the Happy Venture. This is the name of one of Hugh Bullock's favorite pictures—and of its subject, a sailing vessel—which hangs in his office, along with Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, and the Battle of Friedland. The picture is a reproduction of an oil painting, by one Schnars-Alquist, that shows, in the words of Bullock, a keen sailor himself, "a clipper ship under a spanking breeze, carrying every inch of sail that they dare put on her." The company keeps a supply of reproductions of "The Happy Venture" on hand—it awards them to branch offices when, as Bullock says, "they show themselves worthy"—and, for inspirational purposes, one reproduction is always hung in a prominent place in the board room during directors' meetings. In a speech at a dinner of the firm's employees a while back, Hugh Bullock said, "Our ship is well named, isn't it?" Then, throwing English restraint to the winds in the enthusiasm of the moment, he went on, "It is a happy ship. It has sailed through every kind of weather, proudly. . . . Whatever is ahead of us, fair or foul weather, you and I are ready for it. We will discharge our responsibilities with honor and intelligence. We will sail our ship bravely, through any kind of weather. A gallant ship! A wonderful crew! A toast to the Happy Venture!"

THE gallant ship's captain is a tall, earnest-looking, strikingly handsome man of fifty-nine, with a taste for detachable stiff collars, double-breasted suits, outdoor sports, and old-fashioned expressions like "I pledge you." Some of his friends feel that the he embodies the principal characteristics of the clipper-ship painting he so admires: a forthright, guileless style; a streak of unabashed corniness; and a sort of overpowering sincerity. Like his private office, his round of life is rather Spartan. By his own estimate, he works an aver-

Laykin et Cie *at*
I. MAGNIN & CO.
CALIFORNIA—SEATTLE

Look into our Easter egg . . . this little gold charm has a tiny Easter scene on view inside. Of 14 karat gold with "frosting" flowers of colored enamel . . . the actual size, one-half inch long, shown below 9.60

plus 10% federal tax



in Jamaica...isle of dreams come true!

PREMIERE SEASON

ARAWAK HOTEL

MAMMEE BAY,
OCHO RIOS,
JAMAICA, B.W.I.

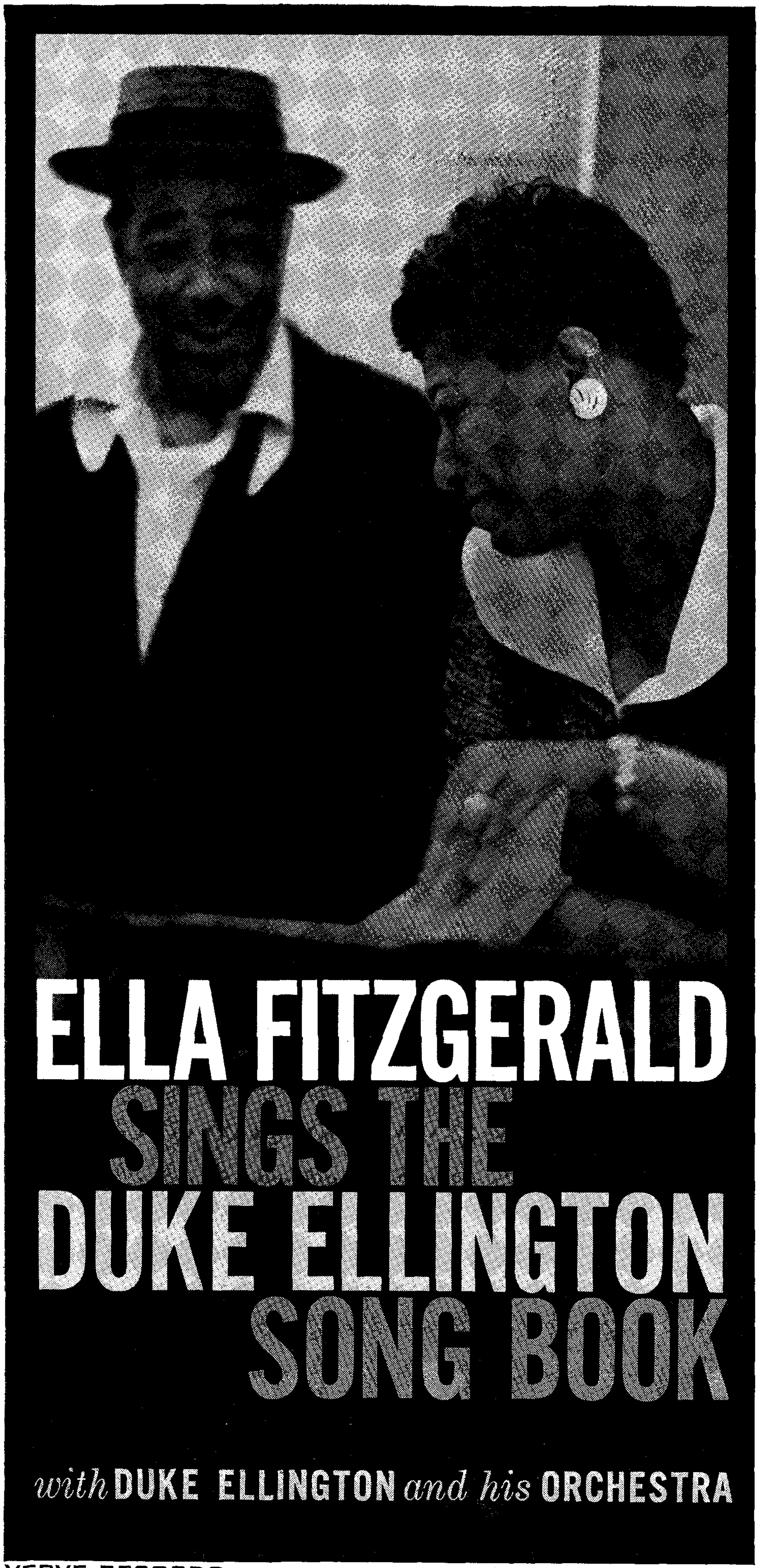
COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED

All the tropic beauty and special enchantment of Jamaica dramatized in the excitingly new, complete-in-itself Arawak—on Jamaica's fashionable North Shore! Completely air-conditioned, with 176 terraced guest rooms, 700-foot private Caribbean beach, free-form pool, tennis courts, putting greens, yacht anchorage, Freeport shoppe, Colony Dining Room, Jippi Jappa Cocktail Lounge, Cockpit Coffee Shop, and spectacular Limbo Room Supper Club! A thrilling new world—*AMERICAN PLAN... Jamaica flavor! Golf at Exclusive Country Club!*

SAM LEVY, General Manager

Beautiful color brochure and literature available on request

Leonard Hicks, Jr.
& Associates—
New York
65 West 54th St.
Circle 7-6940
Chicago
505 N. Michigan Ave.
MOhawk 4-5100
Jim Mills &
Associates—
Miami
Congress Building
FRanklin 9-1403



VERVE RECORDS 451 NORTH CANON DRIVE / BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

ELLA FITZGERALD
SINGS THE
DUKE ELLINGTON
SONG-BOOK *with*
Duke Ellington
and his Orchestra

Four 12-inch Long Playing Albums

Volumes One & Two—
combined in special Album
Box; 16-page book
text by Leonard Feather;
Photographic Review
of Ella, Duke and
the Ellington Orchestra

COMPLETE.......MG V-4010-4.......$19.92

side 1:
Rockin' In Rhythm
Drop Me Off In Harlem
Day Dream
Caravan
Take The A Train
side 2:
I Ain't Got Nothing But The Blues
Clementine
I Didn't Know About You
I'm Beginning To See The Light
Lost In Meditation
Perdido
side 3:
Cottontail
Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me
Just A Sittin' And A Rockin'
Solitude
Rocks In My Bed
side 4:
Satin Doll
Sophisticated Lady
Just Squeeze Me
It Don't Mean A Thing
Azure

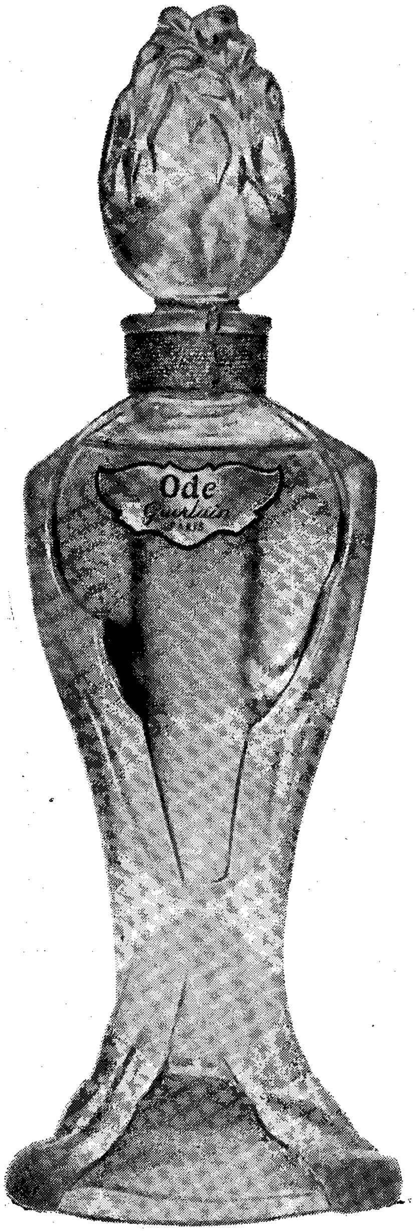
VOLUME 1.......MG V-4008-2.......$9.96

side 1:
I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart
In A Sentimental Mood
Don't Get Around Much Anymore
Prelude To A Kiss
side 2:
Mood Indigo
In A Mellow Tone
Love You Madly
Lush Life
Squatty Roo
side 3:
I'm Just A Lucky So And So
All Too Soon
Everything But You
I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good
Bli-Blip
Chelsea Bridge
side 4:
Portrait of Ella Fitzgerald
1st Movement: Royal Ancestry
2nd Movement: All Heart
3rd Movement: Beyond Category
4th Movement: Total Jazz
The E And D Blues
(E for Ella D for Duke)

VOLUME 2.......MG V-4009-2.......$9.96

Ode

. . . perfume triumphant!



Perfume $22, $40, $75.
Purse Flacon $9
plus tax

Guerlain
Parfumeur
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1828

age of seventy-five hours a week, except in summer, and he generally leaves his office so late that he believes he has come to know every night watchman in the financial district. On the theory that fresh air makes for a sound mind in a sound body, he keeps his office windows at least partly open at all times, and in really cold weather he turns on a small electric stove beside his desk, to warm his hands at when they get too stiff for writing. He will have nothing to do with air-conditioning, and complains about the whirring of the cooling plants in the surrounding buildings. As an indication of his faith in his firm's abilities—and as proof that he takes no private advantage of the best bets he hears about—he has invested his entire personal fortune either in Calvin Bullock, Ltd., or in its mutual funds. As an indication of his financial conservatism, he boasts that he has never in his life sold a share of stock short, even though on occasion the odds in favor of his cleaning up by resorting to that speculative device have been overwhelming.

Before the war, Bullock usually answered his own telephone, but over the past dozen years his business life has become so eventful that he has felt obliged to post a guard around himself, consisting of a secretary—Miss Jessie Smith, a fast-moving native of Mississippi, who has been with the firm since 1929—and two personal assistants. (One of them is the son of Sir Pierson Dixon, who is the permanent British delegate to the United Nations and a good friend of Bullock's.) The president of Calvin Bullock, Ltd., takes a boyish delight in pointing out to visitors the various moneyed landmarks visible from his office window—the pyramidal top of the Bankers Trust, for example, and the marble mausoleum of Morgan, and, almost directly below, the glass skylight of the New York Stock Exchange. The whole complex of buildings in the financial district stimulates him, and he regards it with a mixture of affection and personal pride—much as a prosperous lifelong resident of a small town might regard Main Street as he sauntered down it to his place of business. Early last summer, Bullock sailed for England aboard the Queen Elizabeth, and the members of his staff, by way of giving him a proper sendoff, rigged up a huge mirror in one of the firm's windows to reflect the sun's rays onto the deck of the liner as it crept down the Hudson. They had no fear that Bullock would fail to see their salute; he would, they knew, be out on deck, admiring the scene of his

Ode
COLOGNE

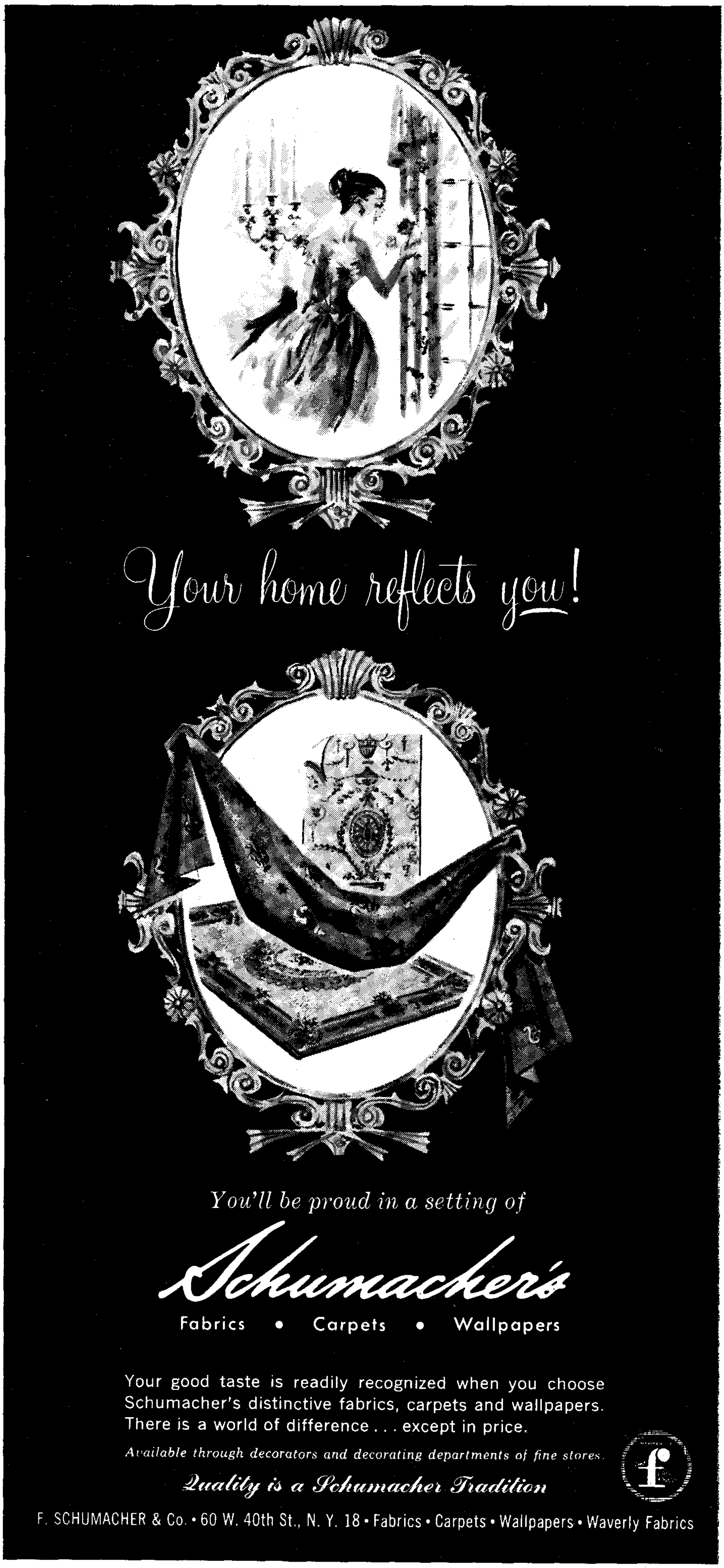
. . . new, brilliant echo of the perfume that is loved by knowing women throughout the world.

In the elegant tradition of GUERLAIN . . . always a gift of distinction
Ode Cologne $6, $10
plus tax

Guerlain
Parfumeur
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1828

labors. As it developed, they not only were quite right but, from Bullock's point of view, could not have thought of a more fitting gesture, for as the Queen came abreast of Wall Street, he was standing at the rail with a group of British friends and Winthrop Aldrich, former Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Aldrich, with elaborate casualness, called the group's attention to the building occupied by the Chase Bank, of which he used to be chairman of the board, and just at that moment the mirror up in the offices of the Happy Venture was brought into action. "That's my place," Bullock murmured with modest satisfaction as the travellers squinted into the blinding beam flashing down from 1 Wall.

Bullock regularly lunches—with or without business associates, but invariably without liquor—at the staid Recess Club, half a block down Broadway from his office. For the journey there, he puts on a hat that, in a neighborhood noted for distinguished headgear and on a head noted for conservatism and sobriety, is a breathtaking anomaly. It is an ancient gray slouch fedora with a brim that has been subjected to many violent tugs and now droops rakishly over one eye. "I'm bored to death with clothes," he says, in explanation of this article of attire. "I wear hats until they drop to pieces, so naturally in time they get pretty ratty. I've heard plenty of sarcastic remarks about my hat, including the usual offers to take up a collection, but I don't mind. I hate wearing a hat at all, but down here one pretty much has to, I pledge you." His city home, from which he commutes by taxi, is a penthouse apartment on upper Fifth Avenue that also serves as a command post for the Academy of American Poets—an anomaly perhaps as arresting as Bullock's hat. The explanation for this one

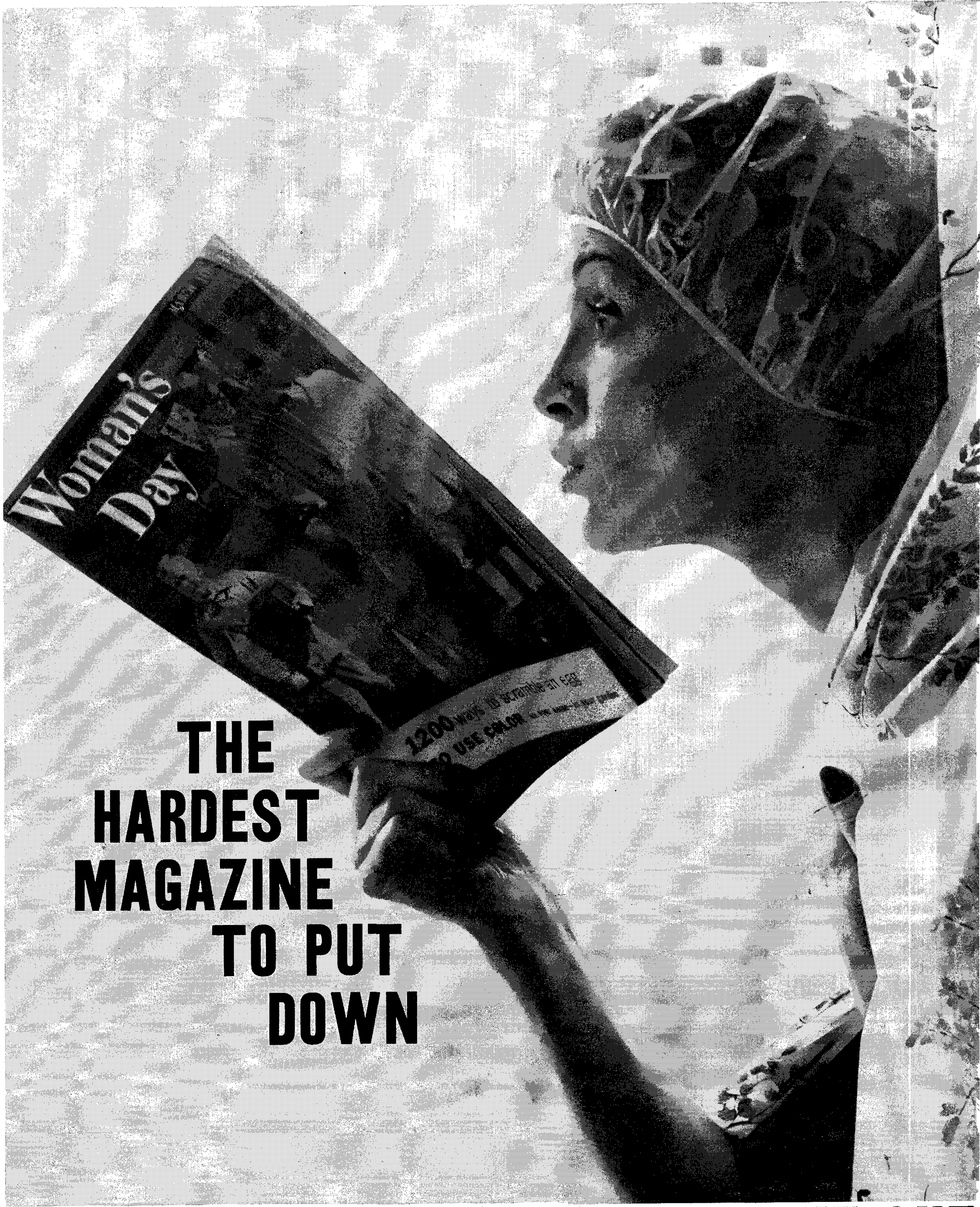

Your home reflects you!
You'll be proud in a setting of
Schumacher's
Fabrics • Carpets • Wallpapers

Your good taste is readily recognized when you choose Schumacher's distinctive fabrics, carpets and wallpapers. There is a world of difference . . . except in price.

Available through decorators and decorating departments of fine stores.

Quality is a Schumacher Tradition

F. SCHUMACHER & Co. • 60 W. 40th St., N. Y. 18 • Fabrics • Carpets • Wallpapers • Waverly Fabrics


Woman's Day
1200 ways to scramble an egg
TO USE COLOR
THE HARDEST MAGAZINE TO PUT DOWN

IS THE ONE SHE

—and every month, more women are picking up the new **Woman's Day,** the magazine that fits their new way

©1958. WOMAN'S DAY, INC.

PICKS UP HERSELF!

of living. (In the March issue, you'll find new ways to decorate your home—*inside and out.*)

Woman's Day, the A&P magazine

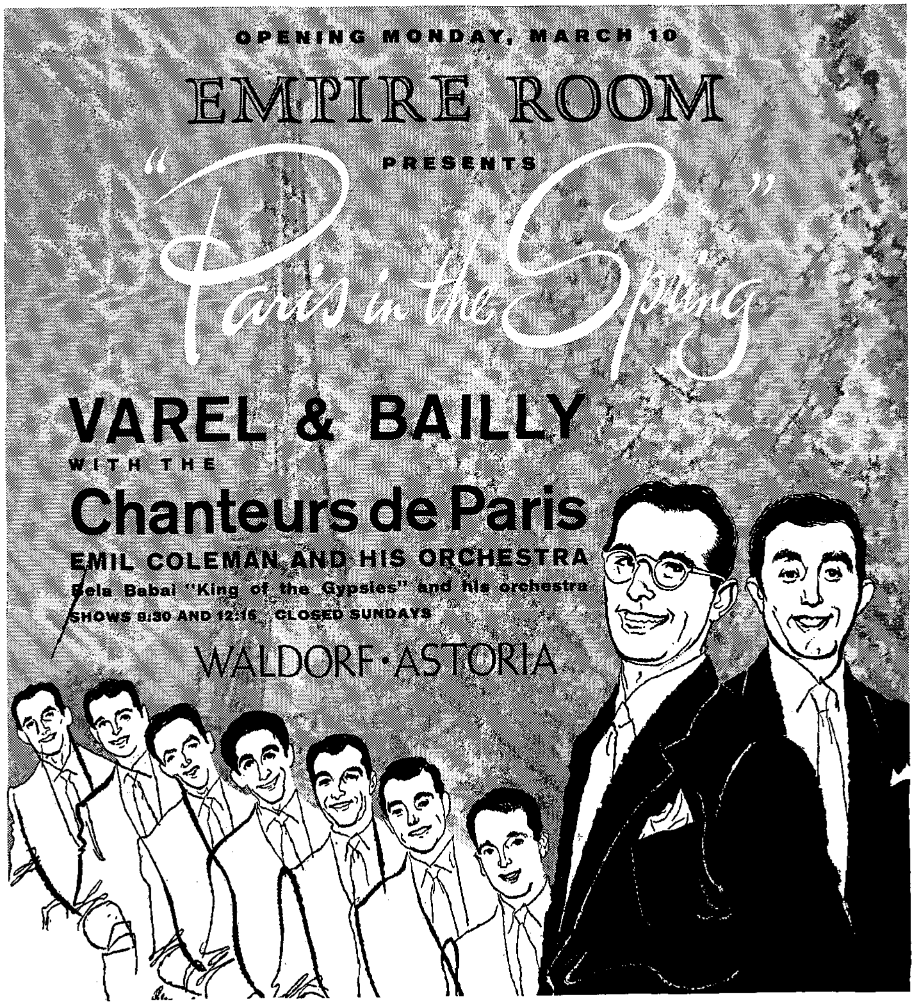
...true Continental flavor!

SI! Enjoy the full, rich taste of real after dinner Espresso coffee, without fuss, muss or gadgets. Now to make delicious Espresso simply add boiling water to Martinson's JOMAR ESPRESSO Instant Coffee. **SEE?**

AFTER DINNER COFFEE • BY MARTINSON'S

JOMAR ESPRESSO

Martinson's Coffee, Inc., 190 Franklin St., N. Y. C.



OPENING MONDAY, MARCH 10

EMPIRE ROOM

PRESENTS

"Paris in the Spring"

VAREL & BAILLY

WITH THE

Chanteurs de Paris

EMIL COLEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Bela Babai "King of the Gypsies" and his orchestra

SHOWS 9:30 AND 12:15 CLOSED SUNDAYS

WALDORF-ASTORIA

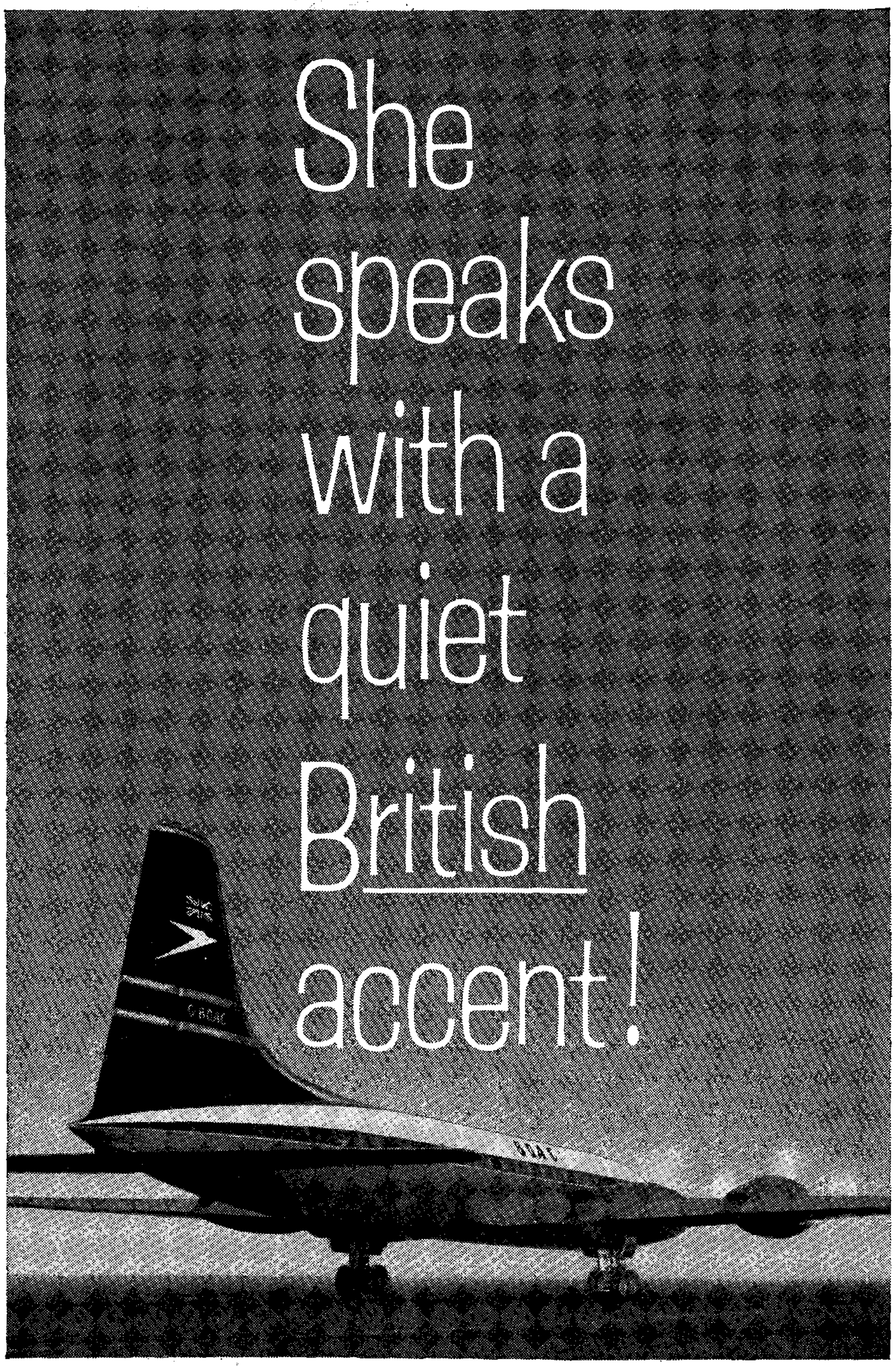
is Mrs. Bullock, the former Marie Graves; a Paris-bred beauty of impeccable banking connections (her father was an officer of the Guaranty Trust Company in Paris, and she was named for an aunt who was the wife of the original Harjes of Morgan, Harjes et Cie., J. P. Morgan & Co.'s Paris affiliate), she founded the Academy twenty-four years ago, as an organization for awarding fellowships to deserving poets, and is currently serving as its president. On the whole, Bullock rather enjoys the fleeting association with belles-lettres that his wife's activities afford him, though there have been some difficult moments. In the early days of the Academy, for instance, when the Bullocks were living at River House, he arrived home one evening and asked the doorman whether there had been any callers during the afternoon. "Yes. A hundred and fifty-seven—all poets," replied the doorman, in an aggrieved tone. Bullock expressed his sympathy, but eventually both he and the doorman became accustomed to having poets traipse in and out, and Bullock even began to boost the value of poetry in the world of practical affairs. He frequently reminds his colleagues that at an Academy dinner a few years ago Thomas J. Watson, the late head of International Business Machines, testified to the indispensability of poetry in business, the late Admiral Byrd said poetry had been a solace to him in Antarctica, and General Maxwell Taylor spoke up ringingly in support of poetry as a help in winning wars, adding that in his opinion Shakespeare's "Henry V" is the best source of verse suitable for quotation by soldiers. Such arguments in the Muse's favor, Bullock feels, are unanswerable.

General Taylor's choice of the outstanding poetic missile was particularly gratifying to Bullock, "Henry V" being such a rousing tribute to his beloved England. Bullock first visited the sceptred isle soon after the First World War, at the age of twenty-three. To him, the experience was, he says, "like coming home," and ever since he has thought of the British as "a great people"—a view he expresses at the slightest provocation. For twenty-six years, he has belonged to the Pilgrims of the United States, an ultra-Anglophile organization that limits its membership severely to a thousand, and since 1955 he has been its president. In recognition of his labors in the cause of bolstering the solidarity of English-speaking people throughout the world, Elizabeth II selected him as one of three Americans on whom she bestowed the title of Honorary Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire while she was a guest in Washington last October—the first investitures ever performed by a British monarch in the United States. The honor entitles Bullock to be addressed as Sir Hugh when he is on British soil, a privilege that he diffidently trusts no one will accord him. A few friends and relatives, however—notably his two daughters, Florence Eno, a recent Vassar graduate, and Fair Alice, a junior at Bryn Mawr, who received that name because her father thinks that "fair" is the loveliest word in the language—occasionally call him Sir Hugh when he is *not* on British soil, and he accepts this form of ribbing good-naturedly, even though, as he protests, it really isn't cricket.

Bullock methodically apportions three-quarters of his working hours to the running of his company and the remaining quarter to the affairs of the Pilgrims, Roosevelt Hospital, on whose board of directors he serves, and a score or so of other non-fiscal organizations. His recreation in winter—when he has time for any—is riding a horse that he keeps stabled in North Tarrytown, where he rents a small house, and in summer he plays tennis and sails at Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard, where he owns a larger house. "It used to be that once every two or three years I could get away for a while and go out to Colorado, and how I loved to canter over those fields at sunset!" he told a caller at his office the other day, conjuring up a vision of himself as a vaquero that seemed a bit odd in his Wall Street surroundings. "Nowadays, I canter over the hills around Tarrytown. My only luxuries are a horse and a boat. A good boat is like a good horse—either you own it or it owns you, and, either way, the horse knows and the boat knows." Bullock's sentient vessel at the moment is a forty-one-foot Concordia racing yawl, which he has christened Pretty Marie, after his wife.

"DO you suppose," Bullock reflectively asked an acquaintance not long ago while discussing a man who had also begun his career in the shade of an outstandingly successful father, "anyone in that position ever lives up to what's expected of him?" While Bullock himself has, in the long run, done a pretty fair job of providing an affirmative answer to the question, he did resemble quite a few other sons of prominent men in getting off to a slight-

BOAC Britannia... first passenger jet-prop plane to cross the Atlantic... largest, fastest airliner in the world today!



Even the most experienced travelers have never experienced flying like this!

Nearly noiseless and free of tiring vibration, hours faster! (6 miles a minute, New York non-stop to London.)

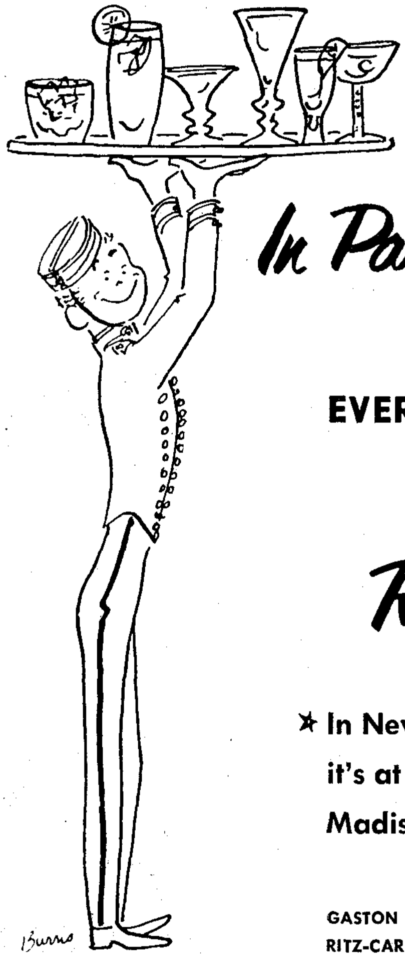
Today's First Lady of the skies is BOAC's new *jet-prop* aircraft, the Britannia.

The personal attention you receive aboard the BOAC Britannia *is as British as her name.* Her chief steward and his staff carry on a British tradition in their manner of serving you.

Book on BOAC Britannia at your Travel Agent or call upon any BOAC office. The Britannia now carries de Luxe and First Class passengers, will soon be carrying Tourist Class and (subject to government approval) a new Economy Class. Costs you no more to fly in the world's largest, fastest airliner... *jet-prop* Britannia!

World Leader in Air Travel B·O·A·C takes good care of you

BOAC Direct Service Cities: New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Miami, San Francisco, Montreal.
Other offices: Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Washington, Dallas, Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg.



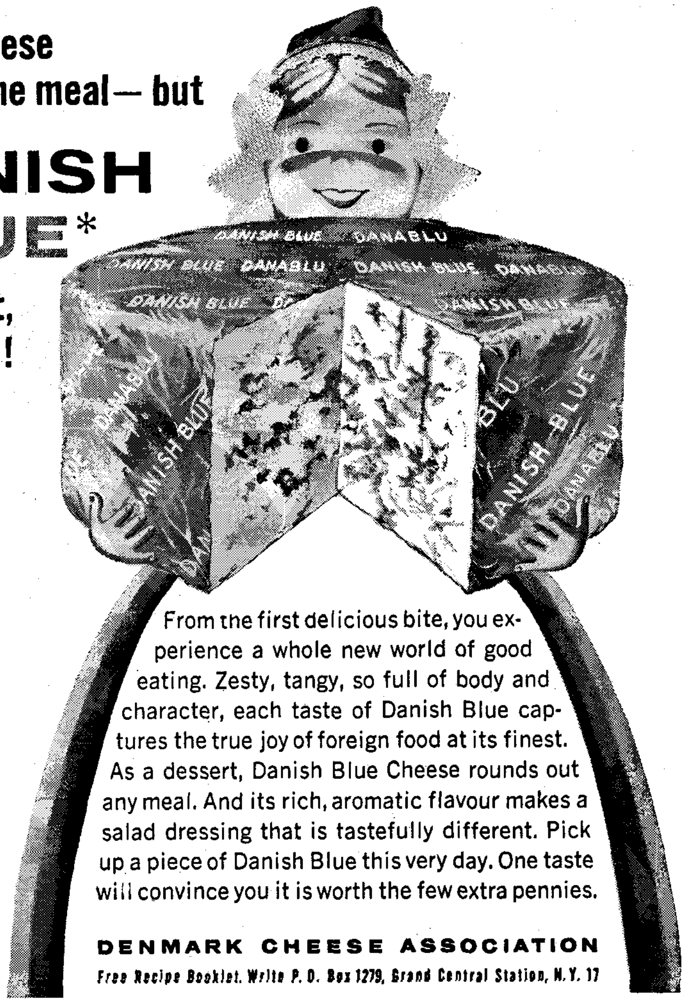
In Paris or New York

EVERYBODY MEETS

at the Ritz Bar*

* In New York
it's at Carlton House
Madison Avenue at 61st Street

GASTON LAURYSSEN, PRESIDENT
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL COMPANY



Blue Cheese makes the meal—but

DANISH BLUE*

crowns it, perfectly!

From the first delicious bite, you experience a whole new world of good eating. Zesty, tangy, so full of body and character, each taste of Danish Blue captures the true joy of foreign food at its finest. As a dessert, Danish Blue Cheese rounds out any meal. And its rich, aromatic flavour makes a salad dressing that is tastefully different. Pick up a piece of Danish Blue this very day. One taste will convince you it is worth the few extra pennies.

*Danablu

DENMARK CHEESE ASSOCIATION
Free Recipe Booklet. Write P. O. Box 1279, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 17

ly wobbly start. His parents were New Englanders who, in the eighteen-nineties, moved to Denver, where Calvin Bullock set up a brokerage and investment-banking firm. In the early days of the enterprise, Calvin Bullock's business was rather rough-and-ready—he sometimes accepted payment in the form of gold nuggets, carefully weighed and assayed—but before long it was doing so well that it was able to go on to bigger things, becoming, specifically, the sole distributor west of the Mississippi of certain large batches of securities issued by Eastern companies.

Hugh Bullock was born in Denver in 1898, and after attending elementary school there he was sent East to prepare for college at Hotchkiss. From Hotchkiss, following a brief wartime stint in the Army, which commissioned him a second lieutenant in the infantry but did not send him overseas, he entered Williams, where he became captain of the tennis team, president of his fraternity, a member of the glee club, and a diehard exponent of horseback riding, not only as a sport but as a way of getting from one place to another—a means of locomotion he continued to favor even after his parents gave him a shiny 1920 Buick to bat around in. He was interested in the investment business, so it would have seemed only natural if, after graduating, in 1921, he had gone back to Denver to throw in his lot with his father's firm, which by then had grown old and prosperous enough to be an object of general veneration—at any rate, in Colorado. But his father advised him to broaden his outlook, and he went to work in Wall Street instead, as an apprentice in the celebrated investment-banking firm of Dillon, Read & Co., where he was assigned to a department headed by the late James V. Forrestal, who later became this country's first Secretary of Defense. "I've had only two bosses in my life—Jim Forrestal and my father," Bullock says, and he is likely to add the good round Bullock statement, "Both of them were great Americans." Apprentices at Dillon, Read were expected to serve for a while in various capacities, including that of junior salesman, and one of Bullock's colleagues while he was working in this role remembers him as a go-getter. "The kid would run through the telephone book, pick out five hundred names, and start calling them up," he says, still impressed. "Frankly, he was the only junior salesman who ever made any money for us."

Bullock was cutting quite a figure in other ways, too. As part of their train-

"There is no one here but the three of us," *says M. Martell*

At this moment, you could hear a pin drop in the House of Martell. It is long after 6 P.M.

Michel Martell, right, of the largest Cognac house, is alone with his taster, M. de Raimond. "We want no one to disturb us," says M. Martell. "We want to be alone—M. de Raimond, myself and the brandy. We sniff it, we sip it, we discuss it. Then we either accept it or turn it down."

To the outsider, M. Martell's standards often seem ridiculously high. Not so to M. Martell. He insists that every bottle of Martell Cognac Brandy have the same velvety taste, the same delicate bouquet that his forebears gave to the first bottle of Martell.

The farmers around the town of Cognac know that only the best brandies are good enough for M. Martell. So they offer him their choicest stocks. (If he turns them down, they must go elsewhere.) Is it any wonder that Martell Cognac Brandy is the most popular in the world?

MARTELL COGNAC BRANDY

ESTABLISHED 1715 . . . MOST TREASURED COGNAC IN FRANCE . . . MOST POPULAR IN THE WORLD

3 Star 84 Proof, Imported from Cognac, France. Sole U. S. Representative, Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

(*Advertisement*)

Bandel Linn

"It's the kind of service he's used to—he always flies National."

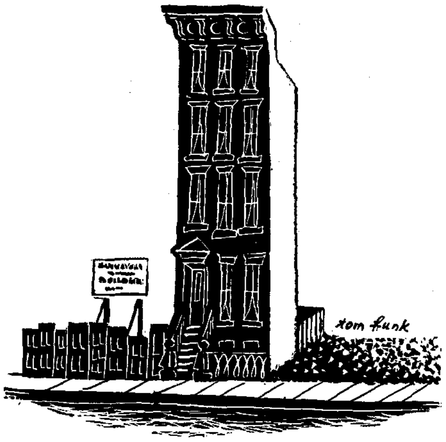
Fly **NATIONAL** *Airline of the Stars* *. . . to all Florida and Cuba*

Easter elegance—our cloisonné lighter. Our own Easter Egg hunt resulted in a fabulous find—a cigarette lighter enclosed in a jewel of a case, banded with golden filigree and set on little golden feet. Done by Evans in the manner of the Czarist court—in pink, blue, white or pale green enamel. 17.50. Mail and phone orders filled. No C.O.D.'s. Available at all S. F. A. stores.

Very
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK · WHITE PLAINS · SPRINGFIELD, N. J.

ing, Dillon, Read apprentices had to put in some time as "bellboys"—messengers who stood ready, at the touch of a bell or the cry of "Boy!," to carry packets of securities to and from offices all over the financial district. Bullock had no objection to the job itself, but he found being addressed as "Boy" extremely galling, and after he had been with the company for about three months, he resolved to set the matter to rights. One day, upon returning from Morgan's with a bundle of securities so precious that his employers had equipped him with a pistol to fend off bandits, he was hailed for another errand by the hateful word "Boy!" and thereupon, by way of protest, he whipped out the weapon and fired a shot into Dillon, Read's parquet floor. He received a summons to appear before one of the firm's partners, who, to his satisfaction, addressed him by name and inquired, with some asperity, whether he was under the impression that he was fighting the Indians out in Denver. "No, sir," Bullock replied. "I never saw any Indians until I went to Hotchkiss, where I had one for a classmate." The partner was not amused by either the young bellboy's antic or his cavalier attitude toward it, but Bullock was a promising enough apprentice to survive his misdemeanor. When he did leave Dillon, Read a few months later, it was under his own steam—in fulfillment of a previously made promise to come home and work for his father, who now, it may be assumed, took pains to impress upon him some simple truths about deportment in the world of high finance. As proof that all was forgiven, in 1924 the young man returned to Dillon, Read—for a while as manager of its branch in San Francisco and then as a member of the statistics department in its Chicago office. Early in 1927, Bullock and the firm parted company a second time, and on April 23rd of that year he embarked on his real career by opening up and taking charge of Calvin Bullock's first New York office.

THE elder Bullock had begun to show an interest in investment companies during the early twenties. In those days, they were a fairly new idea—at least on this side of the Atlantic. Probably the original investment company was the Foreign & Colonial Government Trust, which was organized by a group of London financiers in 1868 to invest in the bonds of British colonies and foreign governments. Five years later, another large venture was launched—the Scottish-American Investment Trust, founded by a Dundee man named Robert Fleming as an agency through which some rich local jute merchants could invest in a variety of United States railroad bonds, which were then appetizingly speculative. Scottish-American did so well that Fleming went about setting up additional investment companies, one after another, until he was involved to some extent in fifty-six of them, with combined resources of over a hundred million pounds. Not surprisingly, he came to be called "the father of the investment trust." The object of these companies was identical with that of modern mutual funds, but they did not have those all-important, up-to-the-minute conveniences—"no fixed capitalization" and "a self-liquidation feature." Neither did the first American investment companies, which began turning up during the eighteen-nineties, mostly in Boston, that stronghold of trusts and trusteeships. These companies, in short, were to mutual funds as the ape is to the man. People who had put their money into them could pull out only by selling their shares in the open market, which in bad times often meant at an unduly depressed price. American investors of limited means were plagued by this drawback until the mid-twenties. In the epochal year of 1924, three investment companies that closely resembled the modern mutual fund were established—the Massachusetts Investors Trust and the State Street Investing Company, both of Boston, and the Nation-Wide Securities Company, of Denver, founded and managed by Calvin Bullock. Of these, Nation-Wide was perhaps the one that least closely resembled a mutual fund, for abstruse reasons having to do with the fine points of organization, but by virtue of its very imperfections, it achieved an immortal position in the evolution of banking—that of the missing link. Allowing for its genetic handicap, one may say that the



de kuyper
the one
CREME de MENTHE
that tastes
best of all!
DE KUYPER
DE KUYPER
ANNO 1695
CREME de MENTHE
JOHN DE KUYPER & SON, INC. CINCINNATI, OHIO · DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTS. INC.
Creme de
Menthe Frappé
After-dinner
Creme de
Menthe
NATIONAL
ND
DISTILLERS

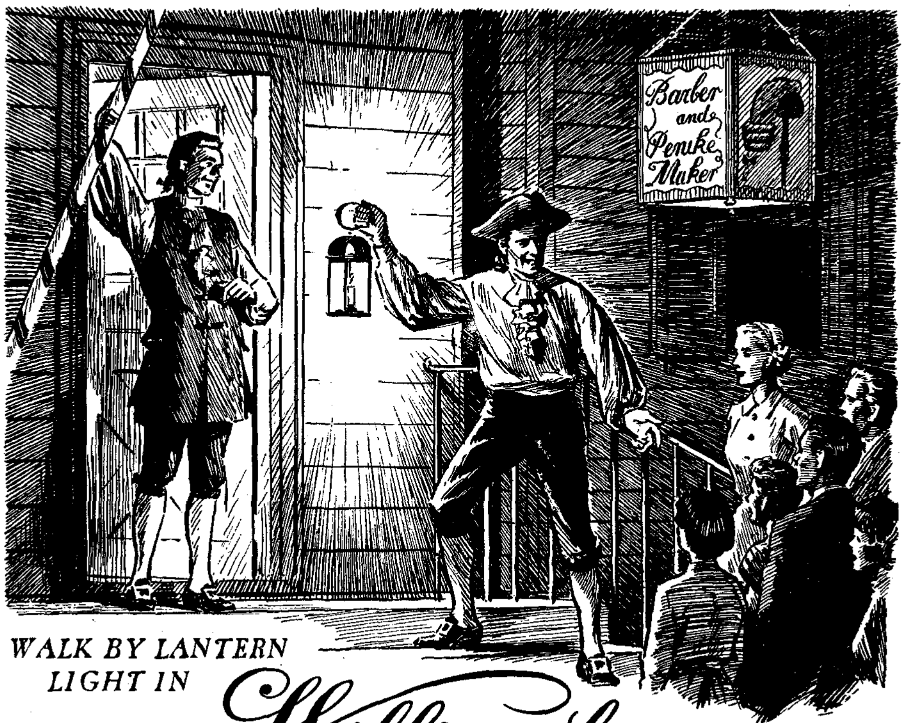
GREEN OR WHITE, 60 PROOF. 19 OTHER DELICIOUS DE KUYPER CORDIALS AND FRUIT FLAVORED BRANDIES • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., N. Y.

fund did very nicely; unlike modern mutual funds, which are created to last forever, it was designed to last for only a limited period, and when its time was up, in 1944, it died an honorable death.

While M.I.T. and State Street soon came to meet all the specifications of a mutual fund, they were not known by that name at the time. Indeed, it was several years before they—and the numerous financial devices like them that sprang up—were given any generic name at all, and when at last they were, it was by a process of spontaneous semantic generation. Almost unnoticed, the term "mutual fund" stole into the Wall Street lexicon sometime in the late thirties. "Setups of that kind were getting so popular that you had to call them *something*," Bullock points out. "The term 'investment company' was too broad—included a lot of firms that weren't like mutual funds at all. What could you call them? Well, you could call them 'investment trusts' or 'investment pools.' But would that be entirely wise? In those days, 'trust' and 'pool' were not the most popular words in America. Too many associations with 1929." The dilemma was resolved when some anonymous Wall Streeter came up with the acceptably bland and inoffensive name that has been in use ever since, and the mutual fund was soon on its way to glory.

THE elder Bullock's growing interest in investment companies was only one reason for his decision to open a New York office; after all, Wall Street was the country's financial capital, and the firm had grown big enough to feel the need of a place of its own in the center of things. The place it got was in an old building, at 1 Wall Street, that had been nicknamed the Chimney, because of its shape. The Bullocks were more than willing to overlook its age in favor of its address, which they regarded as the only one commensurate with the firm's status. "Since we were going to be represented on Wall Street, where *would* we settle except at Number One?" Hugh Bullock says, in the tone of one elaborating the obvious. The Chimney was torn down in 1929, and for nearly three years, while a new building was rising in its place, Calvin Bullock, Ltd., had to put up with the lacklustre address of 120 Broadway, but as soon as the present 1 Wall was completed, the company moved in as a charter tenant.

The Bullock office in Manhattan had been open only a short time when the tail began to wag the dog. The manag-



WALK BY LANTERN LIGHT IN Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

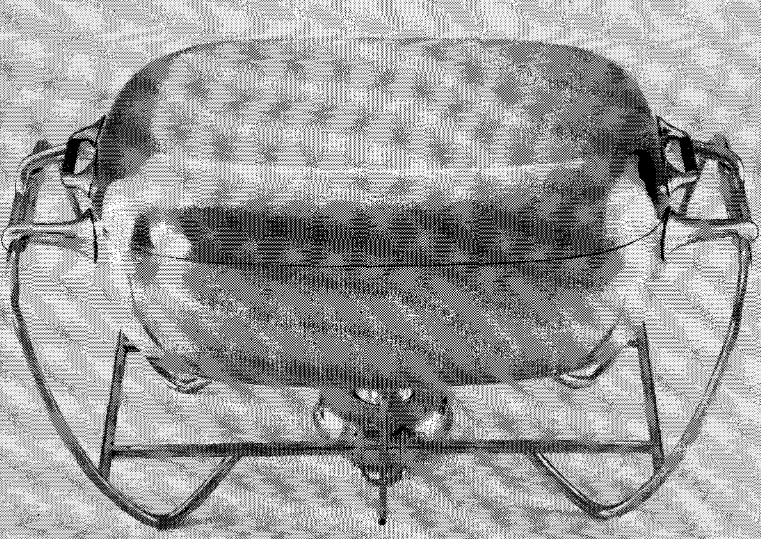
Williamsburg Inn & Cottages
Lodge & Taverns • Motor House
Double rooms with bath from $8.00

For information: write direct or contact Res. Offices—N. Y. 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Tel. CIrcle 6-6800. *Wash.: 1145 19th Street, N.W. Tel.* REpublic 7-8114.

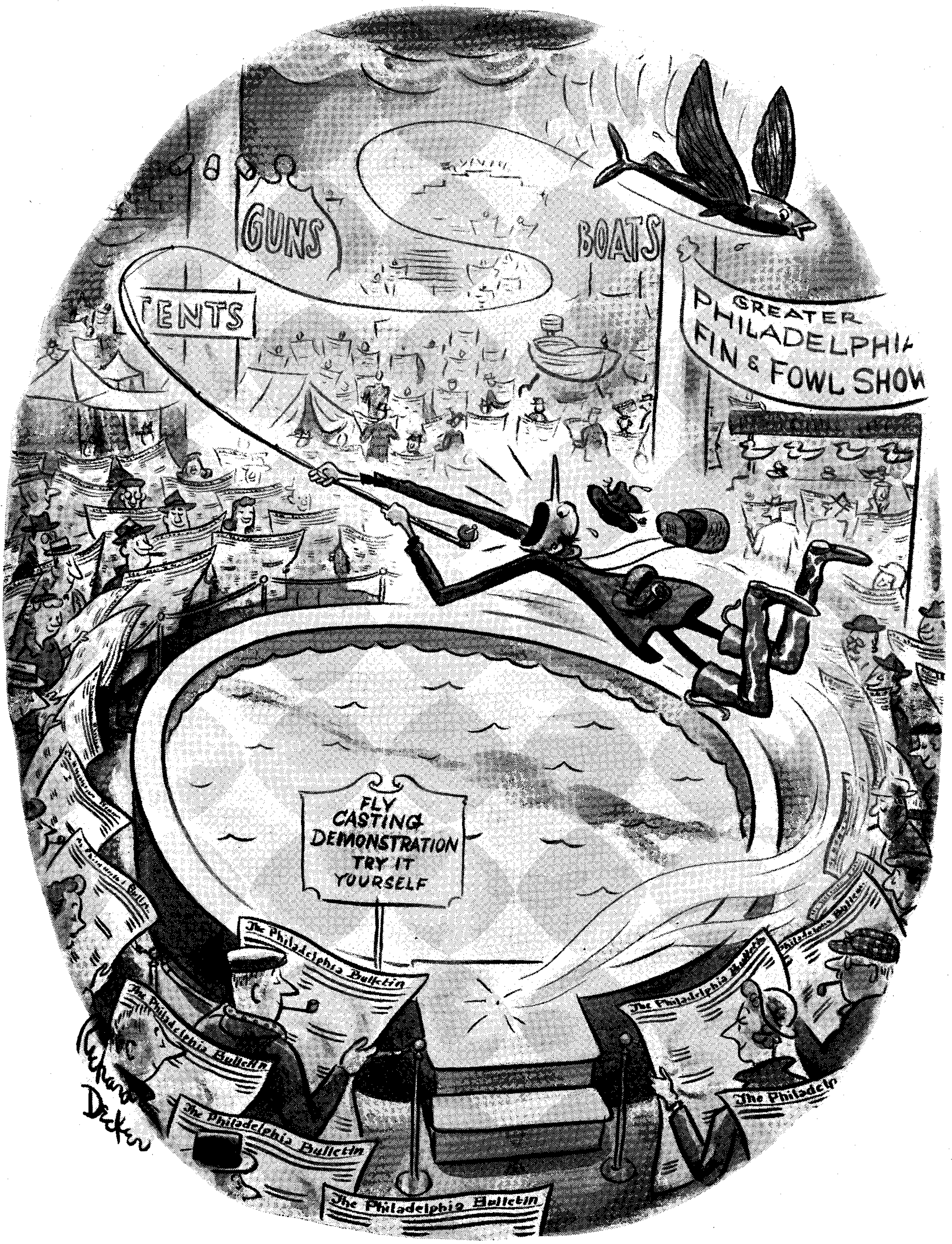
Strolling along the streets of Williamsburg by lantern light, you'll actually feel that you are back in the 18th century. Other memorable highlights of your visit will be dining in old taverns, seeing the Powder Magazine, riding the carriages and taking a tour of the Capitol, Governor's Palace and other historic buildings. You'll also enjoy motoring to nearby Jamestown and Yorktown.

★VISIT NEARBY JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL PARK★

GEORG JENSEN SILVER
Buffet Server...$1,250. Federal tax included



GEORG JENSEN INC., 667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.


GUNS
BOATS
TENTS
GREATER PHILADELPHIA FIN & FOWL SHOW
FLY CASTING DEMONSTRATION TRY IT YOURSELF
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelph
Decker

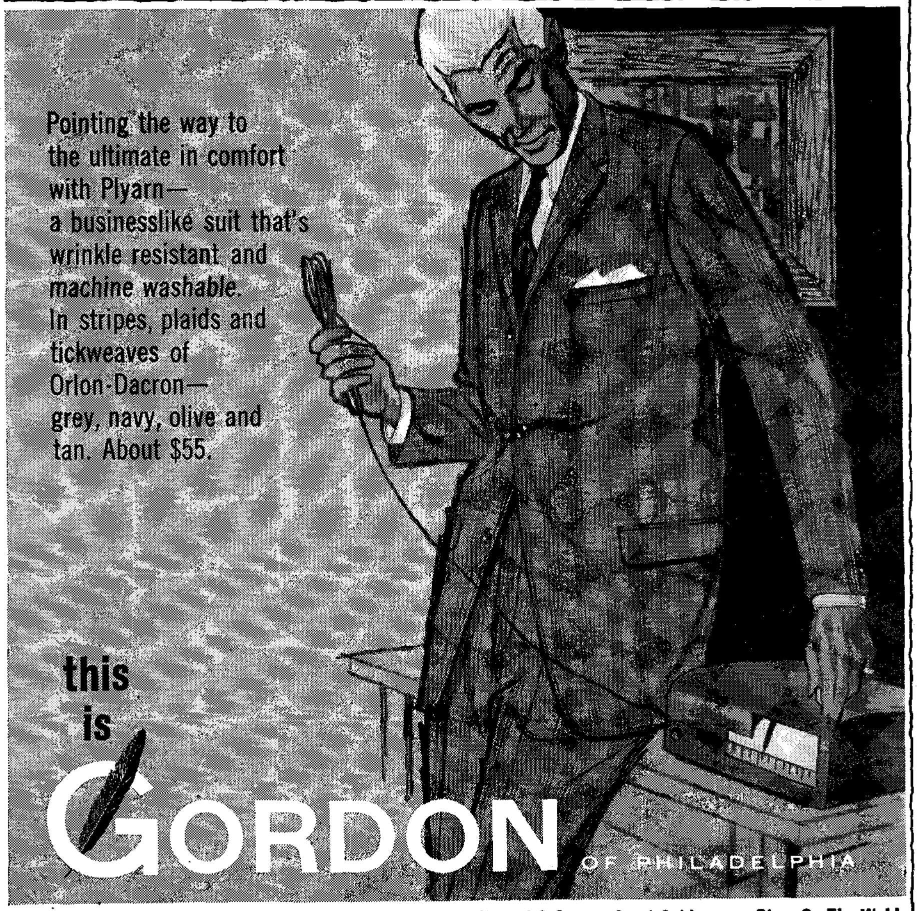
In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Evening and Sunday)

(*Advertisement*)

SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
86 PROOF
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK



Pointing the way to the ultimate in comfort with Plyarn— a businesslike suit that's wrinkle resistant and machine washable. In stripes, plaids and tickweaves of Orlon-Dacron— grey, navy, olive and tan. About $55.
this is GORDON OF PHILADELPHIA

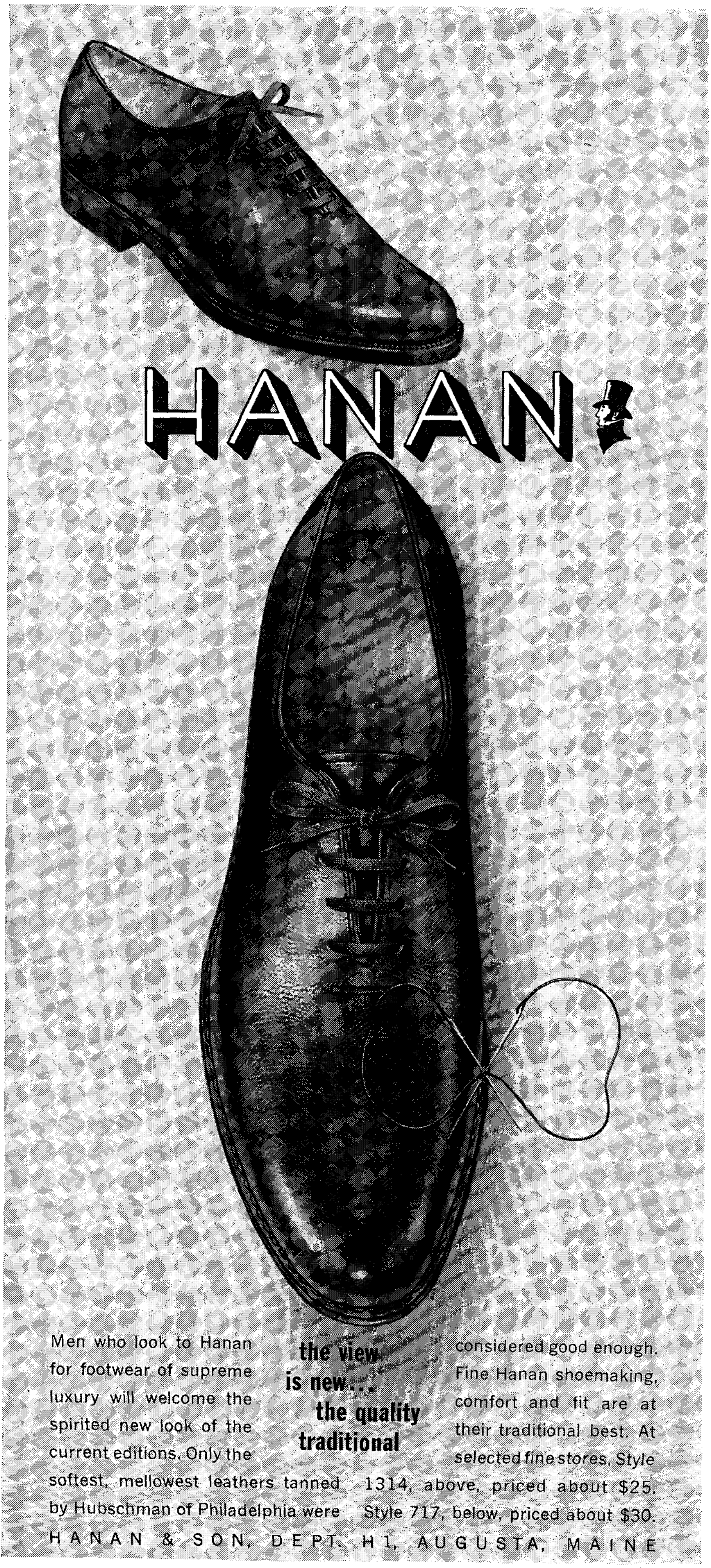
New York . . . Whitehouse & Hardy
Pasadena . . . . Atkinson's
Shorewood, Wisc. . . . . Harley's
Chicago . . . Marshall Field & Co.
Montgomery, Ala. . . . . . . Alex Rice
Dallas . . . Hoffman's Men's Wear
Coral Gables . . . Stow On The Wold
Harrisburg . . . . . C. J. Crego & Son
Westfield, N. J. . . . . . Mac Hugh Inc.
For other stores write: GORDON-FORD SALES COMPANY, EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

ers of subsidiary offices in other cities fell into the habit of reporting to New York rather than to Denver—principally because the Founder had taken to spending as much time here as out West, and headquarters were automatically wherever he happened to be. At some moment in the early thirties that has never been clearly specified, the New York office became the main one. By then, of course, the stock market was a shambles, and the Bullock business, like everything else in the country's economy, had been seriously hit. Hugh Bullock says that for him the atmosphere of the 1929 panic has crystallized into a single mental image. At the time, the company employed a man with a bad stutter as an analyst of railroad securities, and whenever Bullock thinks of the crash, he recalls this man standing, stricken and helpless, in front of a ticker, struggling to speak as he distractedly scanned the quotations, and unable to utter a syllable.

In 1932, when the depression was at its worst, Calvin Bullock, Ltd., its upper lip so stiff that even Buckingham Palace might have marvelled, organized four more investment companies. These, the first in the firm's history to conform indisputably to the present-day definition of a mutual fund, were the Bullock Fund, Dividend Shares, the Canadian Investment Fund, and the Nation-Wide Securities Company (Maryland), the last of which had nothing whatever to do with its near namesake the missing link, and has long survived it. Recently, when asked how he and his father had had the courage to strike out so boldly in a time of general despair, Hugh Bullock gave a straightforward answer: "We believed in the United States of America." Then, with an abstracted air, he added, "Besides, we felt that, in terms of the long pull, securities were selling at bargain prices." In both judgments, of course, the next quarter century proved the Bullocks triumphantly right. Though the early development of the four mutual funds was somewhat hampered, first by the lingering depression and then by the war, they held their own, and when the fighting was over, they began to flourish. Together with the firm's fifth mutual fund, a late entry, they have continued to prosper to this day.

As the thirties progressed, the phrase "Wall Street" came to be used throughout the nation almost as a curse, and a disposition to police its activities grew up in Washington, culminating in the passage of three major acts designed to prevent three major evils—a repetition of the speculative excesses of the twenties, misrepresentation in promoting securities, and the building up of overpowering concentrations of capital. Most of the population of the Street itself was divided into two factions—one unalterably and irascibly opposed to government interference of any kind, and the other ready to concede that some outside regulatory supervision might be needed. Government officials visiting the New York financial district found it prudent to tread lightly until they knew whether they were dealing with someone who was merely wary of them or someone who would gladly have boiled them in oil. Now that Wall Street has generally come not only to accept but to approve of government regulation, many of those who took part in the bygone battle tend to stretch the truth in setting the approximate date when they arrived at their enlightened attitude. Bullock, however, has quite a bit of evidence to bear out his statement that he is not a retroactive New Dealer but was open-minded on the question of regulation all along. During the thirties, he testified repeatedly before various Congressional committees, detailing the abuses that had brought some investment companies to spectacularly disastrous ends, and he was one of a handful of representatives of his profession who collaborated with a number of legislators in drawing up the Investment Companies Act of 1940—the first New Deal economic measure on which business and government presented a relatively united front. The Act's major provisions—for full disclosure to stockholders of what management was up to, sound capital structure, and wide diversification of holdings—have since been so thoroughly accepted as reasonable and proper by all parties concerned that among investment-management men it has become canonized as the Magna Carta of Mutual Funds.

WHEN the present head of Calvin Bullock, Ltd., uses "we" in explaining how the company's policies were arrived at during the thirties, he is not being presumptuous, for he had by then so unmistakably outgrown the impulse to shoot up banking houses that he became his father's right-hand man. In 1933, he added personal responsibilities to his business cares by marrying Mlle. Graves, after a courtship in which the main tactical problem was where best to propose—in a correct yet dashing manner—to a young lady still living with her parents, who, whenever they

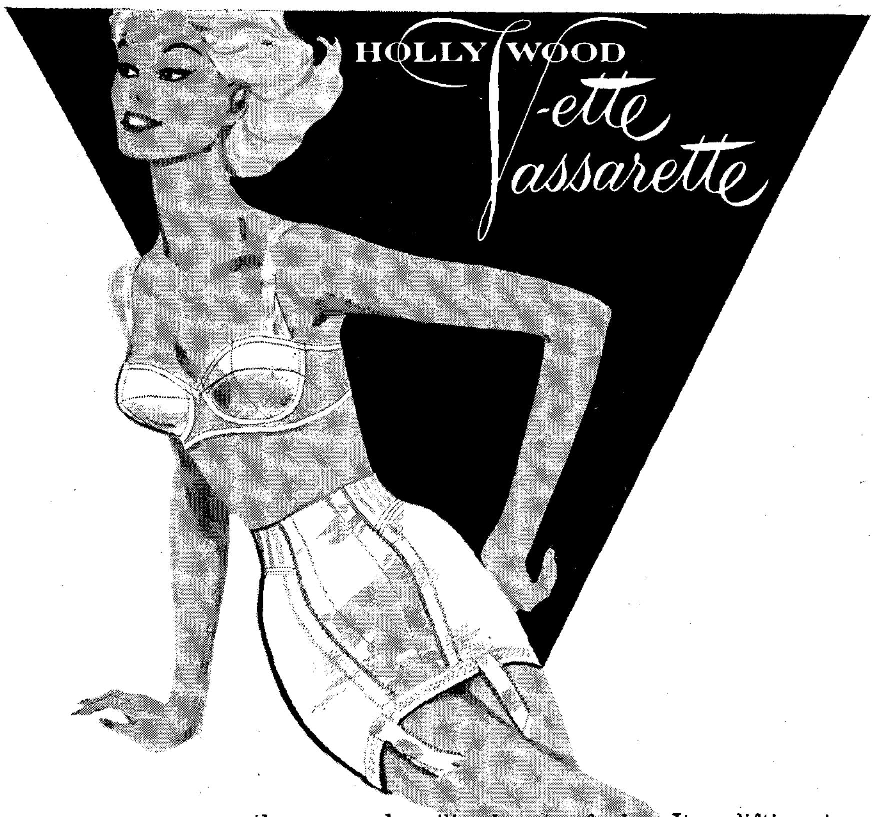


the view is new... the quality traditional

Men who look to Hanan for footwear of supreme luxury will welcome the spirited new look of the current editions. Only the softest, mellowest leathers tanned by Hubschman of Philadelphia were considered good enough. Fine Hanan shoemaking, comfort and fit are at their traditional best. At selected fine stores. Style 1314, above, priced about $25. Style 717, below, priced about $30.

HANAN & SON, DEPT. H1, AUGUSTA, MAINE

UNDERNEATH IT ALL



ONCE UPON A NECKLINE there was a beguiling beauty of a bra. Its uplifting story: a special under-inset, designed specially to create a soft **SHADOW OF CLEAVAGE.** Of point-d'esprit lace, **THE HOLLYWOOD LOOK BRA,** 5.95. To match, front-panelled in *point-d'esprit, the matchless shaping of our* **GIRDLE #249** *(or pantie girdle #248),* fashioned of **SLEEK, FLEXIBLE** VassarNette to keep you in perfect form. 8.95. Try it on right now! Where? The best places. Write for free style booklet. Dept. N2. **HOLLYWOOD V-ETTE VASSARETTE, HOLLYWOOD 28. A DIVISION OF MUNSINGWEAR.**

blouse theme for spring suits

...flat-collared to fuse with your suit jacket... pretty enough just with a skirt. Dacron® Crepe by TRIPLEX®, detailed with pleated half-circles. White, Powder Blue or Lemon Yellow. 10-18. **8.95.**
Fine wool skirt in gray, navy or black. Arrows point to the excellent tailoring. 10-18. **16.95.**

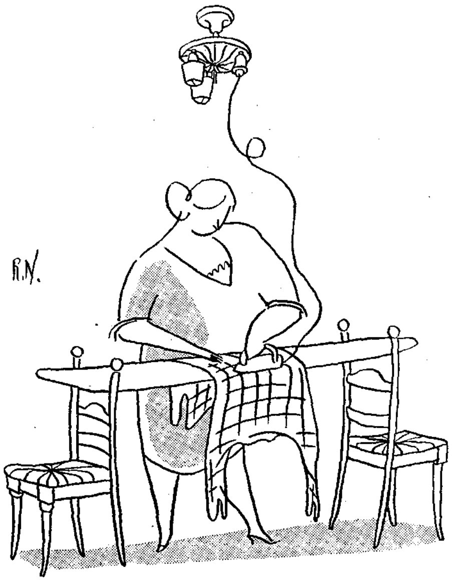
Peck and Peck

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Baltimore • Detroit • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Washington, D. C. • Minneapolis • Hartford • Buffalo • Kansas City

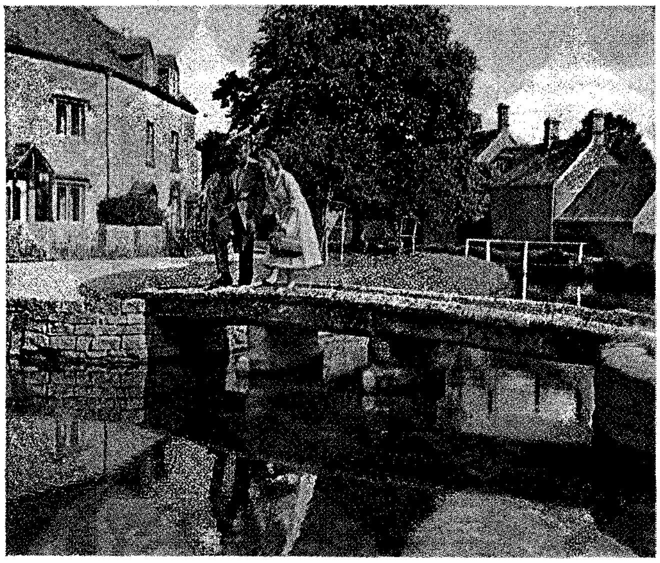
were on this side of the Atlantic, made their home in hotels. Central Park was too prosaic, he decided, and so, in a different sense, was the Palm Court of the Plaza; on the other hand, the observation deck of the Empire State Building, which was then only a couple of years old, might do very nicely—especially at twilight. The setting, no less than the suitor, appealed to the poetically inclined Mlle. Graves, and she accepted. "I told Al Smith about it later—he was the boss of the Empire State Building in those days, you know—and he was delighted," Bullock recalls.

In the late thirties, as befitted a successful Founder nearing the end of his course, Calvin Bullock came to rely increasingly on his son to look after the business, and took to occupying himself with more soothing pursuits. Among these was the setting up, in 1937—and the subsequent supervision—of the Calvin Bullock Forum, a series of lecture-and-discussion sessions, held intermittently in the firm's offices, at which prominent public figures were invited to address groups of Wall Street leaders. Since the Founder's death, his son has kept the Forum going, explaining, "We feel that it's our job as much as it is the State Department's to keep an eye on the islands off the China coast, explosions in the Middle East, and developments in the guided-missile field. After all, these things affect the price of securities."

Calvin Bullock also spent more time rounding out his historical collection. The Founder's preoccupation with Napoleon was, of course, far from unique. The same thing has seized many well-to-do businessmen, before and since; as even the most desultory amateur psychologist knows, collecting Bonapartiana is supposed to be a mani-



Bring home



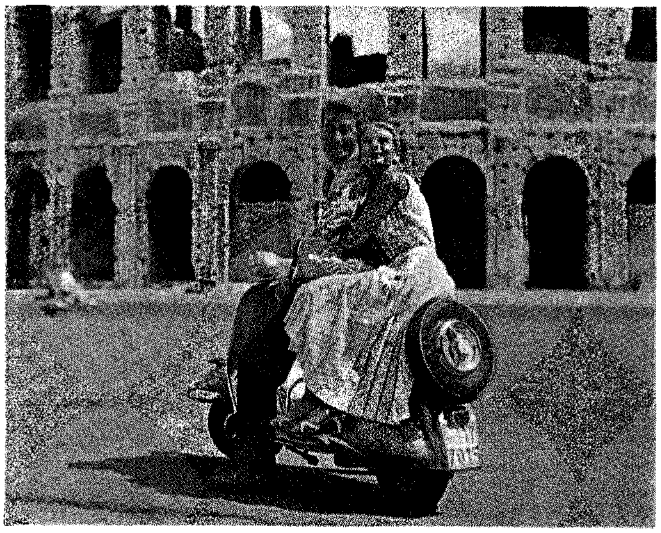
English village in the Cotswolds.

Europe's full flavor

Indoor-outdoor restaurant in Paris

on even a 2-week Clipper vacation

(New low economy-class Thrift Fares start April 1†)



The Colosseum in Rome.

Europe's flavor lingers long after the suitcases are back in the attic, long after your vacation is over. The memory of that trip to Europe is yours forever.

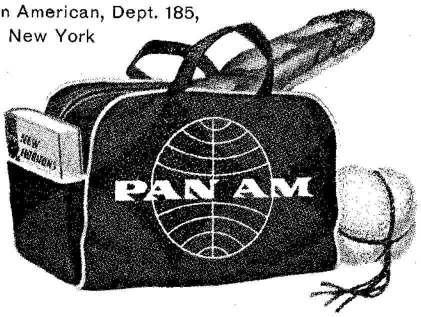
Even two weeks is enough—and Pan American can work its delightful magic for you. Europe is now only a good night's sleep away by Flying Clippers*. And that's *all* of Europe—far more cities are served *direct* by Pan Am than by any other airline.

You'll have more time to see everything when you fly Pan Am's radar-equipped "Super-7" Clippers. These famous Douglas-built DC-7Cs hold over fifteen transatlantic speed records!

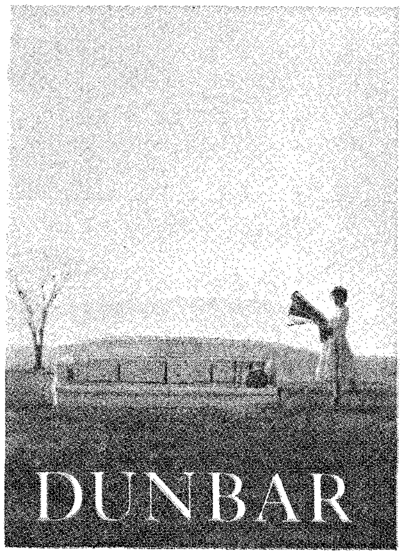
If your budget's keeping you in a domestic vacation rut, get out the easy way with Pan Am's new economy-class Thrift Fares†—they're 20% lower than tourist fares. For instance, as little as $41 down, round trip. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American—53 offices in the U. S. and Canada.

*TRADE-MARKS, REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. †SUBJECT TO GOVERNMENT APPROVALS

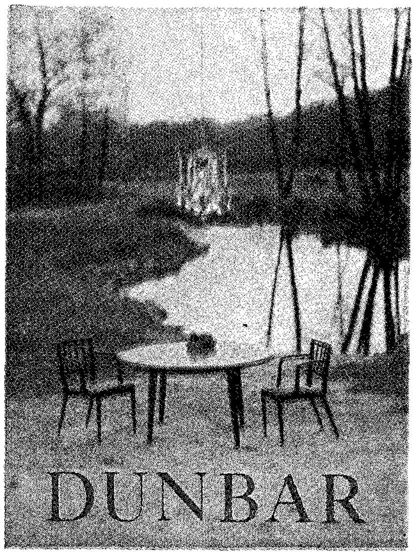
SPECIAL OFFER! Send only $2 for a copy of Pan Am's best selling (over half a million copies), 576-page world travel guide: New Horizons* and a distinctive Pan Am flight bag. Write Pan American, Dept. 185, Box 1111, New York 17, N. Y.



WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE



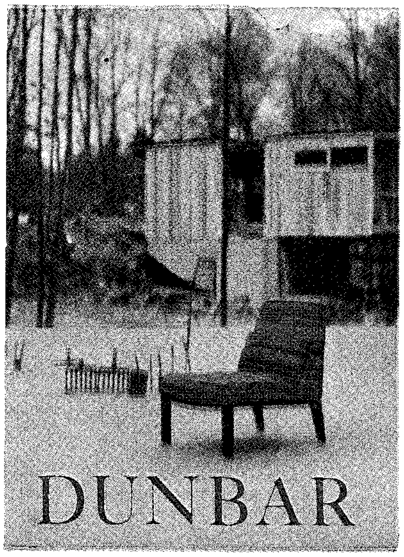
In the spring of '53



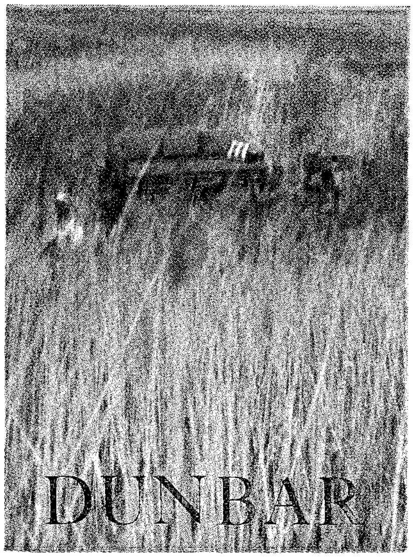
a new point of view

brought Dunbar furniture

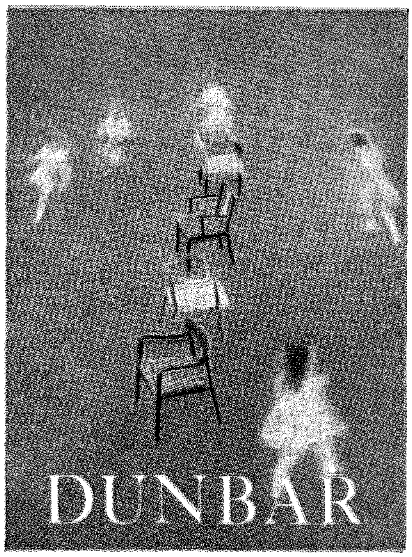
closer to living



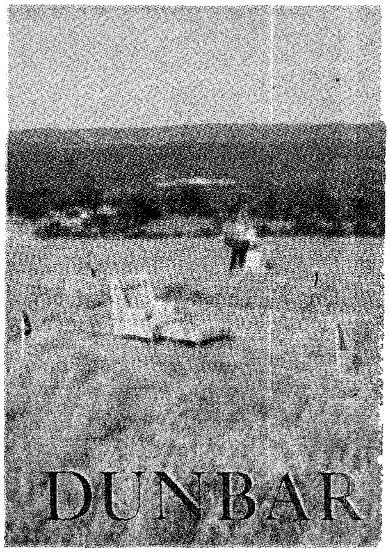
Dunbar is the symbol



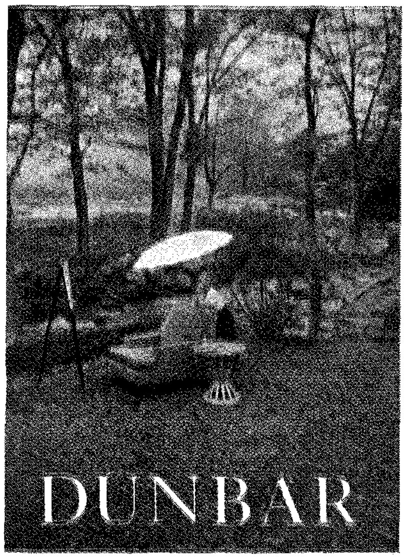
of a deep sense of possession



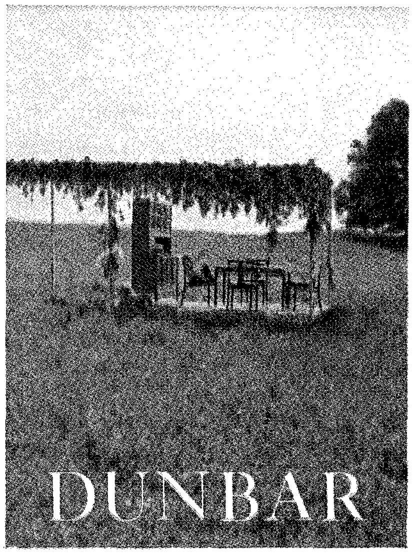
that starts with the child



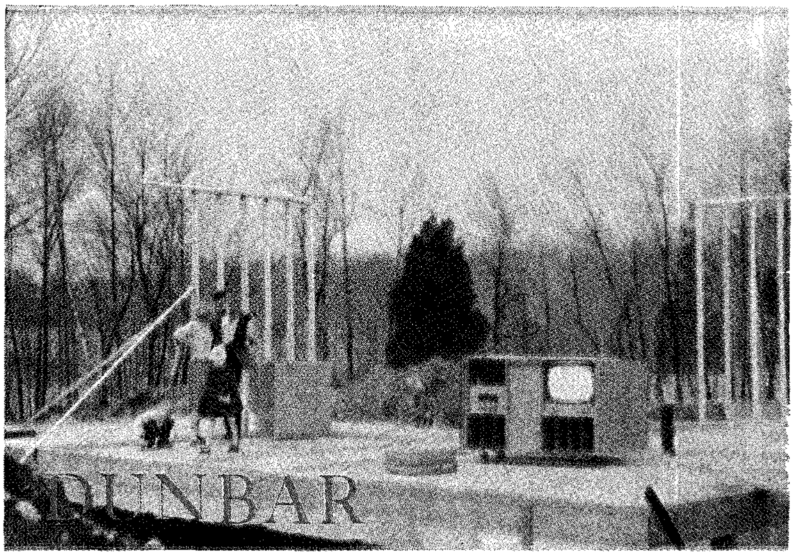
and grows with time



Dunbar adds to the contentments,

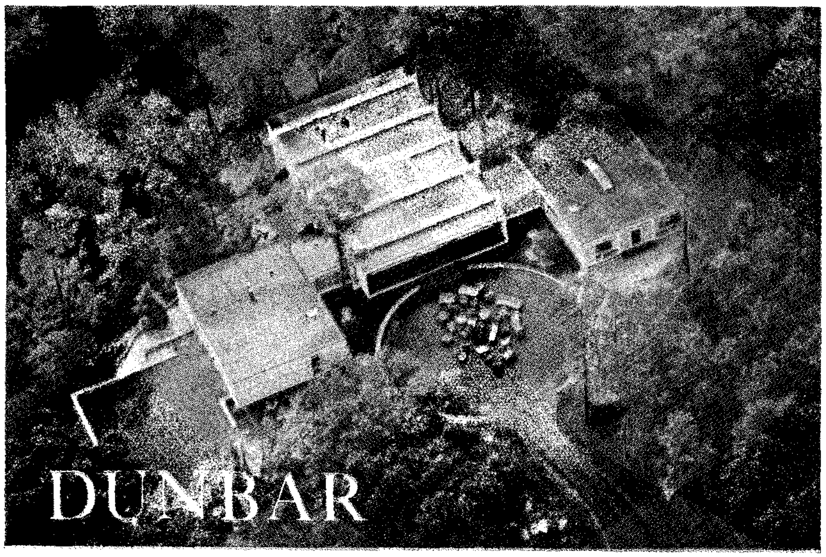


the sweetness of taste

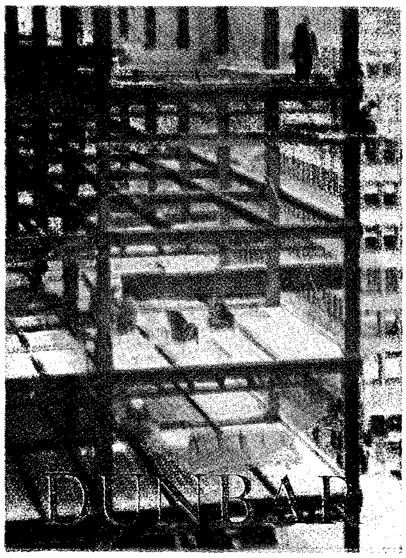


and the good with the enduring

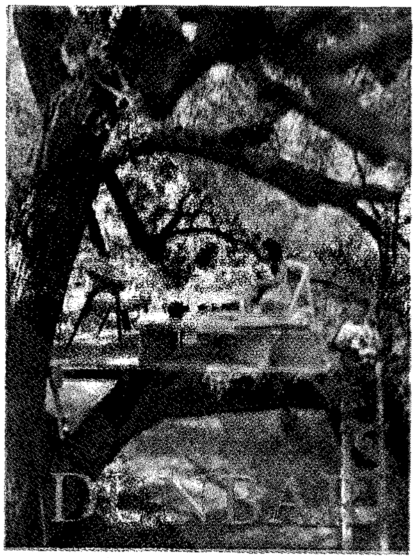
In this review Dunbar gives witness to a viewpoint with vision and to a continuity in sound contemporary furniture that endures, moves forward, flows with the stream of American life as we live it. Every single piece of furniture you see here from the gold sofa in the field to the chair with a view, from the softest, deepest



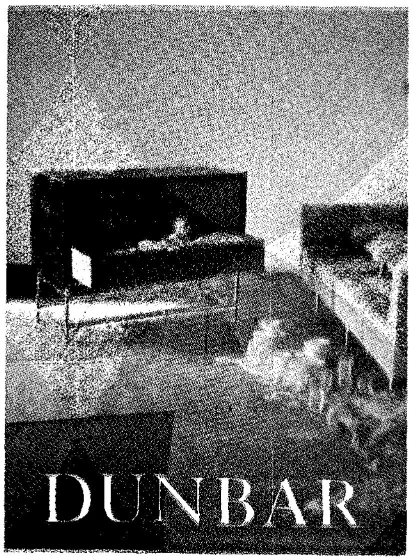
whether you build a house on the land



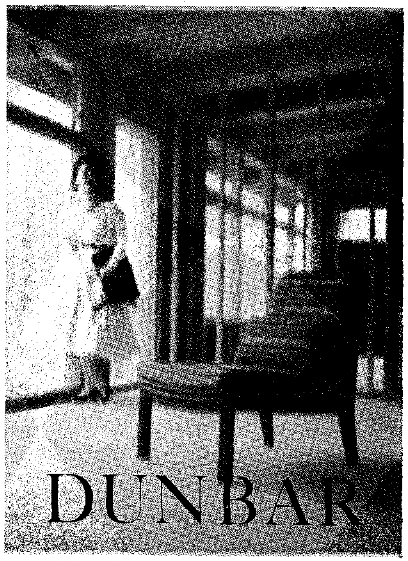
or a place in the sky



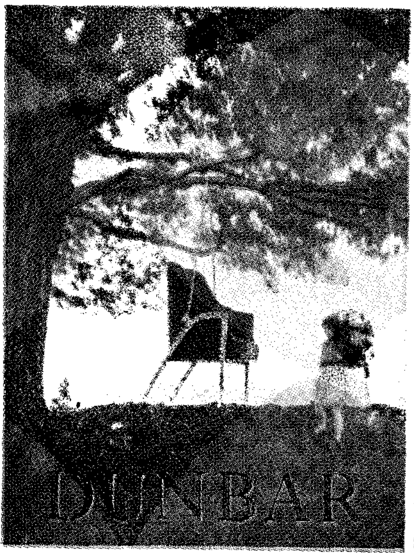
into the dream



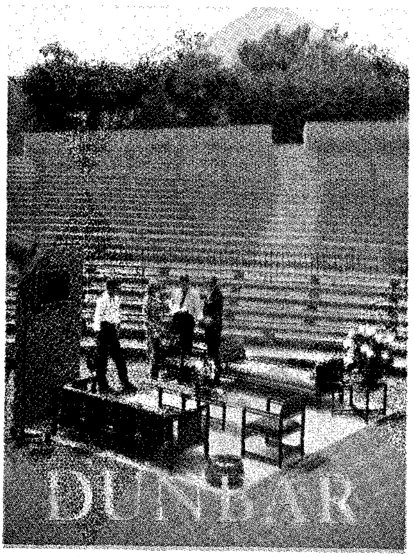
then begins again



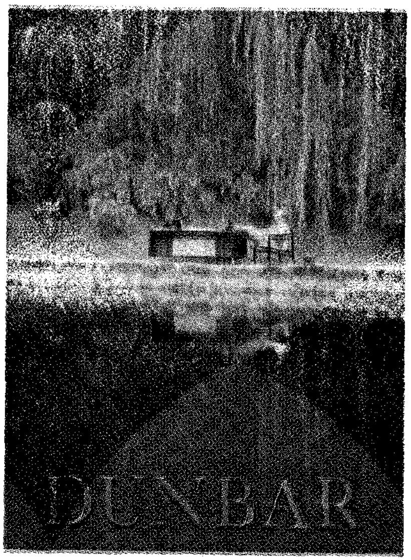
with the new generation



quietly projecting



in the contemporary scene



the reflection beyond

Donald Mack

lounge chair ever made for man to the Janus highboard of Vermeer richness belongs to today and to tomorrow. Edward Wormley designs it all. With Dunbar, living is indeed more beautiful. *Write for a reproduction of this ad gummed and perforated for use as individual stickers, also new Janus brochure (enclose 25¢ to cover handling): Dunbar, Berne, Indiana.*

Showrooms: New York, Chicago, Boston, Kansas City, Tulsa, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle.

"Puerto Rico is surprising —so are its rums!"

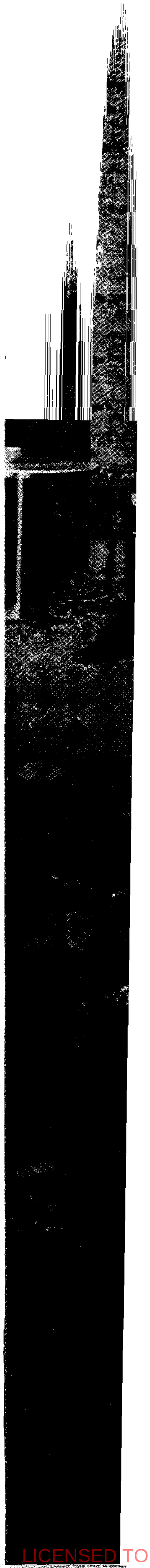
says Livingston Fairbank
of Lake Forest, Illinois

"I was totally unprepared for what I found in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Fairbank.

"The sunshine. The beaches. The *rum.* I was familiar with rum in daiquiris and punch, of course. But in Puerto Rico it's a new kind of rum. Dry and light.

"They often serve it *on the rocks.* Or with tonic. Sometimes in highballs, tall and cool. It's sensational!

"What about Puerto Rico? I fell for it—hard. Where else in the Caribbean do you find old Spanish gardens like this? Or perfect climate all year round?"



Mr. Fairbank tries his first rum and tonic in the ▶ garden of a friend in Old San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

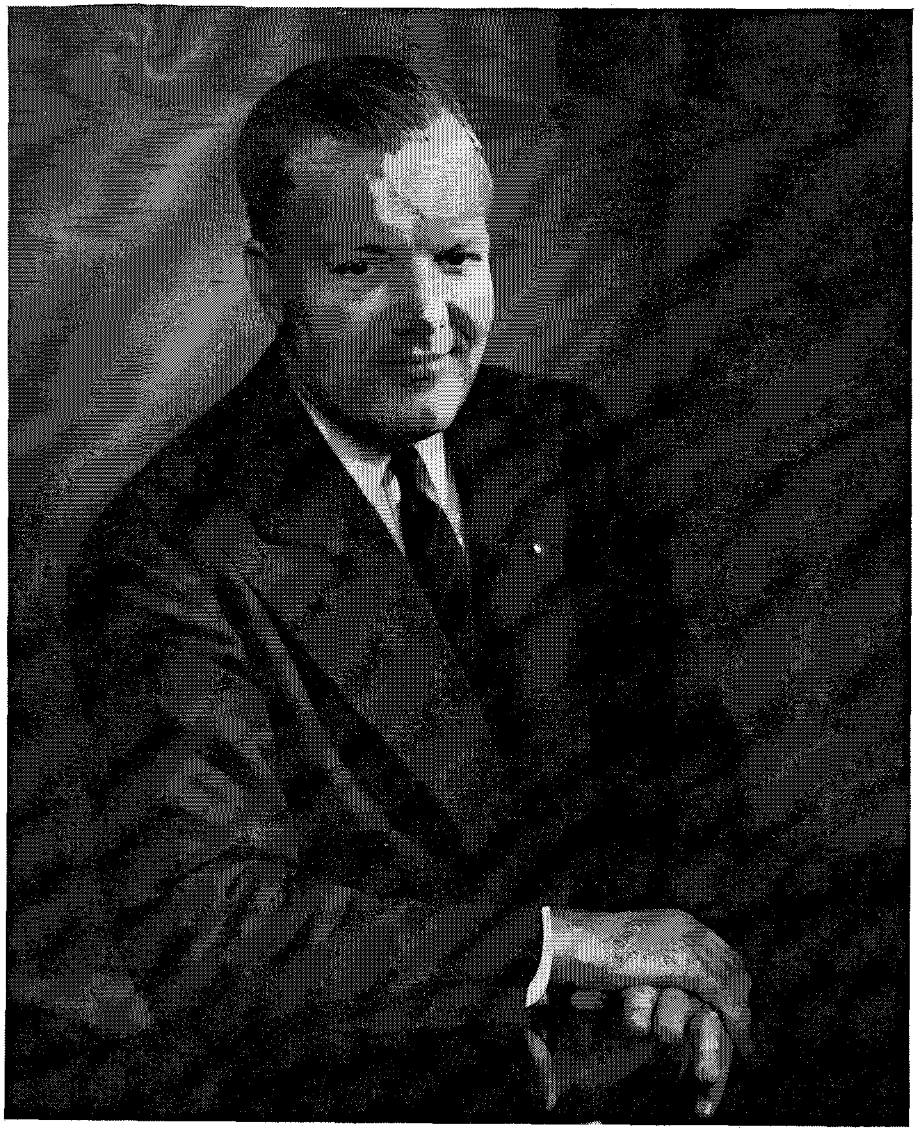
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Rum Promotion
Division, Dept. R, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19

festation of the so-called Napoleon complex—an obsession with the idea of power, to which those who, like their idol, are short in stature are particularly prone. Hugh Bullock, however, maintains that his father's collection was an indication of no such complex. In the first place, he argues, his father stood five feet nine in his stocking feet; in the second, the old man's admiration for Napoleon was kindled not by the latter's dreams of ruling the world but by his instinct for sound business administration. "Father considered Napoleon an impartial administrator with an exceptional sense of timing, and the most efficient man in history," says the son. A British visitor, the late writer Hilary St. George Saunders, who called on Calvin Bullock when the Founder was in his seventies, has provided a description of him that hardly tallies with the standard concept of a man bitten by the Napoleon bug. "Mr. Bullock is very old, very quiet, very courteous, very subtle, typical of a generation of New York business giants which is now passing away," Saunders wrote in a book on America called "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" "I am glad to have met so distinguished a representative of that almost legendary breed."

In 1942, Hugh Bullock was commissioned a major in the Army's Services of Supply and was assigned to Washington, and his father, putting aside the pleasant avocations he had been cultivating as a septuagenarian, resumed to the best of his ability the daily grind of running the business. When he died, a year before the end of the war, his son, having been put on inactive status, returned to New York to take the helm of the Happy Venture. Almost immediately, a brisk following wind picked up to favor its progress, and, by way of shaking out the spinnaker, Calvin Bullock, Ltd., went out looking for new directors to supervise its funds, retained additional investment advisers, and, in 1952, organized its fifth mutual fund—the Canadian Fund, Inc.

AS Calvin Bullock, Ltd., is now constituted, it is a New York corporation in which the Bullock family holds all but three per cent of the stock. While the firm's assets are not a matter of public record, there is no reason to believe that Hugh Bullock is exaggerating when he calls it "an obviously seven-figure proposition." Its income is derived primarily from the fees it charges for acting as manager of its five mutual funds, though it also earns some money as an investment adviser, serving both

Who shot the President of Rockwell Manufacturing Company?



Mr. W. F. Rockwell, Jr., President of Rockwell Manufacturing Company

Fabian
Bachrach
the man who shoots Presidents

When leaders want portraits for their personal
use or for publication, in natural colour
or black-and-white, they come to
FABIAN BACHRACH
New York: 54 East 52nd St., PLaza 5-6233
Chicago: 104 South Michigan Ave.

The Third Generation of a Famous Family of Portrait Photographers
who have photographed every President of the United States since Lincoln

Lord & Taylor

The line forms here—

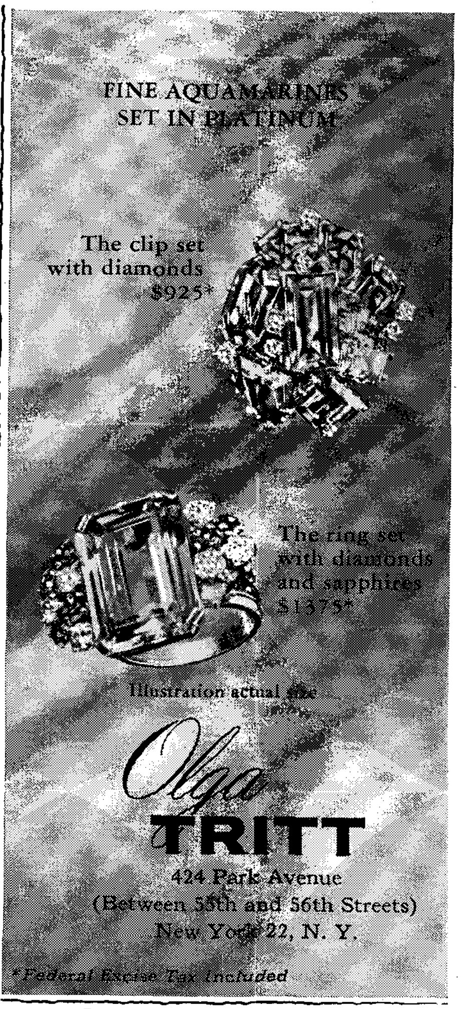
its new ease accentuated by a soft middy and skirt in silk. Blue with a green tie, melon with gold, green with blue. A **Jonathan Logan design** —in sizes 5 to 15, 22.95

Second Floor, Junior Dresses

Lord & Taylor, New York

individuals and corporations. For tax reasons, all five of the funds are incorporated in Maryland—which means little more than that the annual meetings of their stockholders are held in Baltimore. Bullock himself is both president and a member of the board of directors of each of the five funds; he hand-picks all the other members, and his current crop of directors includes such eminent people as Frank Pace, Jr., president of the General Dynamics Corporation; Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey, retired; Dr. Arthur F. Burns, former chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers; and Admiral Robert B. Carney, former Chief of Naval Operations. Theoretically, if the shareholders of any of the funds were so inclined, they could commit corporate patricide by firing Calvin Bullock, Ltd., and signing up with some other investment-management firm, but as long as Hugh Bullock is the top executive of each of the funds, the possibility that Calvin Bullock, Ltd., will be given the boot must be considered slight.

The directors of each fund meet once a month, to assess the prospects of the securities market at the moment and to draw up a recommendation of general policy with respect to buying and selling, for the guidance of Joseph H. Humphrey, the head of the Bullock research department, during the coming four weeks. Humphrey thereupon translates the generalities into concrete orders, along the lines of "Sell a thousand U. S. Steel for Bullock Fund" and "Buy two thousand General Motors for Dividend Shares." Conceivably, Bullock himself could transmit these orders by simply going to one of the perpetually open windows in his office and shouting them to someone at a window in the Stock Exchange, downstairs. Actually, however, Humphrey's orders reach the floor of the Exchange by way of Jersey City, where the company moved its trading department in 1932 for tax reasons. The key figure in this roundabout procedure is Christopher J. Rais, who has been head of the Bullock trading department since 1934. A red-faced, bespectacled, wisecracking man with a cowlick and a nasal voice, Rais sits, day after day, in an office on the ninth floor of the New Jersey Trust Building, from which, looking across the Hudson, he can see the windows of the offices at 1 Wall. Whenever Humphrey wants to place an order to buy or sell, he communicates with Rais over a private wire, and Rais, in turn, relays the order back to Wall Street for execution, usually



FINE AQUAMARINES
SET IN PLATINUM

The clip set
with diamonds
$925*

The ring set
with diamonds
and sapphires
$1375*

Illustration actual size

Olga
TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

3 *fascinating foreign lands for one low fare!*

Grand Cayman
Costa Rica
Panama

$145 **Round Trip from Miami via LACSA Airlines**

Enroute to Panama see *both* Grand Cayman, B.W.I. and San Jose, Costa Rica —at *no* extra fare!

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT TODAY
. . . or write for free color folder, to LACSA, Dept. Y, 232 Plaza Bldg., Miami 32, Fla.

LACSA Affiliate of PAA
INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES
Serving the Heart of the Americas

How to win at the races

The smartest horse players never risk a cent and never lose a race. They're happy to restrict their participation in the king of sports to reading what Jim Roach writes about it in The New York Times. That way they always win, and you can, too.

James Roach, a Brooklyn boy reared in Manhattan, has been covering sports for the people for some three decades now, which adds up, man and boy, to 30 years. For the past dozen of these he has concentrated pretty much on covering the races.

Jim Roach loves horses, and horses return the affection. For him every hoofbeat is a heartbeat. Every race he covers he covers with you in mind, the day you couldn't make it to the track. His reports are the more vivid and entertaining because he tells you not only about the horses but also about the jockey, the trainer, the owner, the crowd, the fascinating detail that makes a race more than a mere running.

Jim Roach started his newspaper career while still at New York University. He was news editor of the campus daily. He worked as a sports writer on the New York World from 1928 until 1931, when he joined The New York Times. Except for time out for service as a Navy lieutenant during the war, he has been writing and editing sports for The Times ever since. He became assistant sports editor in 1951.

You find hundreds of reporters, editors and correspondents like Jim Roach on The New York Times staff. They listen for the heartbeat of the news all over the world. They work as a team to bring you fresh every morning a newspaper that is vital, alive, informing, interesting, stimulating. Read it yourself. You'll enjoy it.

The New York Times

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

Michael James

BY AIR FROM ROME, TOWN AND TRAVEL SUIT WITH DEMI-FITTED JACKET PRINT LINED. WOOL IN FINE WHITE AND GREY CHECKS. ALSO ITALIAN FLANNEL, GREY OR NAVY. 10-18 $135

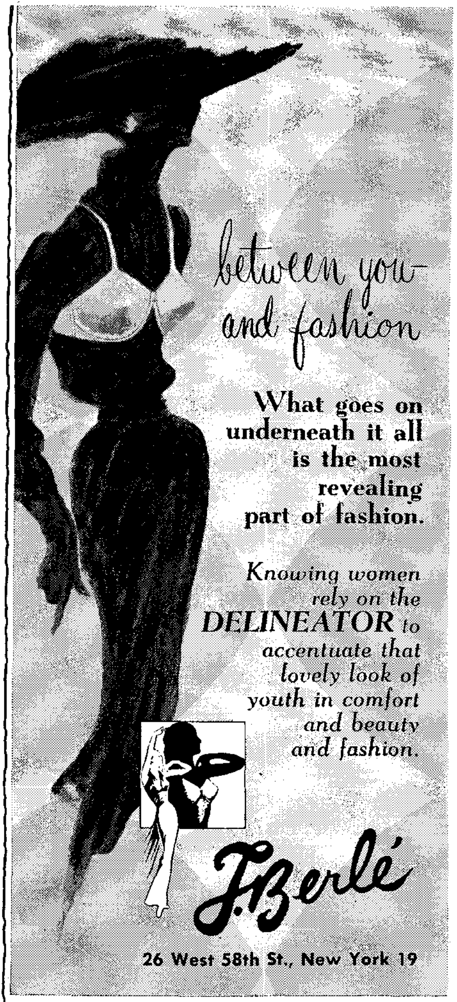
Eleanora Garnett

47 EAST 51 ST., NEW YORK
ELDORADO 5-5275
VIA DI VILLA SACCHETTI 17 ROMA

splitting it up among several of the two hundred-odd brokers with whom he regularly keeps in touch. His job is a more delicate one than might be imagined. Like other big investment organizations, mutual funds habitually deal in such large blocks of stock that if a man in Rais's position were to place his orders unwarily, they would be likely to have a drastic effect on the going price of the issue he was interested in at the moment—forcing it way up if he was trying to buy, way down if he was trying to sell. Accordingly, it is up to Rais to cover his tracks so deftly—by distributing his orders among many brokers, and even occasionally placing a small sell order as a red herring when he is buying heavily, and vice versa—that no one will realize what he is doing until he has safely concluded the transaction. Employing this strategy for all it is worth, Rais on a busy day puts through orders to buy and sell thirty-five or forty thousand shares of stock, worth something like a million dollars.

Rais conducts his shrewd operations in surroundings that contrast noticeably with the hushed and elevated atmosphere of 1 Wall. His office is small and rugless, and its most prominent furnishing is a switchboard, at which he lounges, a battered Stock Exchange ticker at his elbow, cradling a telephone with one shoulder and scribbling on slips of paper as he talks on and on in an arcane downtown vernacular that seldom touches on conditions off the China coast or in the Middle East. He does not have to bother much with the mechanics of operating the switchboard, for he has private lines connecting him with the offices of a number of his favorite brokers—some fifteen of them—who execute the bulk of his orders. When he is working on the phone, which is most of the time, he often swivels around, puts his feet up on the window sill, and gazes speculatively across the magnificent expanse of water at the clustered skyscrapers where the unseen cronies he is chatting with are huddled.

"Hi, Joe," Rais said into the phone one morning recently, starting the day off, as usual, with a routine check-in call to Humphrey. "The aircrafts look better. Tremendous block of Boeing just showed up. . . . Hudson Bay? . . . Call you back later." He cut the connection and plunged into a series of cryptic exchanges with various broker friends, now and then calling Humphrey back to report bits of information picked up along the way. "Hello, Eddie," he began. "What? . . . That stock! They ought to throw it in the



between you and fashion

What goes on underneath it all is the most revealing part of fashion.

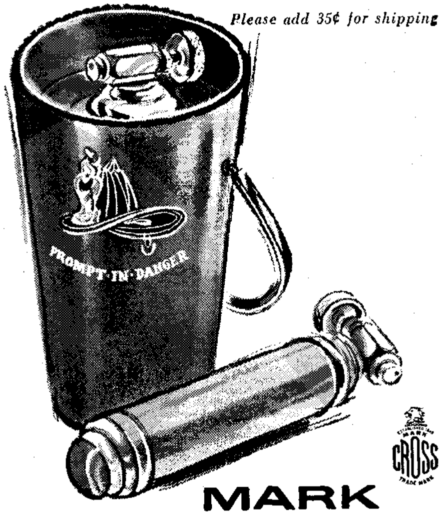
Knowing women rely on the DELINEATOR to accentuate that lovely look of youth in comfort and beauty and fashion.

Iberlé

26 West 58th St., New York 19

WHERE'S THE FIRE?

Out—in a flash from an efficient little Presto fire extinguisher in its own handsome leather-covered, brass-handled Fire Bucket.* It handles home or office emergencies instantly, measures only 6" high. Red, black or brown. Exclusively ours 12.95
Mail, phone SU 7-4000
Please add 35¢ for shipping



MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22

*Pat. Pend.

sewer. . . . What're they doing down there on the floor, anyway? Playing pinochle? . . . Hello, John. . . . Can I call you back on that, John? . . . Chet, take what you can at three-fourths, will you? . . . All right, Joe, buy three hundred Knockout. . . . Will do. . . . Look, send a man in the crowd, on that other thing, but tell him to use a little discretion. I want to sell that stock, not give it away. . . . Oh, yes, Eddie, we're completely out the window on that. . . . Jeez, you guys need roller skates or something? . . . No, no, I'm just giving you the business. . . . Still no soap on the Tennessee Gas, Artie? . . . Yes, sell it, sell it, but use *discretion*. . . . "

ASSOCIATED with Bullock as the ranking officers of the firm are Godfrey P. Parkerson, Robert E. Clark, John McG. Dalenz, Humphrey, and Alan Chippindale, all of whom have served at least twenty-five years aboard the Happy Venture, and each of whom has been rewarded for his tour of duty by becoming the proud owner of a watch charm known as the Ship. A platinum-and-gold reproduction of the clipper pictured in the president's office, the Ship is an award conferred every now and then upon certain members of his firm who have shown "the highest integrity, loyalty, and ability." The Ship is not conferred lightly—Bullock consults those already privileged to wear it before admitting a new man to their number—and it is one of two talismans of almost mystic significance that are sported by a select segment of the staff. The other is the Bee, a small gold replica of the insect that is awarded for long-continued diligence; to win it, a staff member must receive a unanimous vote of approval from the Bullock people who already have their Bees.

Such are the ties that, along with the omnipresent exhibits from the Calvin Bullock, Ltd., historical collection, bind the crew of the Happy Venture together. The Calvin Bullock Forum undoubtedly serves this end, too, by raising the general tone of the establishment above the preoccupation with commerce that permeates the less rarefied air of run-of-the-mill investment houses. In effect, the Forum is a means of realizing an evangelical desire—inherited by the younger Bullock from the elder—to strip Wall Street of its provincialism while simultaneously following a canny instinct, similarly inherited, for getting on close terms with influential people the world over by asking them in to speak. The Forum's sessions, which only invited guests may

Bathers picnic on the lawns that border Auckland's Mission Bay.

Lake Matheson makes an exquisite mirror for Mt. Tasman and Mt. Cook.

A world's wonders in one land

The wingless, tailless kiwi bird sleeps by day, hunts food by night.

NEW ZEALAND

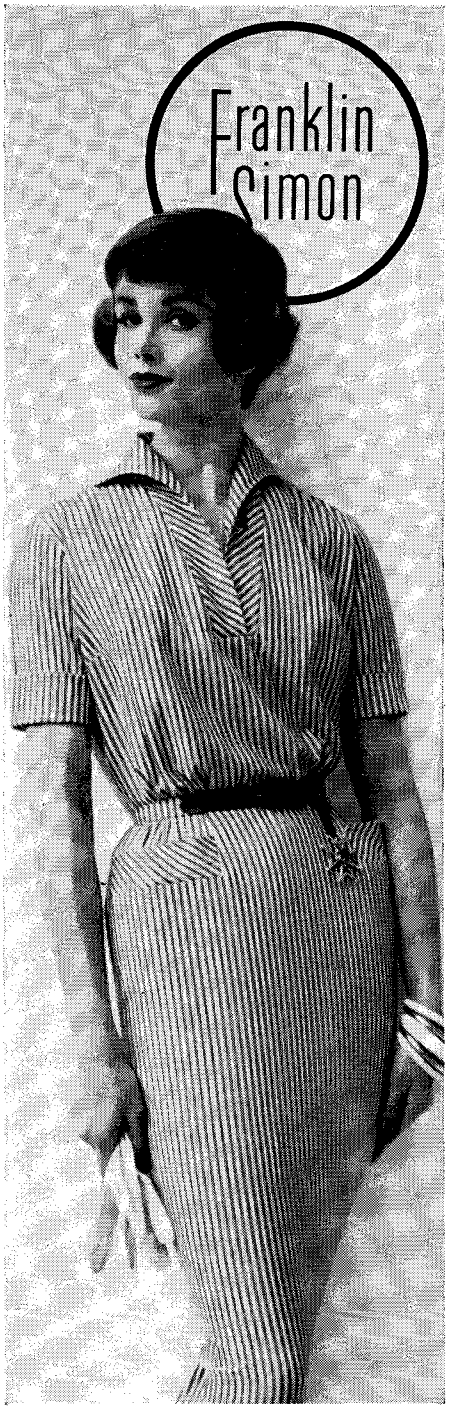
Coasts outlined by mountains with snow-capped peaks and deep-gashed fiords ...glaciers that creep down 10,000 feet and melt in a tropical glade...crystal lakes alive with trout up to 10 pounds and more in weight...geysers, giant trees, tropical jungles and the only cave in the world that is lit by glowworms. These are some of the marvels which make New Zealand Nature's showcase of worldwide wonders!

You travel in complete safety with every modern convenience in a healthful land of surpassing beauty and peace. See your Travel Agent—he will help you plan a trip at moderate cost. We'll be glad to furnish detailed information.

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TRAVEL COMMISSIONER
153 Kearny Street, Room 502, San Francisco • 630 Fifth Avenue, Room 532, New York

Lovely maidens in traditional garb grace an ancient Maori carving.

A day's catch of rainbow trout may range from 5 to 10 pounds each.



Franklin Simon

JIM DANDY SHIRT-SHEATH

Junior shirtdress, very trig-tailored in striped Dacron®-and-cotton, by the inimitable Sue Brett. Neat as a dime with peg pockets and a belt with a swinging gilt medallion. Black-and-white or brown-and-white, junior sizes 7 to 15. **14.95**

JUNIOR ASSEMBLY® SHOP
FOURTH FLOOR
WISCONSIN 7-9600
414 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
and all Franklin Simon stores
on orders outside regular delivery area add 35c

attend, always begin at four o'clock sharp, a comfortable half hour after the market closing, and end at four-forty-five, allowing time to catch most commuting trains. The audiences are made up of bank presidents, corporation lawyers, highly placed business executives, and, sometimes, the rector of Trinity Church. The speaker may be anyone who has attained what Bullock judges to be sufficient eminence and whose occupation—or, at least, whose subject matter—has even the remotest relationship to the affairs of the Street. So far, some three hundred and fifty persons have thus qualified to address the Forum, among them Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery, Richard M. Nixon, Archduke Otto of Austria, the Shah of Iran, Thomas E. Dewey, Lady Astor, King Peter of Yugoslavia, Cardinal Spellman, John D. Rockefeller III, Dwight D. Eisenhower (when he was still just plain General Eisenhower), the Earl of Halifax, Wendell L. Willkie, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

Even while the Democrats were still running things in Washington, several members of the Securities and Exchange Commission and other government agencies with a tendency to take a critical view of Wall Street appeared as speakers at the Forum. "If I ever saw a bunch of economic royalists, this is it," Louis Johnson, then Assistant Secretary of War, told Bullock's assembled guests in 1939. The president of Calvin Bullock, Ltd., does his best to be a good sport about remarks of this kind, but he finds their cumulative effect trying, and sometimes he mildly says so. One day not long ago, for example, he admitted an acquaintance to his office and then asked to be excused while he completed a review of the arrangements for the next meeting of the Forum, at which Adlai E. Stevenson was to speak on the subject "Some Observations on Darkest Africa." After a minute or two, Bullock pushed the papers in front of him aside and, turning to his visitor, remarked soberly, "In dealing with politicians—and especially Democratic politicians—I'm inclined to give as our address the one on this building's other entrance, just around the corner. Eighty Broadway, that is, instead of One Wall."

Bullock, however, is a resilient man, and he does not let the gibes of antagonistic Forum speakers get him down for long; on the contrary, he keeps avidly courting even more painful thrusts. Until recently, he sometimes complained that it was impossible to per-

'angel wings'

..to cap the cool sleevelessness of a care free, no-iron cotton. Refreshingly little-girlish, lightly nostalgic, with its way-up Empire waist, new-again hand smocking and ricrac trim; the whole effect, clean and crisp as a New England breeze! Copen blue or cranberry red on white. 1, 2, 3 yrs.
Please add 35¢ for shipping 5.00

dorothy Kay
WAYLAND SQUARE, PROVIDENCE 6, R. I.
Summer Catalog on request

wonderful way to go for

BAROQUE!

*S*o far as record lovers are concerned, VOX practically invented the 17th (and early 18th) century. After all, no one records so much of the magnificent, stately music of this period with such authentic interpretations and such fidelity of sound as does VOX. Travel back in time...and forward in pleasure...with these unique VOX de-luxe limited edition albums, each complete with program notes in a richly illustrated book.

TARTINI: 6 CONCERTOS FOR VIOLIN AND STRING ORCHESTRA, OP. 2 I Musici Virtuosi di Milano—Dean Eckertsen, conductor 3-12" **DL 373**

VIVALDI: FLUTE CONCERTOS (18) OP. 10 & OP. 44 Gastone Tassinari, flute—I Musici Virtuosi di Milano 3-12" **DL 353**

CORELLI: OPUS 1 & 2 COMPLETE *(12 Church—12 Chamber Trio Sonatas)* Musicorum Arcadia—Egida Giordani Sartori and Gian Franco Spinelli, continuo 3-12" **DL 263**

CORELLI: OPUS 3 & 4 COMPLETE *(12 Church—12 Chamber Trio Sonatas)* Musicorum Arcadia—Egida Giordani Sartori, continuo —Gian Franco Spinelli, organ 3-12" **DL 163**

*A*dditional sets in this series feature *Albinoni, Locatelli, Manfredini,* and other outstanding *Vivaldi* works. Consult your dealer, or write for latest Vox catalog N.

for sound reasons
VOX®
Ultra High Fidelity
236 WEST 55TH ST., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

suade a labor leader to appear before the Forum—a deficiency that is scheduled to be rectified on March 11th, when George Meany has promised to appear. "I've tried Walter Reuther, I pledge you—God knows I've tried," Bullock said a bit plaintively a few days before the Meany triumph. "I've asked him over and over again, but he won't come. I don't understand it." Here, again, Bullock's resiliency pulls him through; he can shake off a snub just as spunkily as he shakes off a dig. With or without labor leaders, the Forum, he is confident, will continue to serve the purpose that the Founder envisioned for it—making the thirty-third floor of 1 Wall a center of international economic thought, as well as a sensitive listening post where a man can pick up some handy hints on which way security prices will probably swing next.

—JOHN BROOKS

•

LIFE IN NEW YORK DEPARTMENT
(FRESH APPROACH DIVISION)

[*From the American Weekly*]

The curtain had risen at the Mark Hellinger Theater, New York, for approximately the 650th time. Back in her hotel suite Kay Kendall was alone with a good book and her three pug dogs, for there is a limit to the number of times a girl can watch her husband in a show, even if the husband is Rex Harrison and the show is *My Fair Lady*.

The telephone rang. Eva Gabor, Kay's best friend, was also alone, and suggested dinner together. The idea was a welcome one. Kay said, "Let's not go to a restaurant. Let's have dinner at your house. I'll cook. Do you have vodka?"

"Of course," said the Hungarian girl, mystified.

"Well," said the English girl, "that's all I need."

Half an hour later Kay presented herself, with a parcel, at Eva's house on Fifth Avenue. "Dinner," she cried triumphantly, "is ready," and she opened a $40 pot of caviar. That, and the vodka, constituted her idea of an excellent dinner.

This incident is typical of the fresh approach which Kay Kendall seems to bring to everything she does, whether it is her career or her private life.

•

It is now accepted that accident proneness is due to unequal liability to accidents on the basis of age (many studies show that 50 per cent of all accidents occur to young people before they reach twenty-five years of age), sex (many studies show that men suffer twice as many accidents as women), temporary or prolonged states of physical or psychological stress, and chance.—*From "Good Health," by Nelson S. Walke, Nathan Doscher, and Glenna Garratt Caddy.*

The thing to be is a lucky little old lady.

Kookburra...
Australian laughing bird

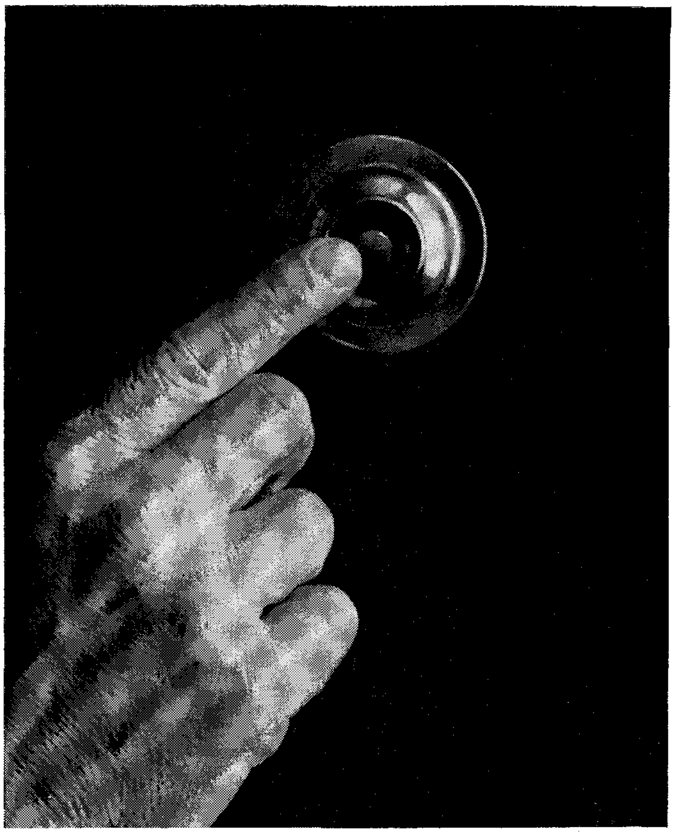
Largest and Fastest Liners
to Australia and New Zealand
Via Hawaii and Fiji

ORIENT LINE

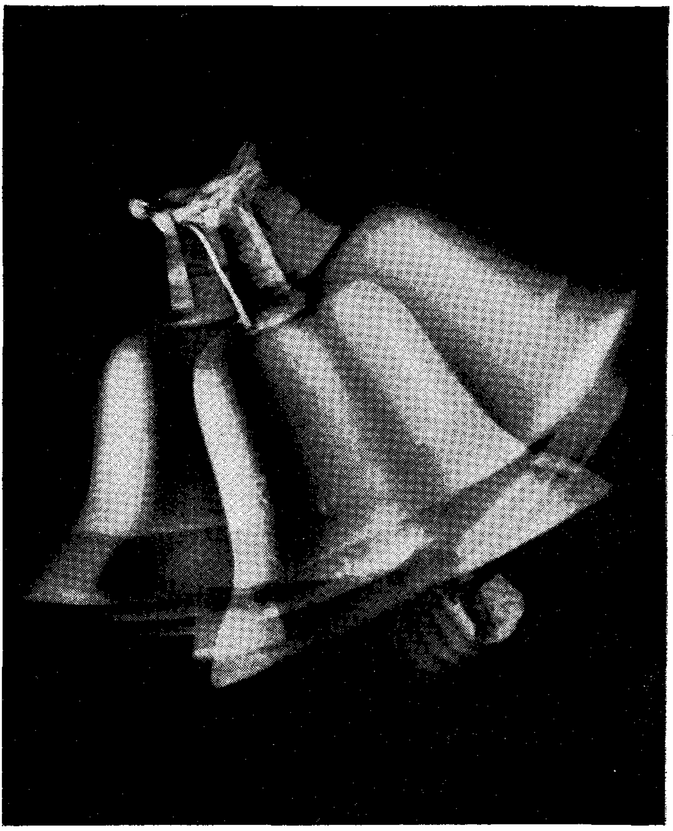
ORSOVA • ORONSAY • ORCADES • ORION
ORIANA (building)

Three weeks seem too brief in the cruise-like atmosphere of a Big-O express ship! There's no better way to cross the Pacific . . . dance under tropical skies, swim, stroll broad sports decks. It's a holiday voyage, made perfect by fine food and experienced British service! Your travel agent is the man to see.

CUNARD LINE, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENTS IN THE U. S. AND CANADA



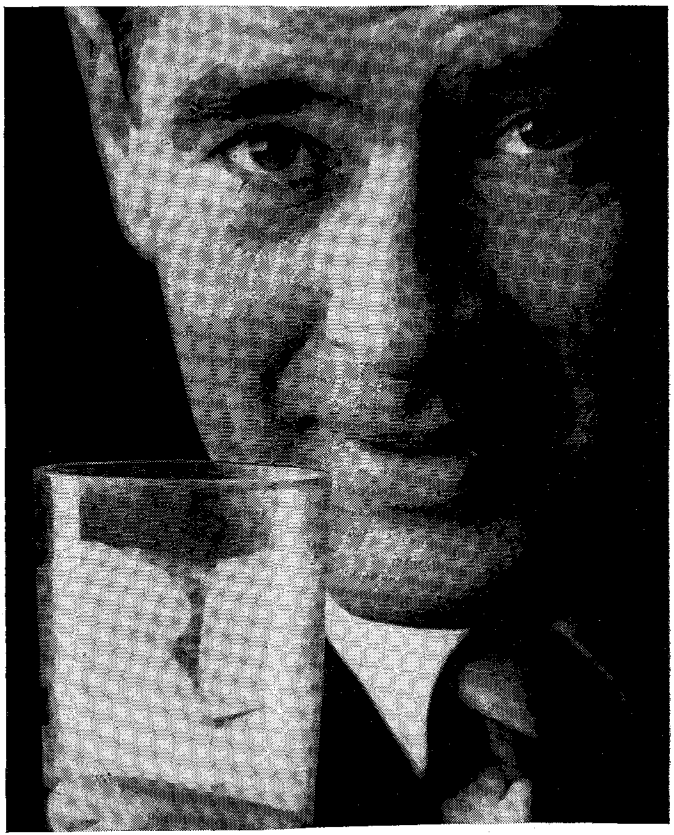
WHEN THE BELL RINGS...



OR, WHEN THE BELLS RING...

BELL'S
12
BELL'S
ROYAL VAT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
TWELVE YEARS OLD
12
BELL'S
Scotch Whisky
SPECIAL RESERVE

BRING OUT YOUR BEST...YOUR BELL'S!



BELL'S®

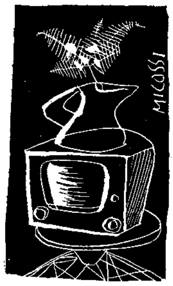
THE CELEBRATION SCOTCH

Ideally light and right—
a whisky of classic
bouquet and flavour.
"Such a pleasant Scotch!"

86 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. ARTHUR BELL & SONS, LTD., DISTILLERS, PERTH, SCOTLAND. EST. 1925. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

THE AIR

Last Throes of Reality

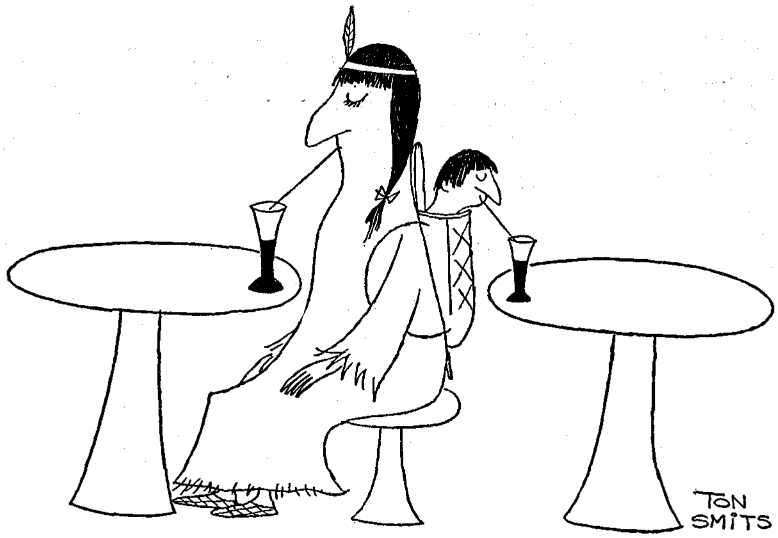


IT'S beginning to be possible, I think, to foresee a time when there will be nothing on television but movie films, short or long, and nothing on radio but phonograph music. The idea may be morbid, but it does seem clear that there's a trend just now in both mediums toward wider use of canned or processed material, and that resistance to this tendency has become scattered and a little desperate. The rarest thing on the air at the moment is reality—the kind of spontaneous, urgent reality that only television and radio, among mass mediums, can provide, and that is the direct opposite of canned goods. The special quality I mean is one that can't be forced, shaped, or controlled, like the Q. and A. on an interview program, or warped and stylized by the camera or the announcer, like the action in a boxing bout. In general, it's something that develops of its own free will, without plan. This kind of reality has certain disadvantages, in practice. For one thing, it's unpredictable, and therefore, I understand, commercially unsound. I don't know what can be done about that, as long as sponsors feel that surprise in a program can hurt the sale of headache cures and lipstick. For another thing, reality suffers, as practical, salable entertainment, from the fact that, unlike the prefabricated programs, it seldom makes itself available in neat, artistic, comprehensive forms and sizes. There have been classic exceptions to this rule. For seven years or so, off and on, I've thought back with wistful affection to one of the episodes of the Kefauver Committee crime hearings of 1950-51—the appearance as a witness of Mrs. Virginia Hill Hauser, better known as Virginia Hill. As I remember, Miss Hill was on the stand almost exactly half an hour. In other words, every detail that went to make the event a work of unpremeditated comic art—questions, answers, and the witness's exit from the arena (routing cameramen and reporters with fierce but womanly scorn as she went)—was contained within time limits suited to televised drama. I've often wondered if the kinescope of that performance could not be made part of a sort of repertory of real-life screen treasures, the function of which would be, so to speak, to fight canning with canning. I suppose there might be legal problems involved. In any case, it would probably be hard to find enough items as apt for the purpose as Miss Hill's half hour was, in length and unity, to round out a solid repertory. Even the Kefauver hearings produced nothing else so completely and independently satisfying. Like most examples of reality on the air, the hearings were commercially unsafe and, in the main, artistically disjointed.

Just the same, they were alive, and they amounted, all in all, to a considerable feat of showmanship, intentional or not. This being so, I looked forward with enthusiasm to a recent installment of "The Twentieth Century" (Channel 2, 6:30-7 P.M., Sundays) called "Crime and the Committee," in which, it was advertised, a selection of Kefauver-hearing excerpts would be shown.

The program was disappointing to me, and I suspect that to members of the audience who were not alumni viewers of the actual sessions it was not only dull but somewhat misleading. Besides the excerpts, it included a certain amount of probing for significance. Senator Kefauver, in an up-to-date talk, listed what he said have been the effects or influences of the Committee's work. Among these, he contended, has been the elimination of a national wire service of information from race tracks to bookmakers; prudently, he didn't claim that bookmaking has been eliminated. Walter Cronkite, C.B.S.'s interlocutor, summed up the post-hearing experiences of some of the more famous witnesses. Nothing whatever was said about the most exciting and quite possibly the most important achievement of the hearings—their impact on the television audience, the glow of life and spontaneity they brought to the screen, their brilliant demonstration of the dramatic value of unprocessed passages of human nature. Much of their strength in these respects lay, of course, in the fact that they were televised in full, rich detail. Story interest was abundant, and elements of character—such as the reaction of the late Senator Tobey to the remarks and personality of William O'Dwyer—were vividly developed. The kinescoped views we were given the other day on "The Twentieth Century" were patchy and fleeting. They failed to explain the appeal of the original showings, and, as I've just noted, the commentators made no effort to discuss this appeal, or even to mention it for the record.

Having ignored the heart of the matter—that is, the success of the Kefauver inquiry as home entertainment—Mr. Cronkite did touch on a point that is connected with it when he said that this century has been "a century of great trials and hearings." The same thing might be said with equal justice, perhaps, of the nineteenth century, the fifteenth, the fourth B.C., or any one of several others, but it's unquestionably true that ours has been the only century in which trials or hearings could be televised, and it's also true that proceedings of this kind can make engrossing television material. At their best, they're free of the taint of rehearsal. They don't represent, as do public-service programs, topical surveys, and many interview shows, a sort of conspiracy of all parties involved to hold the same beliefs and to prove the same point. In its next program after "Crime and the Committee," "The Twentieth Century" considered the implications of a recent accident in Houston, Texas, in which a number of persons



Lux-te KAYSER

HISTORY MAKING CERTIFICATE

Awarded to our "Sentimental Sue" slip. It's made exclusively for women who are women and comes in Navy, Persian Pink, Yellow Lotus and White nylon tricot. 32 to 42 sizes. 8.95.

were exposed to a dangerous degree of radioactivity. It was an earnest and high-minded report, though inevitably an inconclusive one. Events were outlined in an orderly way, and the people who had taken part in them told their stories thoughtfully and persuasively. What kept these people from seeming completely real was the fact that essentially their performances had been managed and manipulated. They said what they said, at someone's request, to be useful. They spoke the truth, movingly and in their own language, but spoke by rote. They were members of a team responsible for the construction of a television program. This spirit of teamwork for a common purpose is not by any means a reflexive characteristic of the human race as yet, in terms of daily life, or even always a plausible one. It inhibits reality. By contrast, the frankly self-concerned or aggressive performers of the Kefauver hearings—the gamblers, politicians, ex-convicts, and friends or relatives of murderers, and the eager or irascible legislators and lawyers—were profoundly convincing. Even in their own field, these hearings stood out. As entertainment, they were superior on several counts, I think, to the so-called McCarthy hearings of 1954. The McCarthy hearings were peopled chiefly by professional word users. Their tone and procedures were ornately official; thoughts and motives were swathed in rhetoric. In the Kefauver hearings, the witnesses, if not necessarily candid, were impulsively outspoken. For the most part, they were people to whom this kind of public performance was not only unfamiliar but almost intolerable. As a result, they reacted quickly and sharply, whether in fear, anger, wit, or plain dislike. And, happily for the audience, their naturalness infected the statesmen and lawyers on the bench.

The recapitulation of the hearings on "The Twentieth Century" condensed this historic pageant to about twenty minutes of the sort of reporting you get in newsreels—small, abrupt, disconnected bursts of talk and movement designed to give "life," but not meaning, to names and headlines. There were a few shots of Anthony Anastasia; they did little to suggest the deep, mocking hostility of his full performance on the stand, though his remark "Some . . . ah . . . Communists accused me" told something about him and about the general nature of his testimony. There were glimpses of Frank Costello, some showing his hands only, one of the complete and unhappy witness, with his handkerchief to his

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

NAVY TOPS EVERYTHING
Sleeveless blouse
in fine cotton broadcloth.
Maize, pink, blue,
apple green or navy.
Sizes 10-18 **$7.95**

545 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

Truly amazing sounds to stimulate and rejuvenate jaded audio tastes. The music of the Orient... performed on native instruments, recorded with astonishing clarity

ABC-PARAMOUNT FULL COLOR FIDELITY

HI-FI 58!

...in the sound of the year

ABC-224
HI-FI IN AN ORIENTAL GARDEN
東洋花苑
HI-FI IN AN ORIENTAL GARDEN

nose, as he called out harshly and plaintively, "Under no conditions will I testify, until I'm well enough. . . . *And I'm gonna walk out!*" There was no sign of James J. Carroll, the St. Louis gambler, and I missed him. It was Carroll who refused in 1951, on advice of counsel, to permit any part of himself to be shown on the screen, and whose disembodied voice told his audience defiantly, "Gambling is the substance of men's daydreams." There was a handful of scenes involving the irate and virtuous Senator Tobey, in his eyeshade, as he wrangled with Mr. O'Dwyer, and snarled out, at last, "I hate a fourflusher!" There was a fragment or two of the performance of Virginia Hill. In her wide-brimmed hat, long gown, and mink stole, Miss Hill pitted the technique of a palpable Southern belle against the boundless skepticism of Rudolph Halley, the Committee's chief counsel, as they sparred. "After all," she reminded Mr. Halley coquettishly, "I didn't have to give my own parties—*I don't think.*" Softly outraged by another innuendo at another time, she cried, "I never got money from *any* of those fellas!" I remember moments in the full session when the witness's resentment was more strident, but it was always genteel. I recall with particular pleasure a passage in which she rebuked Mr. Halley for referring to her friend the late Bugsy Siegel as Bugsy. "His name," Miss Hill said coldly and staunchly, "was Ben!"

It would have been impossible, naturally, for "The Twentieth Century," making the broad and vague approach it did to the subject, to show all of this. The program might have devoted itself from end to end to Miss Hill, and I hope that some program will someday do so. The rest of the Kefauver material, being full of unfinished aspects and unresolved subplots, is probably less durable; in fact, since most reality on the air must be live, as the trade term goes, to have its fullest value, the Kefauver pictures may now be largely a spent force. If so, they still have a usefulness—as long as somebody remembers that they once made history, and also remembers, as Senator Kefauver and Mr. Cronkite failed to do, why.

A PROGRAM called "The Seven Lively Arts" made its last appearance on February 16th, and was supplanted by a program called "The Great Challenge" (Channel 2, 5-6 P.M., Sundays). It was a case of one live show's replacing another, and therefore, on

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER

the imported English Gin that doubles your martini pleasure

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

Beefeater—symbol of integrity in British tradition and in the finest English Gin . . . *unequalled since 1820*

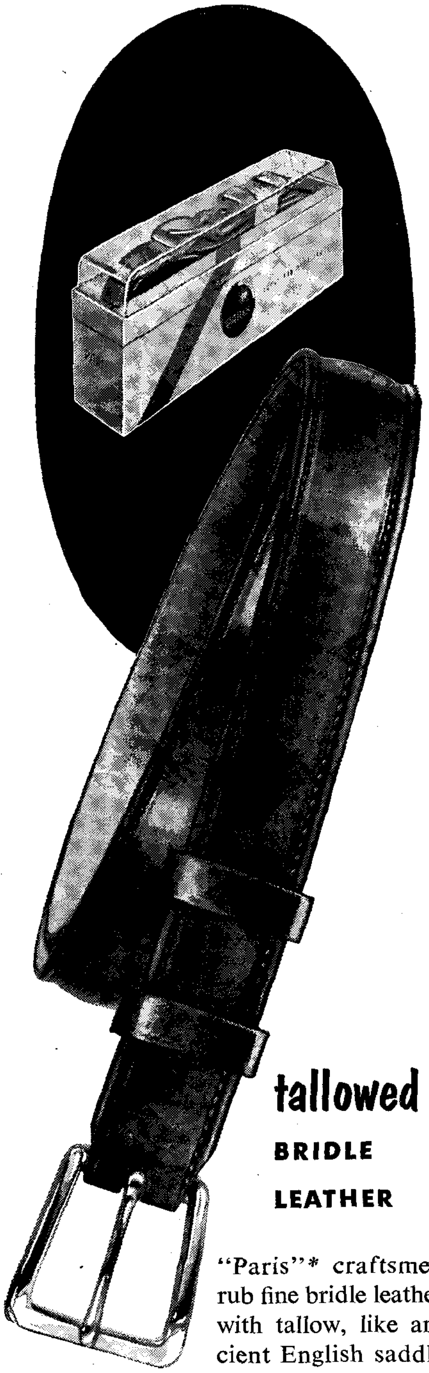
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER GIN

Imported by KOBRAND CORPORATION, New York 1, N.Y. 94 Proof, Distilled from Grain

PARIS

BELTS

in the new "Vista-dome" package



tallowed

BRIDLE

LEATHER

"Paris"* craftsmen rub fine bridle leather with tallow, like ancient English saddle makers, to create a rich, supple finish that actually improves with age and wear. Another exclusive "Paris" process —1″ style, $2.50. ¾″ style, $2.

PARIS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York Los Angeles and Toronto.

the face of it, not a backward step. But there are wheels within wheels. Along with the general trend toward canned goods on the air, there exists among the surviving live programs a dismal (and maybe a defensive) trend toward the solemn and the portentous. Programs like "The Great Challenge"—and there are quite a number of them—make it their business to sniff heavily after the kind of social or political significance that Senator Kefauver and Mr. Cronkite looked for the other day in the Kefauver hearings. A good many points are missed in this way, and a good many chances for fine and pleasant entertainment are lost or shouldered aside.

Think what you like about "The Seven Lively Arts," it was a program that did not take itself too seriously and that aimed at providing pleasure. It was not always art. It was not always even lively. It was disorganized in conception, I suspect, and in practice it was chaotic. But its potentialities were great, and in its short lifetime it produced some good shows. Sad to say, its last installment (on February 16th) was one of its best. In this production, entitled "Profile of a Composer," the theme—an analysis of the composing methods of Norman Dello Joio, in terms of his personal tastes, habits, and experiences—was full of interest, and the writing, by Perry Wolff, was smooth and sensible. Mr. Dello Joio, the chief performer, both at the piano and at the microphone, opened the proceedings by playing a short strain of melody—B flat, G, B flat—and went on from there to build a ballad on the strain. An hour of gay and thoroughly satisfying television ensued. "The Seven Lively Arts" was then pronounced dead, and was taken away to be buried.

—John Lardner

•

THE DEVIL AND ANGELS

I have encountered many times
 The Devil in disguise,
My partner in a thousand crimes,
 My lead in many lies—

A useful colleague, a supreme
 Aid in the world's dark ways,
Yet one I hold in no esteem,
 And one I will not praise.

I praise the angels, who, like lambs,
 Are free from fear and doubt,
Who land me in a thousand jams
 And never help me out.

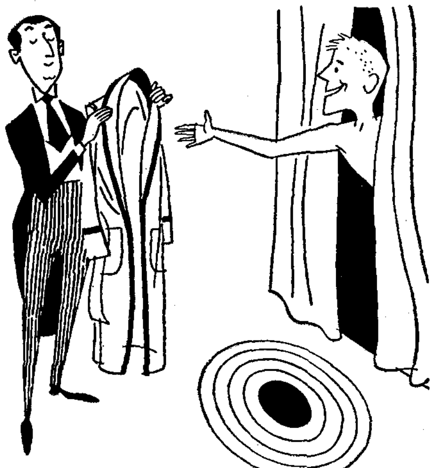
—R. P. Lister

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, WHITE PLAINS, SPRINGFIELD, N. J.

S. F. A's
hand-sewn
oxford

From our great collection—this one with one-piece upper that extends below the stitch line to join the belting-leather sole. Black or brown calf, sizes 6-13, 32.50. Street Floor. Mail, phone. Also in Chicago, Detroit, Beverly Hills.

*IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



"Your Bathrobe, Sir..."

Everything's been thought of for your comfort at the Manger Hay-Adams, one of the world's finest hotels . . . from fully-stocked bathroom chests to individual terry cloth bathrobes. 200 rooms of sheer luxury!

HOTEL
Manger Hay-Adams
Manger Hotels
Across from the White House
16th AT H STREET, N. W. • WASHINGTON, D. C.

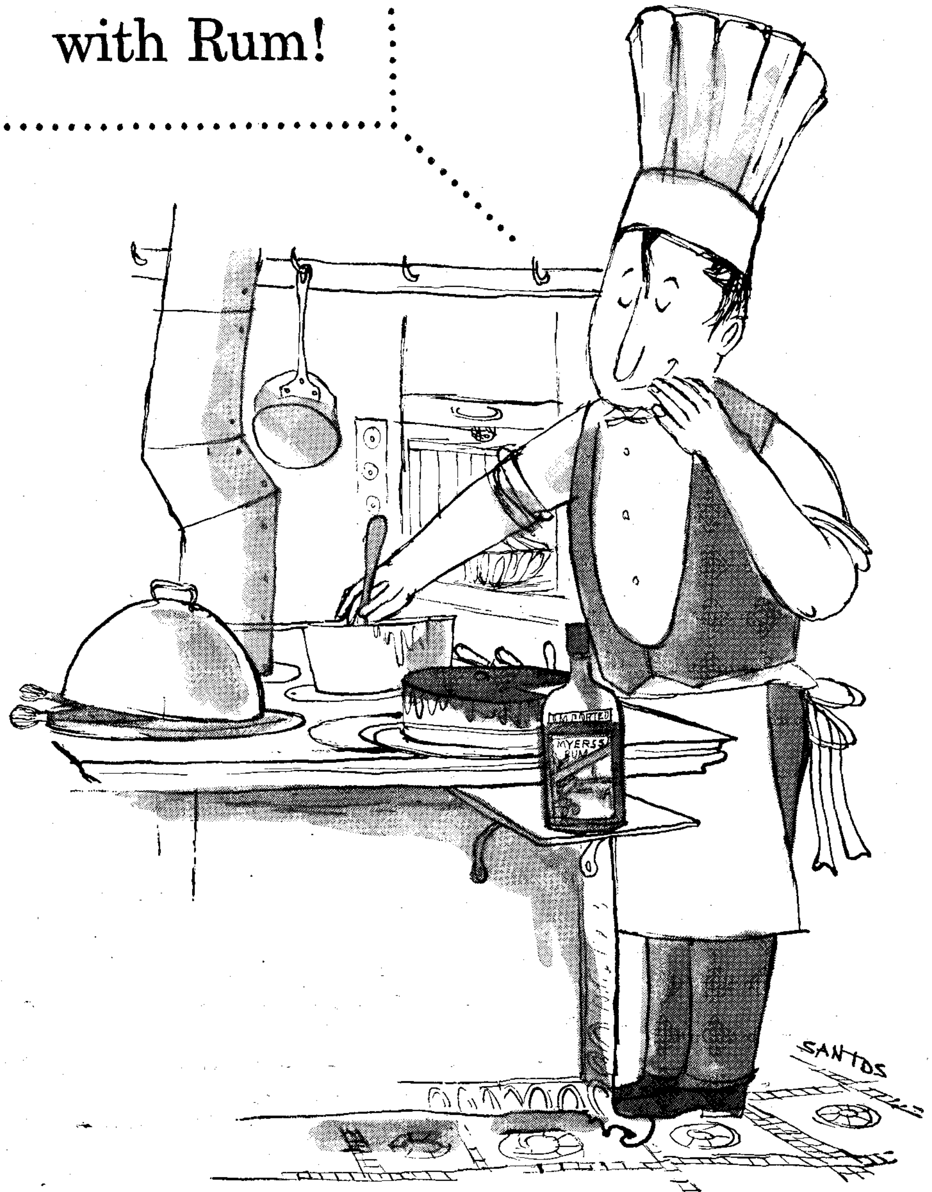
THE RACE TRACK

Calumet Luck

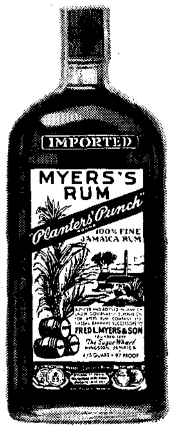
IT'S not quite true that Calumet Farm's loyal legions are ready to vote the stable's Tim Tam the Horse of the Year, but the colt's success in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah made last Saturday a memorable day for them. And, of course, the afternoon was a washout for those who fancied Maine Chance Farm's Jewel's Reward. You see, Jewel's Reward finished first in the hundred-thousand-dollar fixture for three-year-olds, only to have his number taken down and the race given to Tim Tam. There was no doubt whatever that Jewel's Reward crowded, bumped, and impeded Tim Tam all the way down the stretch. (The television camera picked it out plain as anything for this stay-at-home watcher.) In fact, the stewards didn't wait for Hartack, who rode Tim Tam, to complain but ordered the "inquiry" signal to be put up even before the riders weighed in; after seeing the movies of the race in slow motion, they disqualified the Maine Chance Farm colt. It's hard not to be a little sorry for Jewel's Reward, who I think is going to be one of the topnotchers of his age, but it's my opinion that Tim Tam would have won anyway—he finished only a short head behind—if Hartack had not been so closely pressed by Jewel's Reward that he couldn't use his whip; curiously, though Hartack is the wonder jockey of the ages to many racegoers, he can't whip with his right hand. (Most good riders are ambidextrous, or try to be.) Of course, Ycaza, who rode Jewel's Reward, knew this. Also, Ycaza, who learned his trade on the Central American tracks, where anything goes (he comes from Panama and has half a dozen brothers, all of them jockeys), is a good man with a whip. As a matter of fact, he's so good with it that in California they call him the Slasher.

Aside from the disqualification, the Flamingo Stakes was exciting from beginning to end, with Sir Robby and Talent Show making the running until Jewel's Reward and Tim Tam went around them on the home turn. I must say, though, that there was more than a tinge of disappointment in the performance of Nadir, who finished

Now this is cooking with Rum!

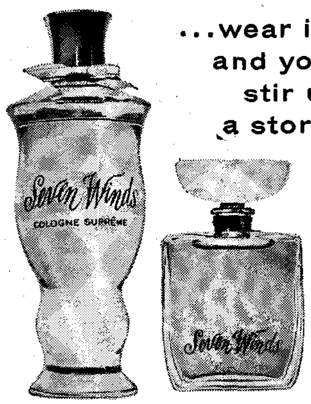


Funny thing about **myers jamaica rum.** It makes cooking taste better. So much better, in fact, that guests will toast the tantalizing tang of your sauces, the rich, zestful flavor of roasts laced with **myers.** Try it—the easy way. For the newest in rum cookery and drinkery, write for our free booklet on **myers jamaica rum.**



IMPORTED FROM JAMAICA • MYERS'S RUM • 97 PROOF
GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., 375 PARK AVE., N.Y. 22, N.Y., Y-5B

Seven Winds



...wear it
and you
stir up
a storm!

Perfume 2.50, 10.00, 18.50
Cologne Suprême 2.50, 4.00 PRICES PLUS TAX
Also in Bath Powder and Cologne Spray Mist

DuBARRY
NEW YORK • PARIS

fourth. He was away well, and for most of the mile and a furlong was never worse than third; indeed, he was so close to the leaders that I expected to see him go on and win. Instead, he tired badly. Throwing caution to the winds, I'll predict that he won't be sold for a million.

THERE couldn't be a race better calculated to cheer anyone who likes a good horse than the Santa Anita Handicap last Saturday. Round Table not only won the California classic handily—although he gave from eight to nineteen pounds to his field—but ran the mile and a quarter in the remarkably fast time of 1:59⅘. Terrang took the lead in the dash from the gate and held it for a mile; then, with two furlongs to go, Round Table challenged, and everything was as good as over. Old Porterhouse was best of the also-rans. If you haven't kept count, the Santa Anita Handicap was the fifth stake race that Round Table has won at the meeting—and the fourth in which he has carried a hundred and thirty pounds—and his five victories have been good for $244,130, which I believe is a record for the track. One more statistic: His total earnings to date are $901,164. Unless his stable changes its plans, he won't start in the San Juan Capistrano—Santa Anita's last big plum—next week but will have a go at the Gulfstream Park Handicap in Florida on March 22nd. I hope he wins it.

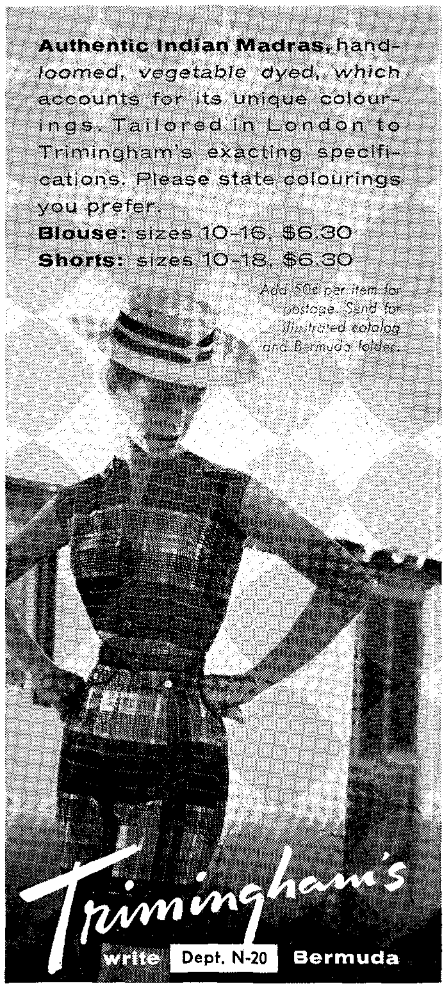
BOWIE had more bad luck last week. A thaw and heavy rain played havoc with the track, causing the cancellation of racing for two days while the damage was being repaired. The meeting got going again on Saturday, however, and a crowd of more than twenty thousand came out for the running of the Southern Maryland Handicap. In this, Flying Chief, a six-year-old plater who'd been doing the best he could in Florida—and that wasn't very good—led all the way and paid a $25.40 mutuel. Just an old-fashioned Bowie surprise. —AUDAX MINOR

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the program of the centennial celebration of the village of Elma, N.Y.*]

SEEGER & SCHERER
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
5486 BROADWAY 52 CHURCH ST.
REGENT 4499
LANCASTER, NEW YORK
"Where you can laugh your troubles away...."



Authentic Indian Madras, hand-loomed, vegetable dyed, which accounts for its unique colourings. Tailored in London to Trimingham's exacting specifications. Please state colourings you prefer.
Blouse: sizes 10-16, $6.30
Shorts: sizes 10-18, $6.30
Add 50¢ per item for postage. Send for illustrated catalog and Bermuda folder.

Trimingham's
write Dept. N-20 Bermuda

THE HOUSE OF TRAVEL
presents these outstanding tours

EUROPE BEHIND THE SCENES
By Air: May 2-Sept. 5. Returns June 1-Oct. 5
An exciting tour. Meet leading craftsmen and couturiers. If you are curious about European life as well as places, investigate this tour.
Fare $1,785

EUROPE IN THE SPRING
By Air: May 2. Returns by Air: June 9
See the magnificent gardens of Europe at their supreme beauty, including an eight-day cruise on the S.S. METEOR to N. Ireland and Scotland. Fare, 39 days $1,985

THE BRUSSELS FAIR
From Brussels: June 12. To London: July 14
Experienced planning and leaders make this a fine tour. The Brussels Fair is an outstanding highlight. Fare $1,095

STUDENT TOURS
Two months of travel with experienced leaders. Economical, with substantial meals and good lodging. 2 departures:
June 17 from Montreal. Return Aug. 18—$973.
July 2 from New York. Return Aug. 27—$958.

Write or phone your travel agent
THE HOUSE OF TRAVEL
17 E. 49th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. • MUrray Hill 8-0185
1600 Walnut St., Philadelphia • KIngsley 6-2100

I DIDN'T SEE THE PLAY, BUT I DID THE PUZZLE

ONCE, a pair of tickets and a few dollars to pay the taxi were all I needed for a night of theatregoing. This season, though, I make sure to bring along a pencil, and an eraser as well. The reason for this is a set of quizzes, crossword puzzles, and bridge and chess problems that have been running in the *Playbill* and the *Off-Broadway Showbill.* The *Playbill* said its "new features . . . are to become a regular and permanent part of . . . theatregoing." The *Playbill* did not say why theatregoing is in need of all this reinforcement. But apparently it is.

Accordingly, I went to work on the puzzle in the September 30th *Playbill* as soon as I arrived that evening at the Helen Hayes Theatre. (I arrived seven or eight minutes after the curtain, as is the custom, but I could still read by the stage lights.) The puzzle was a bridge one, and a humdinger:

	♠ K 9 ♥ Q ♦ A Q ♣ 2	
♠ none ♥ K 4 ♦ K 3 2 ♣ 9	NORTH WEST EAST SOUTH	♠ A 10 ♥ none ♦ none ♣ 10 7 6 4
	♠ 8 ♥ 5 ♦ none ♣ K J 8 5	

© 1957 Playbill, Inc.

Hearts are trumps. South has the lead and must take four tricks against perfect defense.

Well, I thought, after folding the *Playbill* so I couldn't see the answer, at least I have one good trick, the king of clubs. I played it—and then I was stymied until the middle of the second act. At that time, it occurred to me to play the five of clubs and trump it with the dummy's queen of hearts. This would enable me to get the four tricks easily, unless . . . What if West played the *king* of hearts? What then?

"What on earth are you *doing*?" my date whispered.

"Sh-h-h. It's hard enough with the actors talking," I said. It really was. The actors were talking a card game of their own: "Papa! Why don't you pick up your hand?" "Yes, let's see what I have here. . . ." "Whose play is it?" "I don't know. Mine, I guess. No, it's yours." It wasn't easy to concentrate at all.

"For Pete's sake," said my date, still whispering, "if we're going to see a show, let's see it."

"For Pete's sake," said an actor, "if we're going to play cards, let's play." My date turned red and shut up, and I got back to the bridge problem.

Now then, I thought. If West had played the king of hearts, I would play . . . Aaah! I *still* would play the queen. It's West's trick, but what could he do next? If he plays a diamond, I could finesse it. If he plays a heart, I could overtrump it and—of course!—get the other two tricks in clubs. I had the answer, and I had it several minutes before the show let out, too.

I FORGOT to say that the show was "Long Day's Journey Into Night." I'm glad I saw it, because the next week a crossword puzzle was in the *Playbill*, and No. 57 down was "Father in *Long Day's Journey into Night*," and I knew the answer immediately; it was "March." I also knew the answer in No. 58 down to "*Bus* . . . William Inge." It was "Stop." It's lucky for me that I'm a regular theatregoer, even though the theatre was again a rather distracting influence for me. I remember I was working on No. 17 across ("A disturbing noise in the audience") when somebody or other in the play picked up a dictionary and said, "Here it is. I quote. 'Pusillanimous.'" The play was "Look Back in Anger."

"Pusillanimous?" I said, at sea momentarily. "It's got too many—"

"Sh-h-h," said my date.

I turned to her for help. "What's—"

"Now, sh-h-h!"

"What's a five-letter word for 'A disturbing noise in the audience'?" I whispered.

"A *very* disturbing noise is 'What's,'" she said reprovingly.

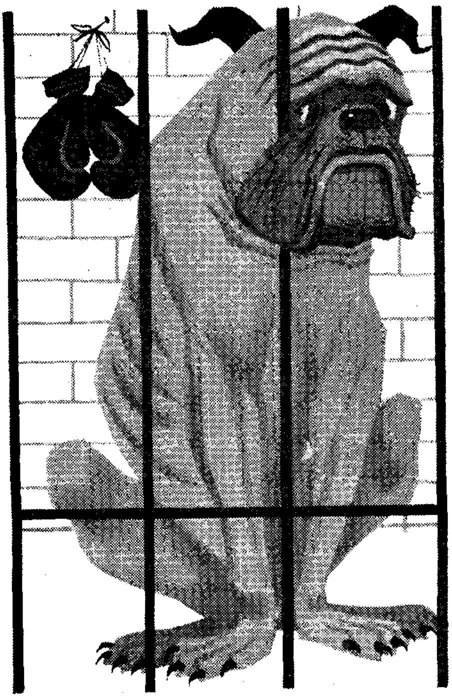
"That's it!" I said.

"What's it?"

"Watts! The answer to No. 1 across—'He keeps you posted on new plays.' It's 'Watts.' But what's 'A disturbing noise in the audience'? What's that?"

At this point, a disturbing chorus of "Sh-h-h"s arose around us, and I was boxed across the ear by the *Playbill* of the lady sitting behind me. I had to finish the crossword puzzle by myself. (A disturbing noise is an "achoo.")

I HADN'T intended to do any theatregoing off Broadway this season; they don't use the *Playbill* there. However, a friend of mine acting in "The Brothers Karamazov," on Second Avenue, told me that this deficiency was made up recently by the appearance of the *Off-Broadway Showbill*, and that the *Showbill* carried a fine series of

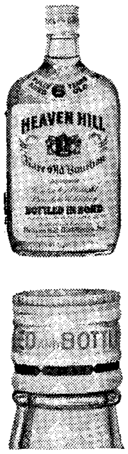


The Boxer that took a dive

(A PILFERPROOF FABLE)

Once upon a time a boxer named Herman hit on a way to sneak a belt. He'd heist a round of his master's Heaven Hill whiskey and disguise the drainage with collodion refill. That way his victim's lips would be sealed. But Heaven Hill's Alcoa® Pilferproof Closure foiled the fix, and Herman got called on a foul. Now he's in the tank for a long, long count.

MORAL: Crooks are TKO'd when they tangle with an Alcoa Pilferproof Closure. At the first opening twist a slotted band breaks, foils thieves or counterfeiters. Yet the bottle is easy to open and reseals tightly. Buy whiskey like Heaven Hill; get what you pay for.



BROKEN CAP SAYS IT'S BEEN OPENED

"ALCOA THEATRE"
Exciting Adventure
Alternate Monday Evenings

ALCOA ALUMINUM CLOSURES
ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

FIND OUT ABOUT

Boston Fund

A BALANCED AND MANAGED INVESTMENT FUND

This mutual investment company is designed to provide in ONE security a BALANCED INVESTMENT PROGRAM through diversified holdings of common stocks (selected for possible growth of principal and income); and preferred stocks and bonds (chosen for income and characteristics of stability). Get the facts on BOSTON FUND, now. Ask your investment dealer for a prospectus, or write:

VANCE, SANDERS & COMPANY

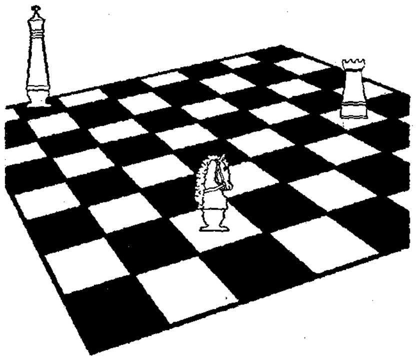
111 DEVONSHIRE STREET
BOSTON 9, MASS.

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

quizzes and chess problems. (He ascribed the use of chess problems to the Washington Square influence.) And while the Broadway *Playbill* was generally giving the answers to its problems, the *Off-Broadway Showbill,* he said, was cleverly precluding the chance of anybody's peeking by giving the answers all wrong, or not at all. Thus, he had done the quiz in the October issue, but when he looked up the "answers on page twelve," he found to his bewilderment that there wasn't *any* page 12. And when he looked up the chess solution, he found a "QB1" and a "Pb5" and abbreviations like that. "The first of these abbreviations," he told me, "I recognize as one of the chessboard squares. O.K., so what piece is supposed to move there? The other abbreviation I recognize only as the five-isotope of lead. Its application to the chess problem escapes me entirely."

Hearing this, I hurried to "The Brothers Karamazov." I got there during the second act and immediately set to work on the new chess problem in the *Showbill.* It was a real teaser:

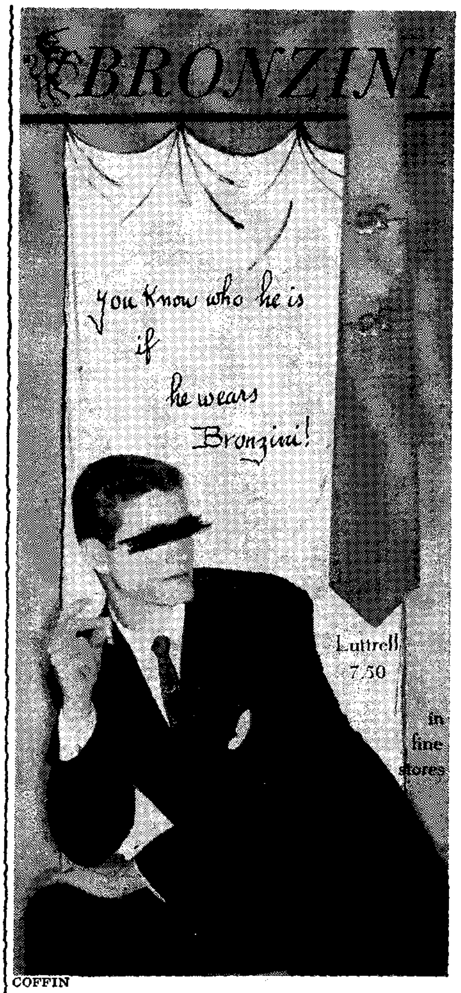
MAKE A MOVE



Distantly, I heard my friend on the stage saying, "I could certainly take court action to regain the village of Tchermashnya and thereby checkmate the old goat—I mean my father," and as he got ready to checkmate the old goat, I got ready to checkmate the black king by the light of an exit sign. But where the deuce *was* the black king? Or the black anything? And why should I make a move if it wasn't there? I wondered about this until the end of the act. Then the lights went up—and do you know what? I hadn't been doing the chess problem at all. The chess problem was on page 5, and I had been doing an advertisement, illustrated by a chessboard, on page 12. Damn! A three-dollar-and-forty-five-cent ticket shot to hell.

OH, well, there's always a next time. "Two Gentlemen of Verona" is coming to us theatregoers soon, and so is a new chess problem, I hope. I can't wait to go and do it.

—JOHN SACK


BRONZINI

You know who he is if he wears Bronzini!

Luttrell 7.50

in fine stores

COFFIN

GOING ABROAD?

Order your Hillman or Sunbeam car here for delivery in Europe. We ship it home at a total cost that is less than the American purchase price. Your motoring costs you nothing. Come in, write or call for full details and catalogue. No obligation.

ROOTES MOTORS, INC.
505 Park Ave., N.Y.C.
Dept. RW-3 • PLaza 3-0710

OH A RAINCOAT?

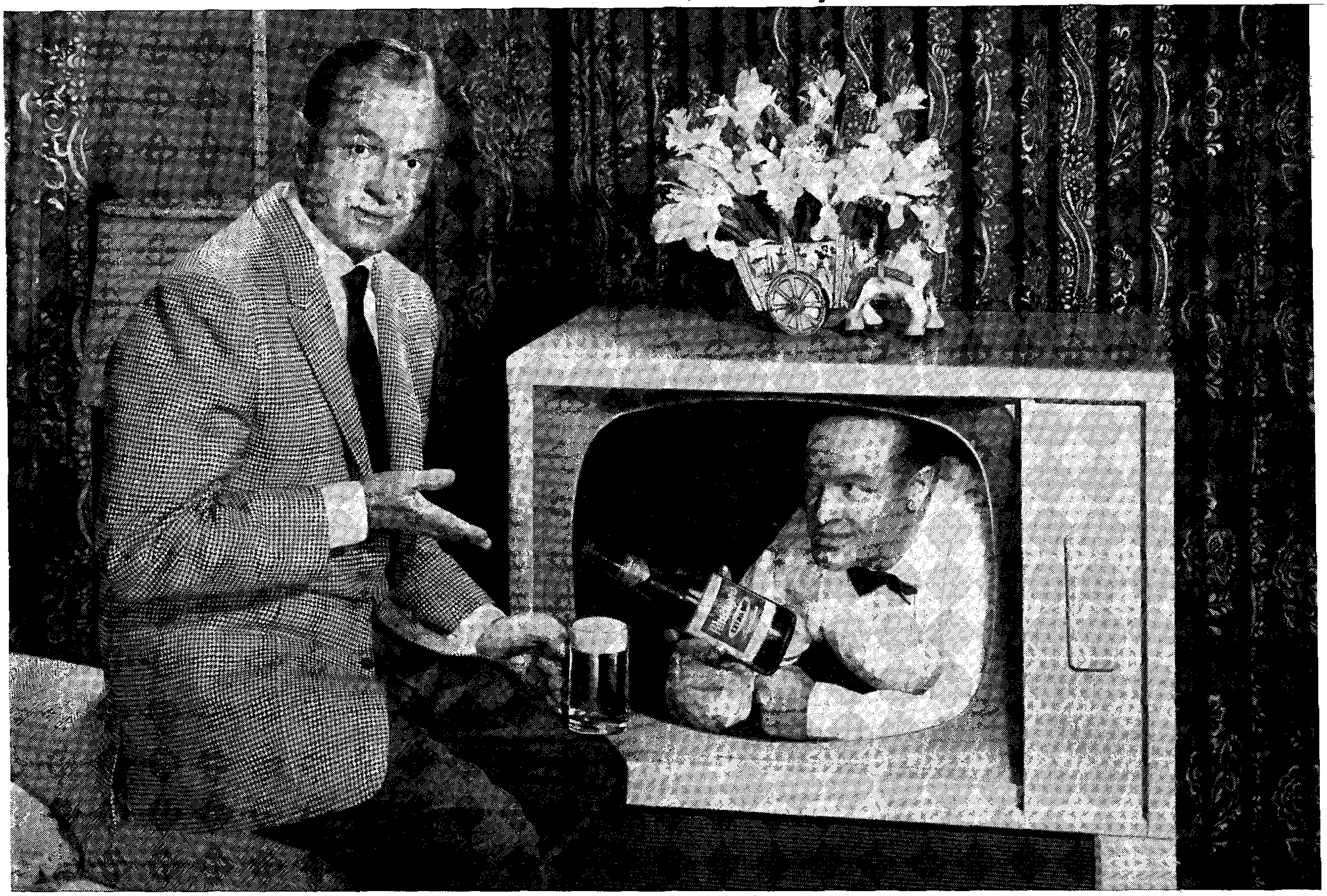
NO... A MAINCOAT®!

TURINO $25

LONDON FOG
LONDONTOWN MFG. CO.
350 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1

"My beer is Rheingold —the Dry beer!"

says **BOB HOPE**



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

"Rheingold gets the best reception in my house!" says **Bob 'Hilarious' Hope,** soon to be seen in **Paris Holiday** a United Artists' release. "I could ad lib all night about it, but all you need do is *try* Rheingold Extra Dry to prove it's in a class by itself. For its clean, clear, *real-beer* taste is never sweet, never bitter—always refreshingly dry. Millions agree—they've made Rheingold New York's largest-selling beer!"

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

It's beer as beer should taste!

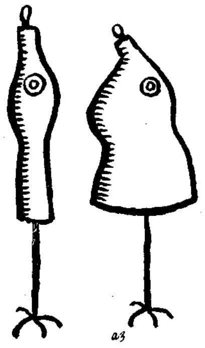
Always refreshing – never filling

Copr. 1958, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., New York, N. Y.

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,* BREWERS FOR 121 YEARS. ESTABLISHED 1837.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

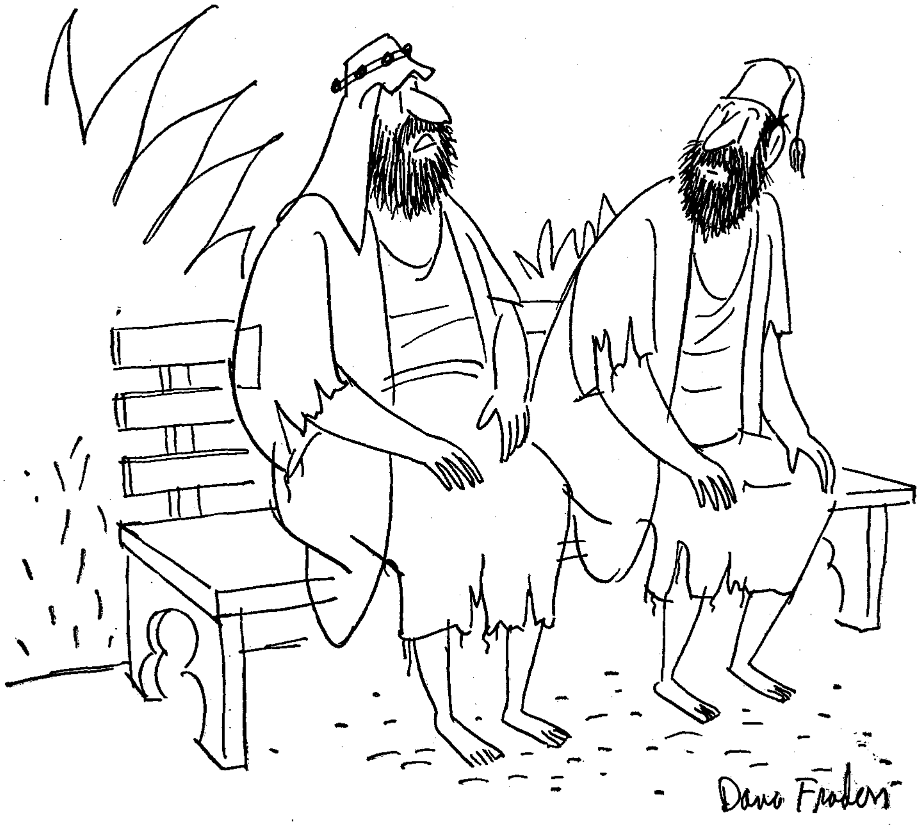
FEMININE FASHIONS



THE custom milliners are in a state of euphoria that is pure joy to see. The reason for this bliss is the lovely fact that what (to others) is the main part of the costume—dresses, suits, and such minor stuff—has a new, spare look that is simple to the point of starkness or very informal. Either way, the wearer just has to add some sort of trimming. The horoscope, therefore, says that accessories are in the ascendant, and the accessories known as hats are, what with their new, top-heavy silhouettes, in more ways than one in the ascendant.

The vast chemise-and-Chanel trend that has brought all this about is not a literal revival of the twenties. Then heads were tiny and shoulders sloped, while the present scheme for clothes emphasizes breadth across the collarbone. So most milliners, keen students of the architectural sciences, have gone in for height, to lengthen the neck, and width, sometimes approaching the bulbous, to balance the broad shoulders. (Mr. John's tidy, narrow turbans are beautiful and pinheaded exceptions to this rule.) Next, the hatmakers have decided, logically, that the austerity of the new dresses and suits must also be offset by ornate effects; I have never seen so many rose petals and bluets and chrysanthemum fronds in my life. But at the same time the hatmakers realize that it is compulsory to be in *tune* with the current mode as well as to defy it, so some hats must be simple and monotone. This means round, deep cloches (arched enough to show the forehead, though) and ingénue Bretons, sometimes as big as sombreros, that are worn well back on the head with a *dégagé* Sagan air. All these are likely to be made of pale-beige straws, and there is a minimum of excited color in the trimming. The real wows of the moment, however, are the turbans, which crop up everywhere, in beautiful fabrics that range from the gauzy to the gaudy. These tend to come way down to the nape and well down on the ears, concealing the hair except for a few straggling bangs across the forehead. They twist, they tower, they topple sidewise, or they have a topknot smack at dead center. (Sally Victor's very Japanese ones are prize-winners in this division.) Most of them, too, are wide at the top of the ears to add roundness to the height.

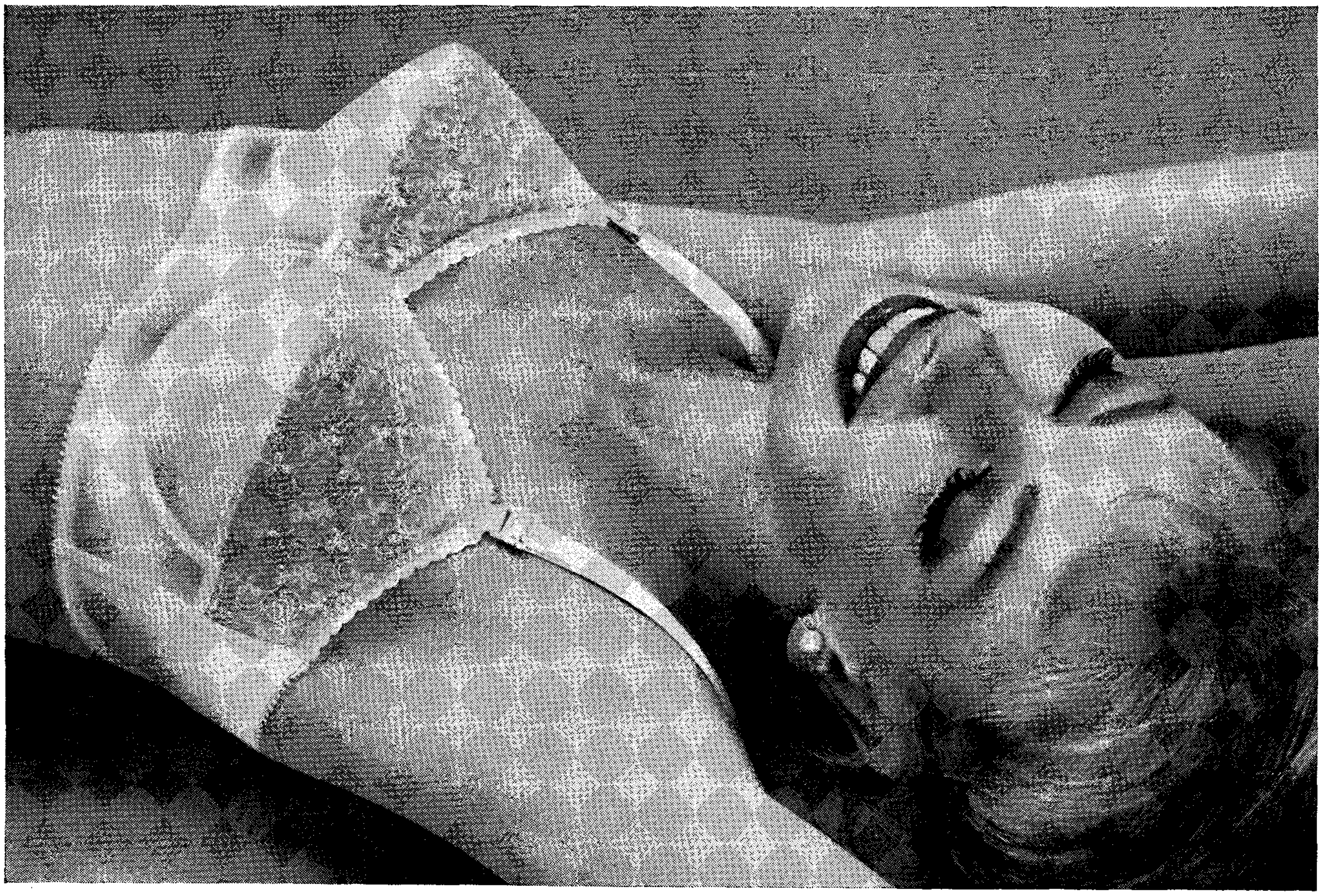
THE Carioca turbans that Mr. Adolfo has concocted for Emmé suggest the early days of the rollicking Carmen Miranda. One is so tall that it measures nine inches from nape to peak—and that's *tall.* They are mounted on a felt-cap base, so they cling, and the folds of the turbans extend below this in a freewheeling but adjustable style. They're in every imaginable fabric (lots of Staron prints are involved) and every imaginable drape. One has a kind of French-hairdo twist of the fabric up the front; some are squared off; another, of white surah with red polka dots, wears a frayed pompon of the surah, like a clown's, at one side of the lofty peak. And turbans reminiscent of Mack Sennett bathing bandannas are also around. The Emmé choice of fabrics is enormous, but the shop urges customers to bring in a yard of the fabric of the blouse that goes with their spring suit, for instance, so that a turban made to match can be added. A demure contrast is offered by deep cloches of pale-beige shantung straw, by deep, self-trimmed scuttle hats, wide and square and shadowing the forehead, and by Bretons of several sizes. Pale striped French taffeta ribbon is likely to go across the rear of the Bretons, emerge over the hair at the sides, and tie across the forehead in a bow. Behind all this, the hats curl way back. Other pale, neutral shantung straws (like the panamas of the past) make Adolfo's Sugar Canes, which have dipped, wavy brims and deep, square, savagely folded crowns. What Lena Horne wears on her head in "Jamaica" has had an effect on certain hats in this shop. These are of white stitched organdie with crowns that are folded and brims, of varying width, that curl up at one side. The Emmé-Adolfo team is quite willing to play tricks, such as double hats. One begins with massed red poppies dangling beside the ears from a bicycle clip flat across the top of the head. On top of this goes a big overhat of black Milan in a sailor shape. And nobody else is doing anything at all like the flower wreaths in this store. These cling tight to the head as they make their way overland, then spread wide at the sides,



"Where I made my mistake was letting them talk me into a joint bank account."

"Goodness! So many elastic bras to choose from!"

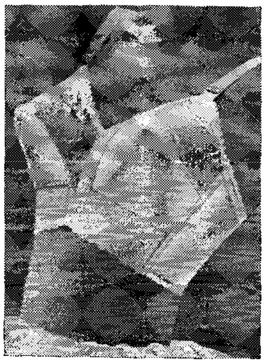
"Yes, but this one is satin elastic—A'Lure by Warner's"



The famous A'Lure in rayon satin elastic; embroidered nylon marquisette cup tops. #1045. White or black, $3.95. For extra help, the foam-lined version. #1049. In white, $5.00.

Circular-stitched A'Lure—for high firmness. Embroidered and plain nylon marquisette and satin elastic. #1047. White. $5.00.

For added support this A'Lure has special cups, a softly-lined 2-inch band. Nylon lace cup tops. #1075. White. $5.00.



As you live and breathe, darling—so does your satin elastic A'Lure

Did you know that every time you breathe, your bra size changes? Does *your* bra change with you? Does it *move* with you—through one of your bending-lifting-on-the-run days? Chances are the answer is *no.* So why not wear an elastic bra? (Especially if you're an in-between size, which half the women are.)

And be sure it's A'Lure®—for all elastic bras are *not* alike. Others are woven with cotton—tend to be hard-stretching, even stiff. But Warner's® A'Lure is made with soft, pliable-as-you satin elastic. That's why it fits, feels, *wears* so wonderfully. You'll see what we mean at your nicest stores.

Schiaparelli designs with Wamsutta® fabrics

at fine stores everywhere — about $40

Wamsutta Mills, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.
A Division of M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc.
Wamsutta Mills, makers of famous Supercale and
Debucale Sheets and Wamsutta Decorative Fabrics.

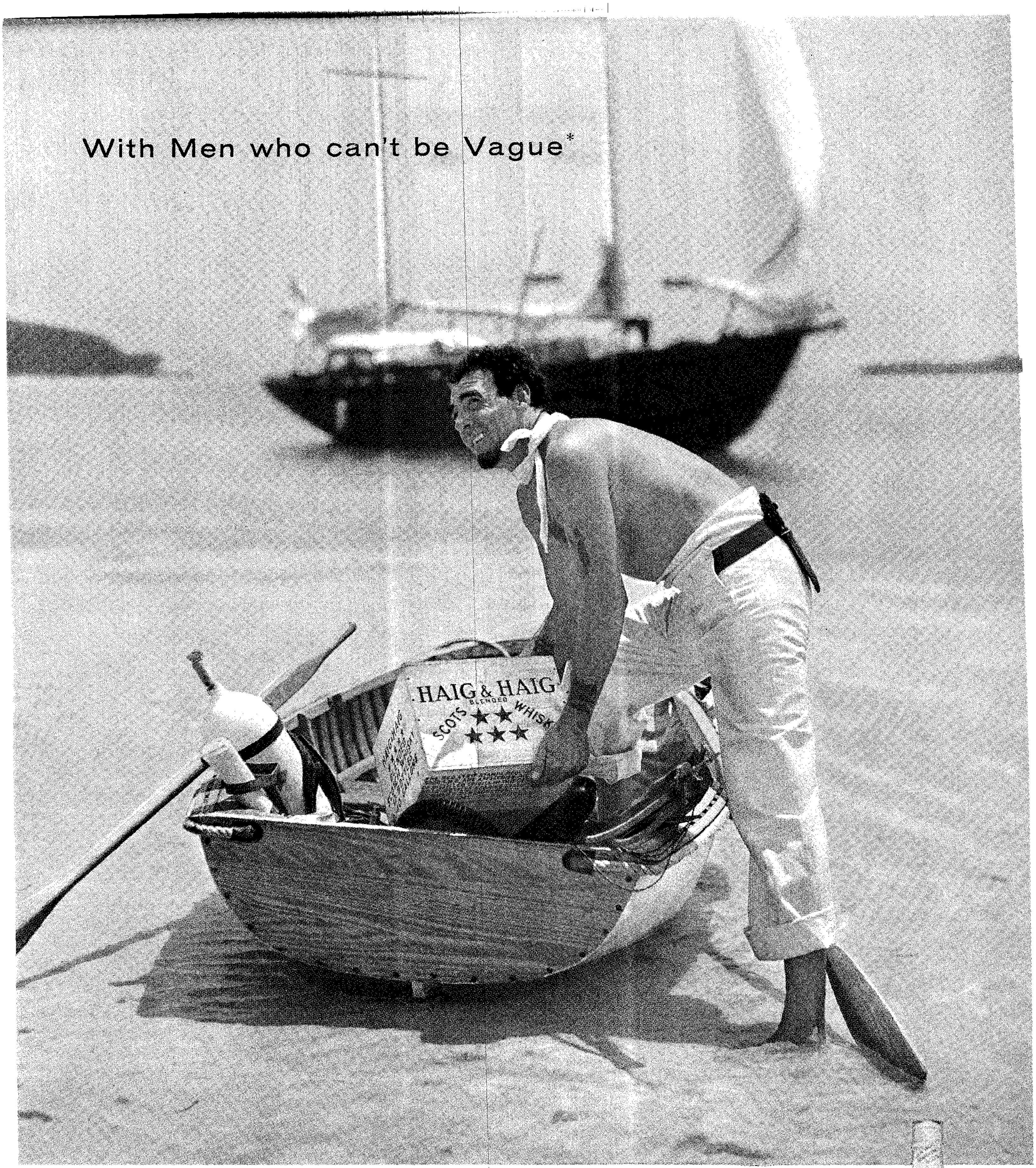
and finally blossom into brims down the back of the neck. They can be made of field flowers, chrysanthemum-and-daisy combinations—oh, anything.

THE most beautiful textures appear in Mr. John's neat little turbans. French cotton is usually the base. This is only the start, however; the cotton is striped with baby Val lace, bands of varicolored straw braid, bits of velvet ribbon, or whatever is handy. No two hats are alike, as far as I can tell. Among the most impressive results are blue glazed chintz striped with black Val and gingersnap straw braid, and silk ribbon in a deep pink (Mr. John calls the stuff Floradora) that is sometimes striped with black lace and black-and-white straw. He uses silk, too, for some of these entrancing stunts, but the cottons are the news. Now and then he works with a gray-and-white checked cotton on which zigzags and squares of grosgrain ribbon are appliquéd. Those turbans sit deep on the head and come right to the hairline all around. Often a series of meticulous folds encircles them, and usually they are tall and tilted. Some you can pull around to suit yourself; some are constructed to stay in one position. (Customers are not supposed to be the whimsey ones here.) All these are trim, to counteract the informality of the chemise. (Mr. John is making some very nice chemises to order, by the way.) A liaison between the two is easily established by a particularly nice scarf made to match any of the hats. It's a circle wide enough to go from shoulder tip to shoulder tip. After dropping this over your head, you tuck part of it into the décolletage as you please. It seems to stay put. This spate of small turbans for the traveller doesn't mean that Mr. John has abandoned his wavy brims, for which he also uses cotton with great imagination. One gray cotton with zigzag stitching all over it makes a very deep cloche whose brim can be casually turned back or else can flop around the face; a calico cotton, all stitched, makes a sailor with a wavy brim and big poufs of the fabric forward to the right; gray checked cotton makes both a sailor, with an orange grosgrain band and streamers down the back, and the tiniest possible Breton, to nestle on top of the coiffure. The Gibson girl has also had an influence on the establishment; there is a whole series of straw Bar Harbor boaters, with very deep crowns (some squared off and some rounded) and very small, curled-up brims. A remarkably handsome roller is here, too. Its turned-back brim is

Edelweiss is the flower of French gloves—the washable, doeskin-finished lambskin that is made by one of the finest glovemakers of the world just for **Lord & Taylor**

RANCH DRESS
is a classic that will take you smartly thru a busy day's schedule—unruffled. Has easy-to-get-into snap front, smart white stitched trim. Navy or Faded Blue Denim, Cadet Blue, Red, Charcoal, or Teel Chambray, Pin-striped Beige, Yellow, Turquoise, Navy or Red Poplin.
Sizes 10-44 & 12½-24½.
Sizes up to 20..........**$10.95**
Over 20..........**$12.95**
Matching adjustable Hat & Shoulder Bag........**$3.95** ea.
Send check or m.o. to
WESTERN CLASSICS
Box 4035, Dept. Y-4
Tucson, Arizona

by Henri Bendel will mean to you clean, fragrant, soft, intimate apparel.


With Men who can't be Vague*
HAIG & HAIG
BLENDED
SCOTS WHISKY

What sort of man is this . . . who makes adventure his livelihood? He's a professional who depends on his sailing skill for his very existence. He's a man of good judgment—who knows exactly what he wants from life and how to get it. ☆You'll often find Haig & Haig Five Star in the picture with men who can't be vague. They naturally name the brand of Scotch whisky with the character they know through experience . . . the *original* Scotch flavor and gentleness that in 1627 set the standard for all to follow.

★★
★★★

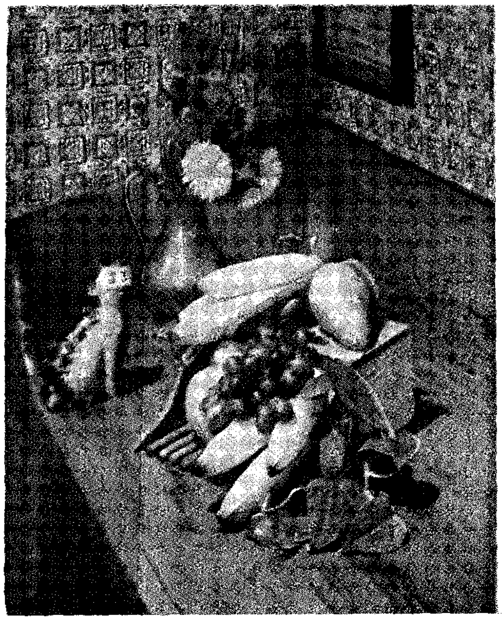
*Don't be Vague . . . say: **HAIG & HAIG FIVE STAR**

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF ☆ RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
Blended Scots Whisky
HAIG & HAIG

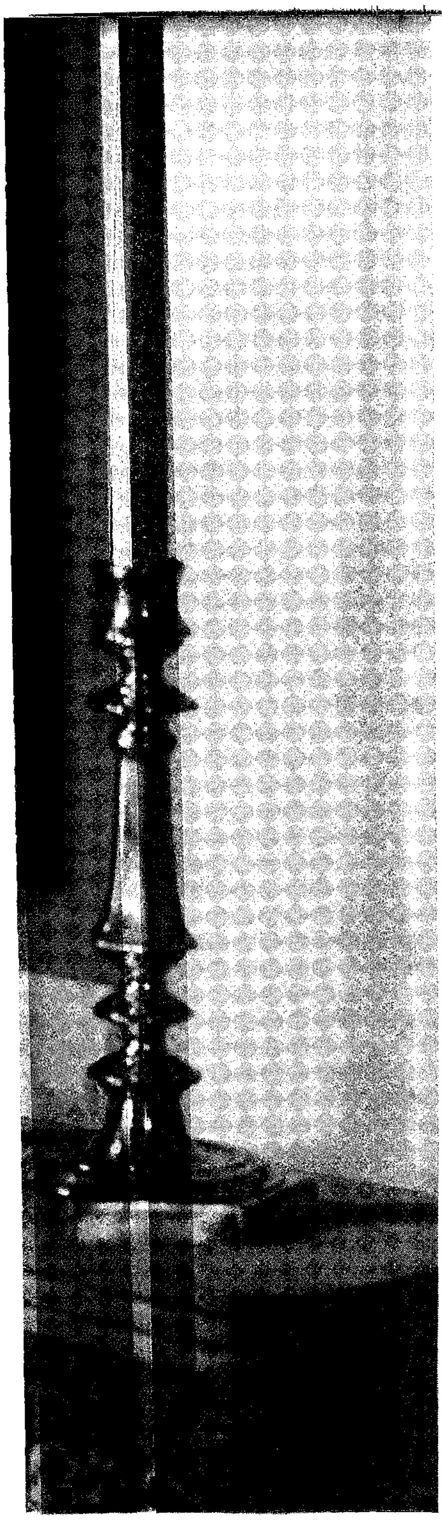
LAVISH COLOR FOR YOUR MANTELPIECE—golden fruits spilling from a favorite tureen or antique bowl. A not-too-formal arrangement like this one encourages healthful nibbling.

A CRANBERRY SCOOP makes a charming "fruit bowl," especially appropriate in an Early American setting. See how happily fruit and flower colors combine!



FRUIT-BOWL SPECTACULAR! A tall Scandinavian smorgasbord bowl filled with fruit could be that one important accessory that gives character to a room.

TRY A SMALL ARRANGEMENT on a low, flat plate. Just two or three pieces of fruit, carefully casual, can lend an inviting, intimate look on a desk or table.



NEW! FUN! EASY!

Decorate with Fruit

Put new style, new color, new health in your house!

It's the newest trend in the smartest homes—fruit bowls here, there and everywhere! A bright little fruit bowl tucked on a shelf . . . a lavish arrangement on the mantel. Fruit for a "weren't you smart to think of that" change of scene! Pretty fruit to eat as it ripens . . . or put in salads and wholesome desserts.

Fruit adds color. Fruit adds flavor. Fruit adds health. Take bananas, for example. They have a wide variety of good things you need every day. Vitamins and minerals for general well-being. Wholesome, natural sugars for energy!

Fruit is fun! Fun to look at, fun to arrange in a world of exciting new ways! For instance, fix fruit in crazy new "bowls"—made of gravy boats, breadbaskets, pans! Why wait? Start fixing your fruit bowls this minute!

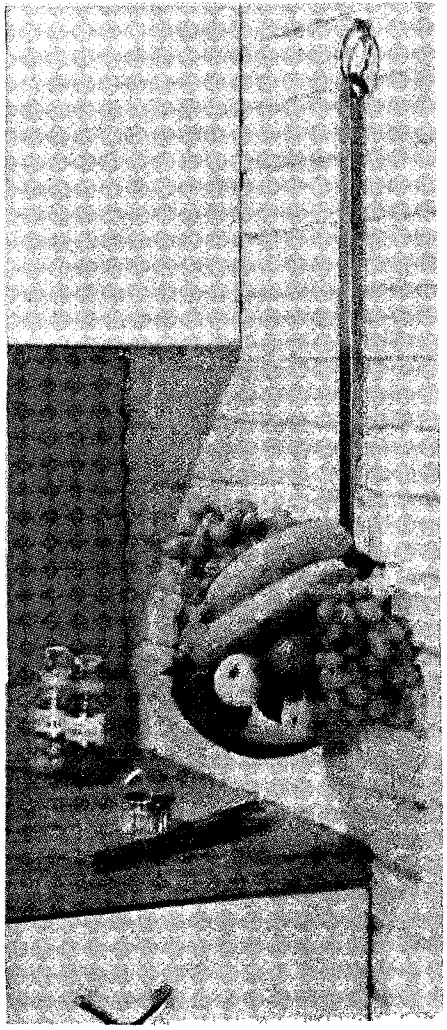
**Watch for more
"Decorate with Fruit" ideas
from the special exhibit in
the International Flower Show
at New York's Coliseum,
March 9 through 15.**

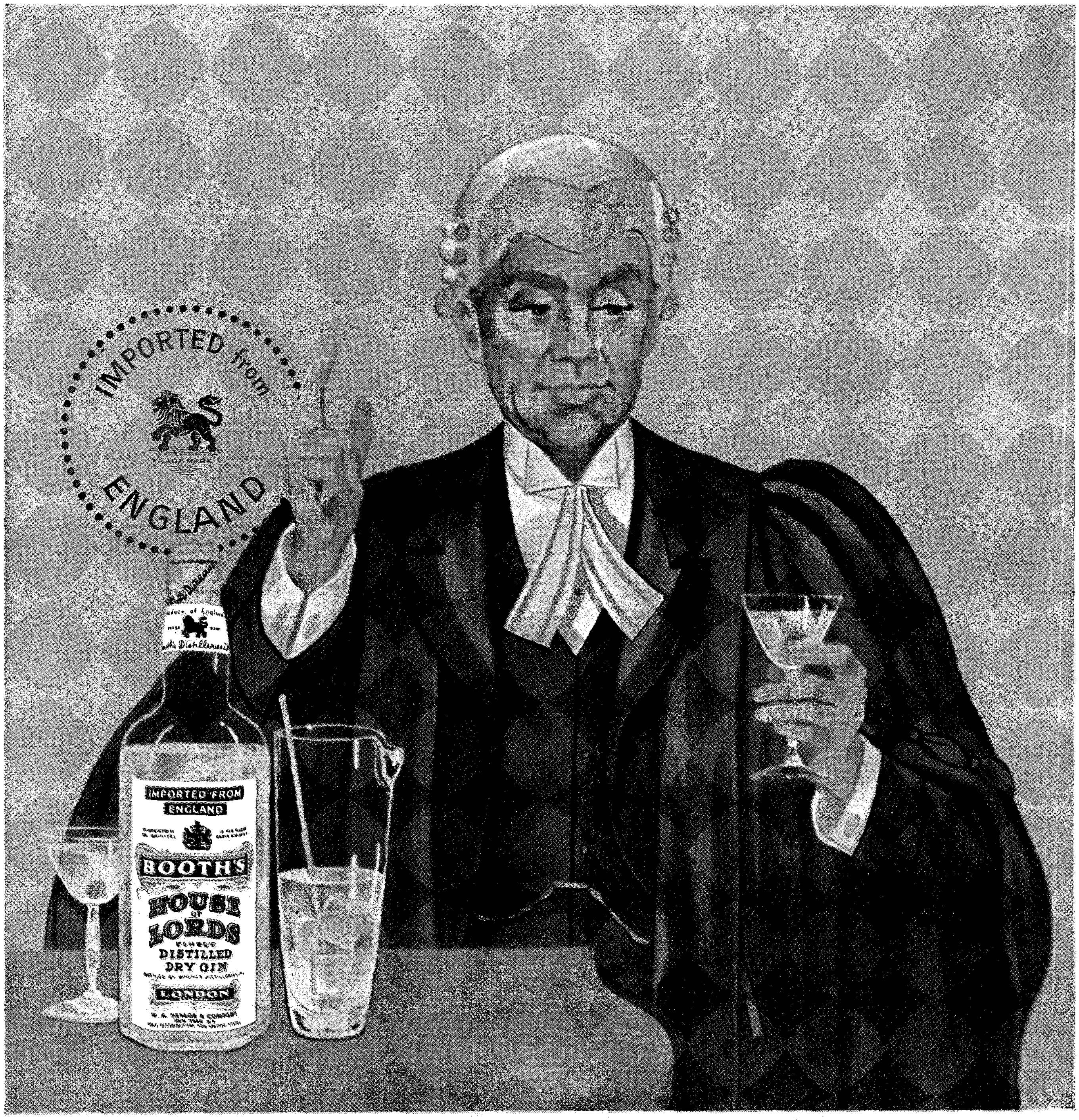
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

—who bring you bananas,
one of Nature's most versatile foods

FRUIT AND A BOOK—good idea! A long, narrow basket fits nicely on a bookshelf; shape and height contrast with books.

KITCHEN ACCENT—fruit in a scoop!





Sir Richard makes a convincing case

In summing up, Sir Richard pointed out that Booth's House of Lords gin dates back to 1740—that its excellence has caused it to be sold in every market in the world—and that more Booth's House of Lords has been imported by the United States since 1951 than all other brands of London dry gin combined. The evidence is conclusive, therefore, that Booth's House of Lords is the world's finest dry gin.

The delightful smoothness and flavor of Booth's House of Lords are sufficient to satisfy any unprejudiced man that it is the *essential* ingredient of the perfect Martini. In fact, many consider it almost a crime to make a Martini with a less noble gin.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
GIN DISTILLERS • BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.

BOOTH'S
HOUSE of LORDS
The World's finest DRY GIN

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • Sole Distributor for the U. S. A. • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF narrow at the sides but rises so high in front that the deep crown is invisible. Mr. John shows it in a soft-blue straw that he calls Spring Rain. Another tailored prize is a medium-brimmed, flat-crowned sailor to be worn high and straight on the head. (Such straight-across severity is still permissible.)

BEWITCHERY is the attitude at Walter Florell, where the cloche is having its greatest boom since Lorelei Lee was every man's preference. The place teems with medium-brimmed cloches, down on the ears but arching over the brows, bonnet style, and topped by high, sort of narrow crowns. A citrus straw is encircled by a surah handkerchief in a black-and-white check, and one corner of the handkerchief comes out in a point at the center front of the brim. Some Florell cloches are layers and layers and layers of chiffon; one in Americana blue has a red velvet band, and chiffon scarves trail down the back or wrap around the throat. Another is of purple straw with violets spilling over one side. In fact, many of his cloches are piled with flowers. Such as a white straw, quite deep, with practically an Arc de Triomphe over the forehead and a brim covered with white sweet peas, or a high, wide, handsome black bali with white snowballs and sweet peas swarming over it. Florell does right by toques, too. One, of imported burlap (it looks like tweed), has a cuff of black velvet, two velvet buttons up the front, and a velvet circle at the top. As for turbans, a Florell with masses of roses and white grapes rolling up the center makes the Emmé counterparts seem almost conservative. A much less obstreperous one is of white organza on which a minute black velvet pattern is embossed.

SHEER prettiness is the thing in Tatiana's salon, at Saks Fifth Avenue—organdies, printed chiffons, dotted veiling, and all that. There are tiny bonnets and deep caps of green veiling and pale ivy leaves; there are cloches with no discernible waistline between the deep crown and the brim, these frequently of natural bali wrapped in beige veiling on which yellow and pale-bronze dots dance; there are high little toques with lilies of the valley in ambush under soft veiling. Tucked white organdie is called upon for small cap-turbans (caps are a Tatiana specialty), whose back folds disappear into a bit of black velvet ribbon that comes up from the nape and whose front folds are draped upward

Rendezvous with Kenton
All through the night
FRED WARING and the PENNSYLVANIANS
MOMMY, GIMME A DRINKA WATER
DANNY KAYE
THE GEORGE SHEARING QUINTET
night mist
RAY ANTHONY
The Dream Girl
Voices in Latin
THE 4 FRESHMEN
JAZZ ULTIMATE
BOBBY HACKETT
JACK TEAGARDEN
Romantic London
CLASS OF '25
Joe "Fingers" Carr and Pee Wee Hunt
Capitol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RECORDS

HERE'S WHERE YOU Shop for Pops

Swinging dance music, from Balboa's Rendezvous Ballroom, marks Stan's homecoming to the place his success began. T932

Waring's tasteful anthology of choral singing. It's relaxing music, reminiscent of the Saturday night sing. T936

Danny Kaye captures the will o' the wisp of childhood, as only Danny can. Full of heartwarming humor. T937

The Shearing quintet with voices, like night mist, transforms the familiar into the enchanting. T943

A bewitching vision of youth to dream with, to dance with. Ray Anthony, his trumpet and orchestra. T969

The boys pack bongos and head south, where the temperature and tempo are hot. Pete Rugolo's big-band rhythm. T922

Everybody's favorite jazzmen, Hackett and Teagarden and an all-star group, play everybody's favorite jazz. T933

Internationally favorite tunes, sung by Eddie Calvert's Golden Trumpet, echo the soulful charm of London Town. T10068

This razz-ma-tazz reunion with "Fingers," "Pee Wee" and friends has all the kick of bathtub gin. T935

New High Fidelity Albums by Capitol Records

SILK, YOU SAY? Even better, we say... drip-dry Dacron-and-cotton more silky than a cocoon, crystal-pleated of skirt, curved into a jacket collared with washable velvet. Black or navy. Sizes 8 to 16. 32.50

Our Hat Bar Exclusive: Mr. John's Shantré straw, sparkle-buckled. A Mr. John Jr. 14.95

Young 3rd

mail and phone
orders filled
MU 8-6800
please add 35c
for postage

Young
Tailored
Woman
5th Avenue at 57th Street
EUGENE K. DENTON, President

to an inverted V of black velvet. Organdie or printed chiffon is occasionally used for small, ripple-brimmed cloches whose broad crowns are wrapped with the same fabric. A printed-chiffon turban is wrapped high in front to a pastel arrangement of forget-me-nots and apple blossoms; ombré organdie in muted desert colors (pinks to golds to browns) makes a low, round turban. And no one could help sharing Tatiana's enthusiasm for her bouquet hats, entirely of flowers, with the stems bunching out all in one place. There are many small, tilted caps on which these stems produce a Psyche knot toward the back. I especially admired one of yellow cowslips, but there are many bearing more sentimental flowers—daisies, anemones, and the like.

COME to think of it, everywhere you turn there is proof that although clothes are becoming gamine to the point of gawkiness, hats are more flowery-feminine than they have been in perhaps a rather bleak decade. (Danger: Some are downright candy-box and Kewpie-doll.) Irene of New York shows a small, prim, but springlike cloche that is all rows and rows of shirred white tulle with minuscule rosebuds stuck casually through the folds every which way. Next, she produces smashing turbans, wrapped upward to show quite a bit of hair in the center front and often slanting back toward open crowns. These may be of brilliant Paisley shantung in combinations like bright reds and peacock blues or else very lacy and filmy, such as a tall, fat hat that involves spiky white bouvardia flowers and tiny green leaves on a net base. Irene, like Mr. John, is inclined to make striped materials on her own. One of them blends white organdie, red and gold velvet ribbon, black straw braid, and colored lace. The turban that results from this dips down to one ear and ends in a toppling top. Bulky but transparent hats, a mania everywhere, are well represented here. Irene likes openwork Tuscan straw for this sort of work. A small, straight-brimmed sailor, to be worn back from the face, is heaped with giant anemones, through which coral and turquoise and sapphire grosgrain ribbon twists its serpentine way. She also uses Tuscan straw for inverted-peach-basket types piled with flowers—lilacs, daisies, lopsided roses, or what you will.

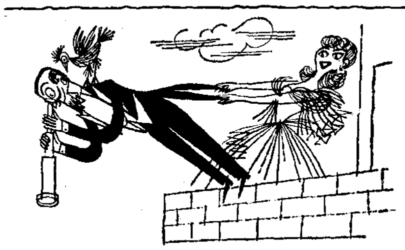
LADDIE NORTHRIDGE has always wanted dappled sunlight to play like the deer and the antelope on the winsome

HEIDELBERG...
travelers' delight

Fly Lufthansa *non-stop*
from New York to Frankfurt...
and journey on
to romantic Heidelberg.

See your Travel Agent
LUFTHANSA
AIRLINES
555 Fifth Avenue, New York MU 2-9100
Representation in all Principal Cities

OH
A RAINCOAT?
NO...
A MAINCOAT®!
IRIDON $40
LONDON FOG
LONDONTOWN MFG. CO.
350 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1



SEE WHAT WE MEAN?... a room with a view that's unsurpassed in all New York... in the smartest part of town—exclusive Beekman Hill... a room with intangible little extras in service that will bring you back to us every time you're in town. *Singles from $7.00. Doubles from $10.*

WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.
TOP O' THE TOWER COCKTAIL LOUNGE
Beekman Tower
HOTEL
49TH ST. AT EAST RIVER, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

Hometown paper for the whole state of Iowa... why?

because it is a good friend of the farmer? Could be. Iowa is famous as one of the nation's leading farm states and The Register and Tribune works hard to keep it that way. It was among the first in America to emphasize agricultural news. Iowa farmers, constantly seeking better ways to farm, have come to look to The Register and Tribune farm staff to keep them informed on new ideas, new methods. Today, The Register and Tribune not only has the largest rural circulation of any local newspaper . . . it has perhaps the most unusual circulation in America. Its papers are read by 70% of the whole state of Iowa!

DES MOINES REGISTER AND TRIBUNE

350,000 COMBINED DAILY • 500,000 SUNDAY

Gardner Cowles, President

PAUL PILLARD, Master Swine Producer of Coggan, Iowa.

LADY ALFRED'S BEAUTIFULLY TAILORED SILK JOCKEY SHIRT HAS A NEW SPRING PARTNER... THAT REFLECTS ALL THE ELOQUENCE AND FLAWLESS WORKMANSHIP OF THIS NUMBER ONE SHIRT TAILOR. SEE THIS COORDINATED PAIR. ONLY AT HALLE'S IN CLEVELAND.

THE SHIRT IN WHITE, YELLOW AND GREY; LIGHT BLUE, WHITE AND GREY. SIZES 10 TO 18. 12.98. THE MATCHING, FULLY LINED SKIRT IN BLUE, YELLOW OR CHARCOAL. SIZES 10 TO 18 ...... 16.98

SPORTS SHOP—FOURTH FLOOR

The Halle Bros. Co.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

faces beneath his hats, and to this end he has put together a series of "trellis" notions, which are openwork arrangements of green stems and foliage with flowers scattered over them. The brim of a small sailor of natural Milan is greatly extended to make just such a trellis arrangement; poppies and bluets are strewn over its open spaces for good measure. There are arched bonnets piled with roses, there are little tilted caps, there are all sorts of shapes, including bicornes, because Northridge loves bicornes for every season. One, of black Milan, sprouts big moss roses that are visible only in profile, and from the back, at that. Further flowers occur on his tiny Postscripts, which are cocktail caps of wire covered with velvet. His mimosa is still my favorite flora, but his new bleeding heart may soon supplant it in my esteem. For tailored clothes, he shows casual, brimmed hats of stitched Milan in a slouchy, Garbo mood, with rather high, draped crowns. A new idea is using shiny black straw with bands of saw-toothed black patent leather making stripes on it. Patent-leather bags, gloves, kitchen aprons to match the hats of it, naturally, for Mr. N. is fanatic about accessories. And while others are doing fairly traditional rollers and Bretons and padre hats, he is doing seven-sided Bretons of beige bali that are really something. Whether you're hellbent for Dallas or Ascot, a big, sheer black hat is useful, and this year's contribution from Northridge is of point d'esprit in shirred ruching, with black satin bows near the edge of the undulating brim.

TOBY COPPOCK, at 23 East Sixty-seventh Street, is for petite women who like fluff in front of their coiffures to give them height, and nearly all of his hats are cut well back to show plenty of hair. His caps have always had a reputation. This year he's making flowered ones that are quite deep. Crushed roses and petals and leaves compose one; another is entirely of navy petals, and a pale-turquoise rose sits next one ear; nasturtiums and yellow and orange anemones compose a third. This year, too, his customers are being given unaccustomed (but becoming) height with tall and pointed turbans. One charmer is of polished white cotton printed with rosebuds. Another, of yellow basketweave straw, has folds that go into a spiral twist toward a doge sort of peak at the back. A dome turban of citron-yellow silk (this one suggests the Bengal Lancers) has a big fold going out and down from the side back.

FOR RESERVATIONS
at the fabulous
Sands
HOTEL
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
call...

NEW YORK	LOngacre 3-3583
WASHINGTON, D.C.	ADams 2-6254
CLEVELAND	PRospect 1-3310
CHICAGO	CEntral 6-3317
ST. LOUIS	JEfferson 1-9115
NEW ORLEANS	TUlane 5868
LAS VEGAS	DUdley 2-7100
SAN FRANCISCO	EXbrook 7-2287
LOS ANGELES	BRadshaw 2-8611
TORONTO	WAlnut 3-8161

fun! action! excitement! ...24 hours a day!

Drive thro' Britain in a VICTOR BRITAIN Car

Latest model British cars, many with automatic transmission, to drive yourself, or with uniformed chauffeur.

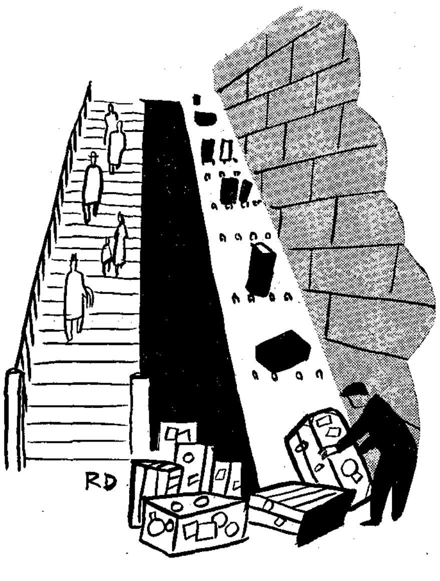
Low rates include free gas and oil.

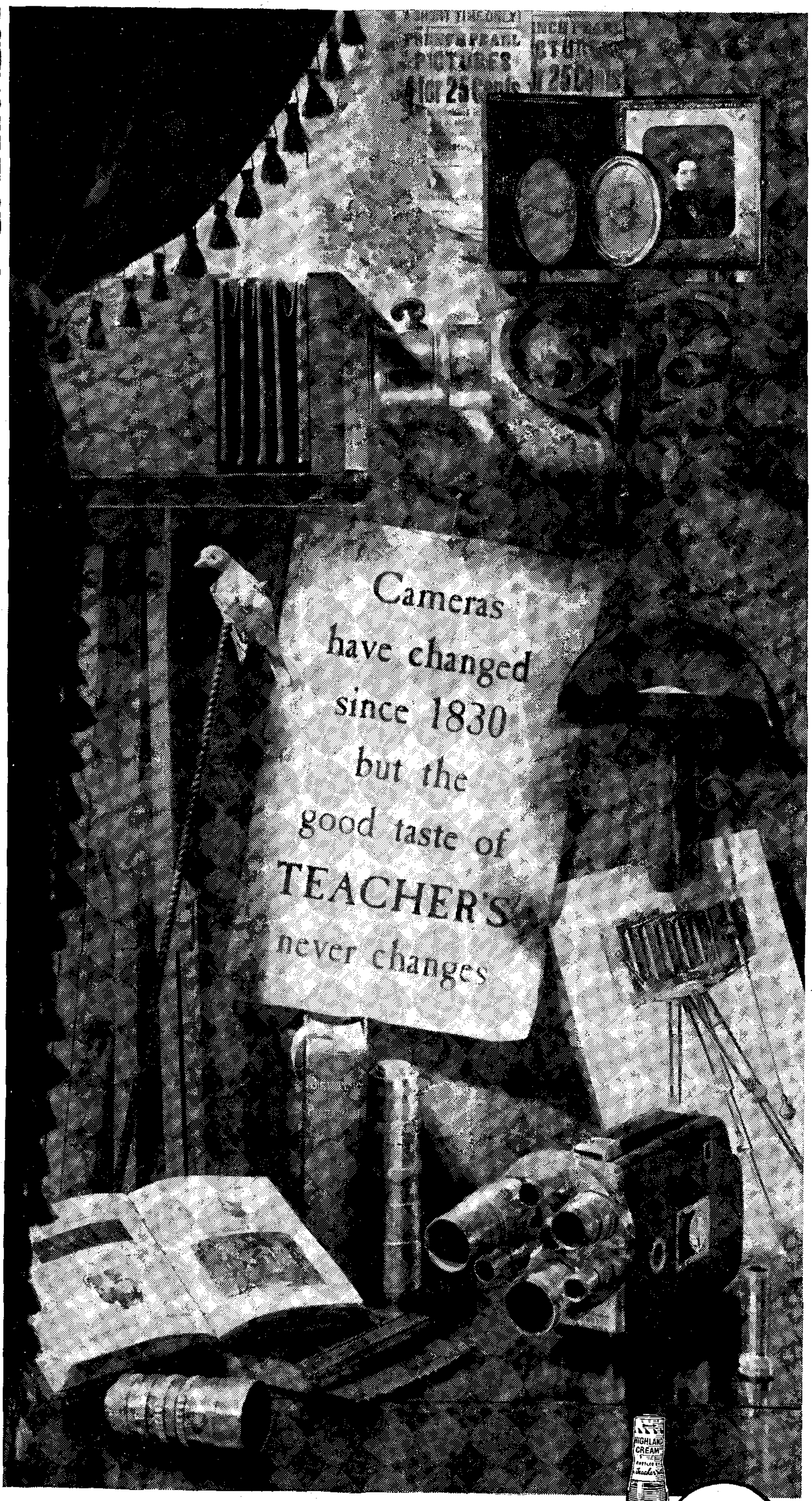
Write now for "Dine and Drive thro' Britain"—it's free and will help you plan your vacation.

VICTOR BRITAIN
THE CAR-HIRE SPECIALIST
12a Berkeley St., London, W.1., England.
Cables: Autobritn, London.
Teletype: 2-3688.

FABULOUS FOOD in a POLYNESIAN PARADISE
Luau 400
RESERVATIONS EL 5-6555
57TH EAST OF FIRST AVENUE

In spite of all this, Mr. Toby is still doing the small hats that first brought him attention, notably tailored straws that are likely to have turned-back effects in front and irregular folds coming down to graze the back of one or both ears. A couple I particularly like are of white toyo, one simply bound with navy grosgrain ribbon and having a navy *cocarde* at one side, the other with appliquéd embroidered rosebuds over the crown—dainty but not sugary. And those little caps, often tilted to one side, are still around. This season, he uses a lot of that soft gray-green called reseda, which goes with navy, brown, gray, and many other colors. One cap is all velvet leaves, interspersed with the skeletons of leaves that look as though they'd been ravaged (to order, presumably) by Japanese beetles, a touch that comes under the head of prankishness. Another has velvet leaves and accordion-pleated white silk flowers and buds. Reseda is the color, too, of a tilted cap-turban of crocheted straw with a cluster of grosgrain ribbons in peacock and turquoise tones dangling from the peak at one side. For real frenzy, there are Toby's bathing turbans of cotton, designed to cover wet hair or conceal the pins needed to repair the stress and strain of the seaside. A wrapped, peaked turban of printed cotton (too good for most cabañas, I think) can be covered by a big, open-crowned sailor of dobbin straw (the kind horses' hats used to be made of), which drops over it when you want shade. The tip of the turban emerges jauntily through the top. Another is a Pagliacci peaked hat of white piqué (elastic across the back keeps it enveloping) covered with white pompons. Turquoise and royal-blue grosgrain ribbon dribbles from the summit at the side front and back. This, like-




Cameras have changed since 1830 but the good taste of TEACHER'S never changes

In a class by itself since 1830

TEACHER'S

HIGHLAND CREAM Scotch Whisky

86 PROOF • Blended Scotch Whisky

Schieffelin & Co., New York

TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
WM TEACHER & SONS
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND

Martha West

Carefree Traveler

LACY ORLON KNIT

Our great success of last season (now with three-quarter push-up sleeves) adapts itself smartly to almost any fashion occasion. It's feather-light, non-crushable, with a hand-knit look; washable, it dries flat in no time, needs no blocking, and keeps its shape. By Marinette, in beige, navy, black, French blue, pink. Sizes 10-20. 39.95
38-42 45.00

•

Special attention to Mail Orders.
Please add 3% sales tax in New York City.
45c outside New York City.

MARTHA WEST
444 Madison Ave. (at 49th) NEW YORK
also at WHITE PLAINS • NEW HAVEN
WESTPORT • NEW CANAAN

wise, is much too good for clam-digging.

ROBERT DUDLEY'S little shop is less interested in flower arrangements than in bows, and Mr. Dudley does flaring, perky ones that would be a challenge even to the great Reboux of yesteryear. A ribbon of Swiss taffeta, shading from pale to deep pink, makes a bow that flares out to one side of a Breton of black braided Italian horsehair, which is fascinating, filmy stuff. Another hat is a straight-in-front, narrow canotier with an iridescent taffeta bow flaring up in the center front. I saw it in copper and green shades. For the sack line, Mr. D. believes in simple hats with large brims that are down in back. Some fronts are arched. This happens to a hat of toast-colored bali with the crumpled crown surrounded by equally crushed matching ribbon. Or the hats may be curled up in front, Breton style. One such, of red-and-white checked Italian strawcloth, has red silk poppies around the crown.

AND that, for the time being, is that. But this is by no means the last bow, the last ribbon, or the last straw.

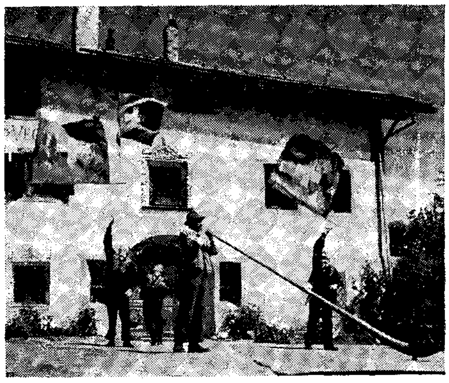
—LOIS LONG

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Sweet Silence

WISHING to inform myself about soundproofing in the home, an idea that occurred to me recently when the wreckers set to work on an old building not far from my quarters (the riveters will be along soon, of course), I called up that all but infallible source of structural knowledge, the Architects Samples Corporation, at 101 Park Avenue (40th), and asked to be directed to an authority on the subject. With a promptness that suggested it was producing *the* authority, the voice of the information desk gave me the name of H. V. Munchhausen, of the Munchhausen Soundproofing Company, on Riverside Drive (RI 9-6400). I have since had several interviews with this distinguished physicist, and although he considerately geared his discussion to my very limited ability to grasp the technicalities involved, I think it would be too much of a strain on all concerned if I attempted to report on his more important soundproofing achievements here in town or on the complicated acoustical problems he has solved for such clients as General Motors, Chrysler, Ford, the Walter Reed Hospital, and the Lederle Laboratories. How-

Switzerland



Flag Throwing . . . In most Swiss villages you will see "Fahnenschwingen" performed. A thrilling memory to make your trip so much more enjoyable—especially during the Pageant of Switzerland, 1958. Throughout the year exciting events are being held. Among the highlights is the Women's Exposition in Zurich, July 17 to September 15.

See your local Travel Agent. Or write to:

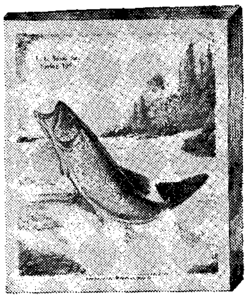
Swiss National Tourist Office
Dept. 8-45, 10 West 49th St., N. Y. 20, N. Y.
661 Market St., San Francisco 5, Cal.

OH
A RAINCOAT?
NO . . .
A MAINCOAT!
DUCHESS $30

LONDON FOG
LONDONTOWN MFG. CO.
350 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1

Bean's

Free Catalog
Just Off the Press



Fully illustrated 108 pages, shows three hundred and seventy-five items of interest to both men and women—special fishing tackle, footwear, clothing, leather and canvas specialties, many of our own manufacture.

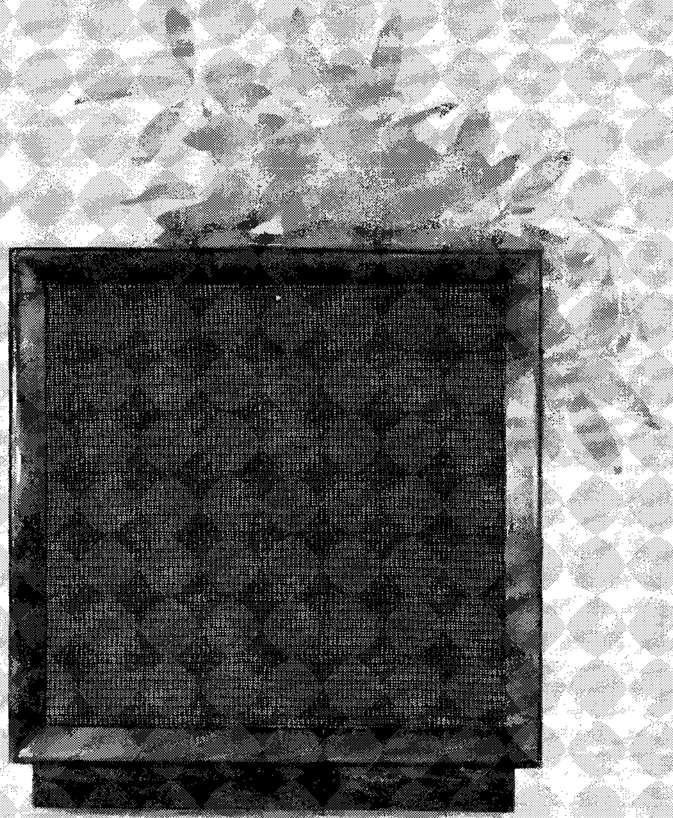
L. L. Bean, Inc., 244 Main St., Freeport, Maine
Mfrs. Fishing and Camping Specialties

ever, I did learn enough about his company's work to risk going into some of its simpler and more understandable aspects. The first thing I asked Mr. Munchhausen, whose cheerfully equable temper has, in itself, something of the calming effect of a good job of soundproofing, was what can be done to make life bearable for, say, apartment dwellers who live beneath a much-practiced-on piano or on a street where night traffic keeps up a racket until the Sanitation Department takes over at dawn with the ash cans, or, indeed, how any sufferer from the auditory nuisances classed as "minor" by those who have never been obliged to endure them can be relieved. As a first step in answering my question, Mr. Munchhausen picked up his telephone and asked an obliging couple who live a little farther down the Drive, and for whom he had just completed a bedroom-soundproofing job, if he might bring me in to inspect it. They agreed hospitably, and on our way down in a taxi Mr. Munchhausen explained the nature of the problem they had called him in to deal with. Actually, there were two problems. The first related to the continuous flow of traffic along Riverside Drive during the rush hours (the room in question overlooks the Drive, from the fourth floor) and the complementary irritations provided by a garbage-collection service that goes into action at an inordinately early hour. The second—and equally unendurable—difficulty was caused by a hefty and active couple who occupied the apartment above and refused to lay carpets or otherwise alleviate the anguish of the insomniacs below.

On entering the bedroom, I was shown two prefabricated soundproof windows, made to order by the Munchhausen company, that had been put in as a solution to the first problem. They were good-looking casement windows, with double plate-glass panes four feet wide and five and a half feet high, and they had been installed on the inside of the existing apartment-house frames, so that a barrier of three thicknesses of glass intervened between the occupants of the room and the outside world. To provide still further insulation, the panes had been set in a wooden frame separated from the existing frame by a layer of soundproofing and anti-vibration material. The result is that when the windows are closed, no more noise gets through than gets through the solid wall of the building. When the casement is opened, the outer window functions as usual and can be washed as

In Homes
Where the Best
Is Customary

High Fidelity
by
Pilot



Your friends will listen in wonderment and admiration. For such is the magic of Pilot High Fidelity that, with the flick of a switch, you can transform your living room into a spacious concert hall—a box at the opera—or front row center of your favorite hit musical. Only a personal appearance by the artist can compare with the thrilling, life-like quality of a musical performance played through a Pilot High Fidelity Console.

Ensemble 1031, FM-AM radio-phonograph system, in cordovan mahogany, $379.50; in cherry or blond mahogany, or walnut, $389.50 (slightly higher in West). For complete description and free 16-page booklet—"High Fidelity in the Home"—write to:

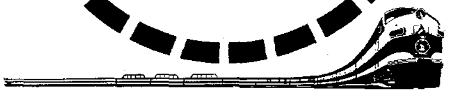
Pilot RADIO CORPORATION, Long Island City 1, N. Y.

Electronic manufacturer for more than 39 years

Thrifty hint from Rocky...

GO FAMILY STYLE
(at family fares*)

on the incomparable
EMPIRE BUILDER



You and the children go carefree on the Empire Builder. Great mountain scenery from Great Dome seats. Superb meals in diner or Ranch Car. Roomy Pullman privacy and comfort. Arrive rested, ready for fun . . . money ahead!*

***FAMILY PLAN FARES:** Leave Monday through Thursday; return any day. Dad pays full fare; mother and children pay half-fare or less.

Write P. G. HOLMES, *Passenger Traffic Mgr.*, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul 1, Minn. or see your ticket or travel agent.

It's **GREAT** going
GREAT NORTHERN

Daily streamliner between Chicago
St. Paul • Minneapolis • Spokane
Seattle-Portland

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

usual. As for the casement window, since it is inside the room, it seldom needs washing, so there is little added bother or expense on this account. Another advantage of Munchhausen's casement windows is that they are entirely demountable, which means that it isn't necessary to get a landlord's permission to put them in or to take them out at the expiration of a lease. In fact, the only serious disadvantage I can think of is the necessity of choosing between fresh air and quiet. The people whose apartment I visited have solved that problem to their own satisfaction by leaving the bedroom windows open during the day and then, at night, opening a door into an adjoining room where there is an air-conditioner in a window that doesn't give onto the Drive. Nevertheless, the problem of how to get fresh air into a hermetically sealed room certainly exists.

Having thus coped with traffic noises, Mr. Munchhausen turned his attention to the annoyance overhead. To remedy that situation, a floating ceiling was put in, hung on a set of twenty steel springs in such a way as not to touch the walls at any point. This installation, I was told, has so successfully eliminated the sounds from above that if the downstairs people didn't occasionally meet the heavy-footed upstairs people in the elevator, they might assume the pair had moved away to plague less resourceful neighbors. The floating ceiling looks exactly like any other ceiling—not even noticeably low, although, with an air chamber between it and the original one, the height of the room has actually been reduced by about ten inches. The installation of the two windows and the floating ceiling took the better part of two days, I was told, and the cost was $1,800—$400 for each window and $1,000 for the suspended ceiling.

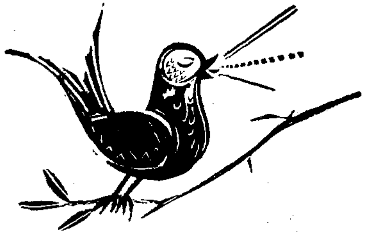
Bringing acoustical peace and quiet to the home does not always involve such elaborate operations, Mr. Munchhausen assured me. Piano playing, for example, can be made entirely painless to tenants of a room directly below if the piano legs are set on specially built mounts, which are effective for either a grand or an upright, and cost $100, installed. A recent problem posed by a tyrannical infant whose nursery adjoins the living room and who would not tolerate even the most discreet evening entertainment by his browbeaten family was dealt with by the installation of a prefabricated Munchhausen door (it incorporates an internal air space), which has enabled child and parents to

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

MADRAS SHORTS. Our exclusive fly-front shorts tailored by Florence Walsh in wonderful India Madras. Muted shades of blue, green or gold predominating. Sizes 10-18 **$8.95**

545 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK
PLEASE STATE COLOR PREFERENCE WHEN ORDERING

WITH
Sonotone®
PHONO CARTRIDGES
you can hear the difference

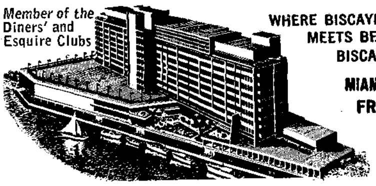


When you buy or modernize your record player, insist on *Sonotone Ceramic Cartridges*

DUPONT TARLETON
DUPONT PLAZA CENTER
LIVE NOW IN THE FUTURE

MIAMI'S first and only water's-edge Hotel ...your luxury business and pleasure address.

Member of the Diners' and Esquire Clubs

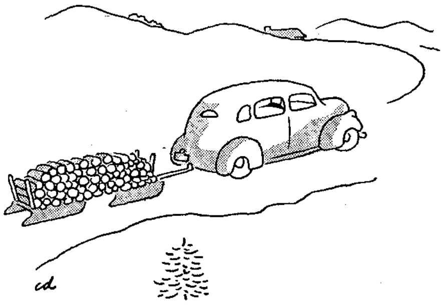


WHERE BISCAYNE BLVD. MEETS BEAUTIFUL BISCAYNE BAY
MIAMI, Phone FR 9-6866

lead happy lives of their own. The price of the door is $400, which, like all the Munchhausen company's charges, includes the cost of installation.

I WOULD now like to direct your attention to an insulating covering for walls and ceilings. It is called Curon, and was introduced quite recently by Curtiss-Wright, a firm I had previously associated only with airplanes. The material comes in ten-inch squares that are said to be uncommonly easy for ambitious do-it-yourself householders to cope with, and the claim is that they will sharply reduce the reverberation of noise—or, for that matter, the transmission of noise—in any room where they are installed. Gimbel is making a big to-do over the material, but I have very little first-hand information to offer about it, because I haven't yet been able to see it in action. The nearest permanent installation of the squares is, I am told, at the Hackensack Hospital, but in a room not open to the public. What I can pass along, of my own knowledge, is that the squares are of an unusual foamlike texture, that they can be had, either smooth-surfaced or striated, in quite pleasing colors, and that the price is thirty-four cents a square.

IN reporting, as I now propose to do, on some magnificent new carpets made by Edward Fields (Lord & Taylor is the exclusive retail outlet for them here), I am not, as it might appear, abruptly changing the subject from soundproofing to housefurnishings. On the contrary, any acoustical consultant considers the question of carpets in the home to be of the first importance, and their placement in an overhead apartment, it is claimed, not only has kept many a downstairs tenant from going to court but has sometimes even obviated the necessity of structural changes to make a room reasonably soundproof. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which runs Peter Cooper Village and Stuyvesant Town, recognizes the value of carpets in the preservation of amicable relations between apartment dwellers, and sets



NEW DIRECTION FOR COCKTAIL CONNOISSEURS...

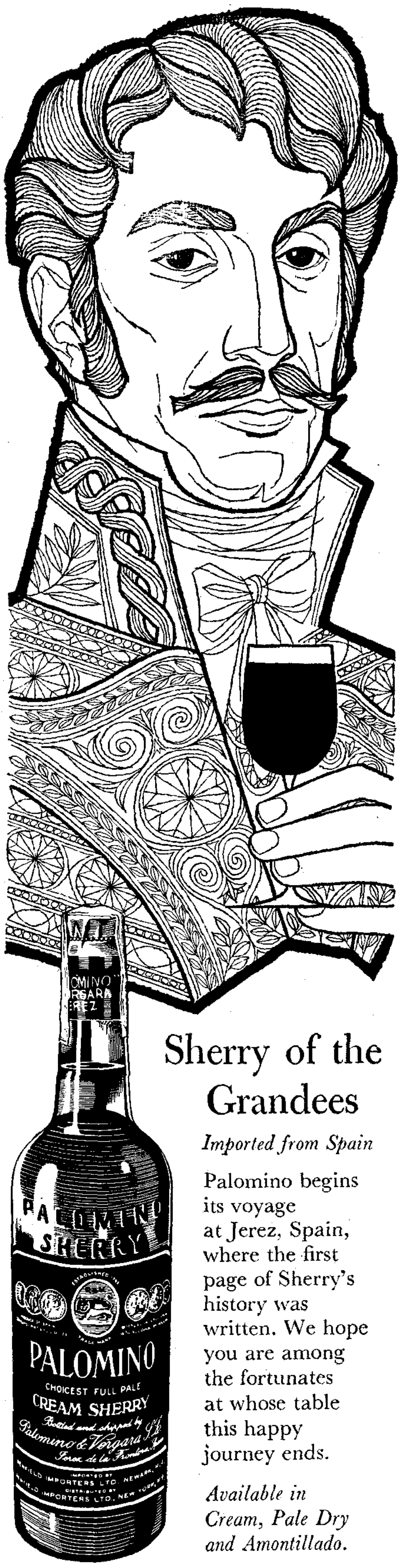
AALBORG HAS BEEN ADDED

Aalborg Akvavit . . . the captivating, caraway-flavored spirit from Denmark . . . is no stranger to these shores. Americans have long enjoyed Aalborg the traditional Danish way—direct from the ice-chilled bottle, often chased by a zesty beer.

Lately, however, Aalborgites have sought and found new horizons. The Aalborg Martini has definitely arrived. So has the Aalborg Bloody Mary. A few other tantalizing newcomers also show promise of staying. Among them—Aalborg-and-Tonic, Aalborg-on-the-Rocks, Danish Screwdrivers (a fascinating new twist).

As the perfect complement to Smorgasbord, or to most any bill of fare, delightful Aalborg makes a delicious difference. Ask for Aalborg Akvavit post haste at your nearest package store, or at the better bars and restaurants around town.

BRIONES & CO., INC., NEW YORK 4, N. Y. • 90 PROOF—100% POTATO NEUTRAL SPIRITS



Sherry of the Grandees

Imported from Spain

Palomino begins its voyage at Jerez, Spain, where the first page of Sherry's history was written. We hope you are among the fortunates at whose table this happy journey ends.

Available in Cream, Pale Dry and Amontillado.

PALOMINO SHERRIES

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.

forth in its leases that tenants are required to have rugs on all floors at all times.

Trying to keep one's mind on the utilitarian aspect of the Fields carpets is no easy matter, since the collection includes specimens that are beautiful beyond words, and of an elegance that makes their utility, and even their hundred-per-cent-wool content, seem a very piffling consideration. Outstanding among the splendid patterns and weaves is a group designed around various Louis XIV motifs and produced, for the most part, in off-white and shades of gold—a combination that might well have dazzled Le Roi Soleil himself. Many of the carpets have a plain white center and an elaborate deep border of the gold (a particularly happy model has a border of deep-yellow stylized wheat sheaves), all done in a weave that is a combination of tapestry and velours pile. Contributing to the noise-deadening quality of the rugs, many of which are as much as an inch thick, is a particularly tight and heavy weave, calculated to do a very effective job of soundproofing. (I am told, by the way, that an inch is the maximum desirable thickness for a carpet, because anything thicker causes the feet to drag unpleasantly. But if you simply must have further lush luxury underfoot, you can go as far as you like with cushioning pads.) Since the Fields carpets are all made to order, with color combinations, size of border, and so on, specified by the client, there isn't much point in continuing this account of the Fields collection beyond mentioning—to give you an idea of prices—the fact that a nine-by-twelve-foot rug costs around $800 and a sixteen-by-twenty-six-foot one will run to about $3,600.

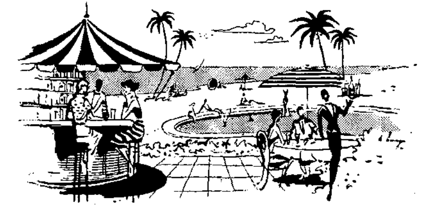
RECENTLY, I watched the first portable air-conditioner in captivity that can cool, heat, and dehumidify being put through its paces, to the apparent satisfaction of all those present who felt the need of being cooled, heated, or dehumidified. This new arrival, which is the brain child of the Carrier Corporation, can be mounted in any standard window and used either as a conventional room air-conditioner or, turned back-to-front, as a heat pump that will throw out enough heat to warm a chilly room in spring or autumn or to supplement an uncoöperative radiator when it's really cold. For the dehumidifying job, the portable is removed from the window and set on a table or on the floor. It operates on standard 115-volt current, ordinarily requires no special wiring, and can be

"New Look"—button-front, pleated all around. Sailor-girl jaunty in French or Skipper blue broadcloth with white. Toddler 2, 3, 3x and 3 to 6x 8.95, 7 to 12 $10.95. At fashion-aware stores or write.

Her Fashion Future Begins with

Celeste

1350 Broadway, New York 18, New York



THE Royal Caribbean
HOTEL AND SEA CLUB
NOW OPEN
Newest Luxury Resort in
MONTEGO BAY • JAMAICA B.W.I.
International Set Clientele
Superb Atmosphere
500 ft. Private Beach • Swimming Pool
World-Famous Entertainment
80 Rooms and Suites
KENNETH ARNOLD, Managing Director
U.S. Representative: OLIVER KERMIT
521 Fifth Ave., N.Y., Phone: MU 7-6862
See your Travel Agent • Write for Brochure

Have you seen Dorchester?

It's one of the many magnificent new bone china dinnerware patterns made by

Royal Worcester
OF ENGLAND
AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

5-Piece Place Setting— 16.75

bought for $149.95. The machine measures, roughly, twenty-two by sixteen by eleven inches and weighs something less than sixty pounds, from which information you can judge for yourself the degree of its portability; Carrier makes a point of the fact that it has a built-in handle, so if moving a sixty-pound load around *without* a handle doesn't dismay you, moving this one ought to be as easy as pie. It should be on the market by April 1st.

Right on top of this, General Electric has come out with a new version of its Thinline air-conditioner, which, because it claims to do only one thing, may sound awfully poky. Somehow, though, I always find G.E.'s characteristic dogged preoccupation with a single problem immensely reassuring, so I wasn't a bit surprised to find that this new Thinline does a very fine job of cooling, in a particularly quiet manner. Satisfactory as its performance is (it operates on regular house current), it is the machine's looks that are going to appeal to housewives and decorators. Actually, it's no thinner than last year's model, but the other dimensions have been reduced, so it takes up considerably less space and permits more light, and the effect is that of a minimum amount of air-conditioner. The new Thinline is fifteen and five-eighths inches high, twenty-six inches wide, and sixteen and seven-eighths inches deep—as trim and sleek a setup as you could desire. The price is $329.95. —S. H.

•

DENISE

Come here, Denise!
Come let us find a little patch of sun
And meditate a measurement of time.

I have outlived five dogs:
Hector and Hercules,
Genghis the golden,
The fashionable Pamplemousse,
And, lately, Hans of Weimar,
Hans of the amber eyes.

You are my last, Denise;
Life is but one dog more,
Denise, my raisin-bread Dalmatian,
Denise of the delicate crossed paws.

—ROBERT BEVERLY HALE

•

Married: Barbara *Trask* to Max S. Marshall. No details yet—only that the Marshalls are living in San Francisco—but, until we hear more, the Class sends best wishes.—*Wellesley College Alumnae Magazine.*

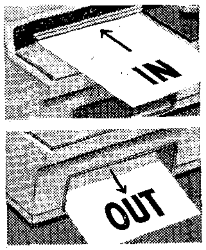
Just relax.

"makes copies in 4 seconds"
The "Thermo-Fax" Copying Machine

... it's the clean, dry process copy method!

The fast "Thermo-Fax" Copying Machine is the only All-Electric, dry process copy maker. With it you make copies in 4 seconds by electricity alone. You eliminate chemicals, negatives. You get your copies for as little as 5¢ each. Try it. Use it on your own business communications, on any forms you now must retype or duplicate. You'll see how the clean, modern simplicity of this exclusive dry copying process can save you time and money over any other copy method. For your demonstration, call your dealer. Or for details and your free copy of our new business communications book, just send the coupon below.

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
where RESEARCH is the key to tomorrow



PRODUCT OF 3M COMPANY RESEARCH
Thermo-Fax® BRAND COPYING PRODUCTS

IN 4 SECONDS

Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Company
Dept. NM-388, St. Paul 6, Minnesota

Send full details on the dry process THERMO-FAX "Secretary" Copying Machine and my free copy of your new book, *Better Business Communications.*

Name____________________
Company____________________
Address____________________
City__________Zone____State________

"Thermo-Fax" and "Secretary" are 3M Company trademarks

Now available in modest quantity—

WHITE SHOE PEG CORN

PERHAPS you recall dining at one of the Great Houses of Virginia or the Eastern Shore. If so, you may especially remember a Country Gentleman white corn. A delicacy held in high esteem thereabouts, since before Mr. Washington was President.

Here, newly come to market, is a *young scion of that aristocratic corn.* It is, we respectfully submit, unlike any other corn now obtainable.

For one thing, it is unusually crisp. The whole kernels bring to mind the very first corn of summer. Their shape, too, is remarkably tall and slender. They were named, in olden times, after the tiny pegs then used in fine shoes. And, as you'd expect, their flavor is extraordinary. It is an experience which a gastronome should treasure.

For reasons inherent in the breed, *this corn has always been rather rare.* Its special seed is the result of hundreds and hundreds of crossbreedings. And then, the seed is planted in but a few selected acreages in the United States.

Now, however, modest quantities of this unique corn can be obtained from the finer grocers. Le Sueur Brand white shoe peg corn. Try it very soon.

LE SUEUR
WHITE CORN

LE SUEUR
BRAND
White Shoe Peg CORN
VACUUM PACKED

P.S. Have you tried Le Sueur Brand peas? Very young, very tender, very much like the celebrated *petits pois* of France.

Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota
"Le Sueur" Brand Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. ©GGCo.

LOVE IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPT.

[Two love poems from "Songs from the Yumen Oilfields," an English-language book of verse published by the Foreign Language Press of Peking. The author, Li Chi, is described in the book as a former company political instructor in the Chinese People's Liberation Army, now writing and "doing administrative work in local governments"]

BLACK EYES

In library or distilling tower,
Wherever I may chance to be,
Always those two big black eyes
Quietly, furtively, follow me.

Overfulfillment of our plan
Brightens those two big black eyes,
But if anything goes wrong,
They darken like tempestuous skies.

O big black eyes, why are your glances
So sympathetic, soft and warm?
Do you want us to produce more petrol
Or does my medal make the charm?

Lovely, lustrous, big black eyes,
Don't go on looking, only say
That you love kerosene and petrol—
We'll welcome you here any day.

You must be eyeing my gold medal
(Reward for honest work) unless
There is some other thing you're after....
In that case I must confess
That by yonder Chi Lien Mountain*
There lives a charming shepherdess....

*A mountain range in Kansu Province.

WHITE POPLAR

That poplar tree is ten years old
And yet you're taller, I should say;
That is because it wasn't watered;
Poplars need water every day.

That oil-well used to be productive,
Why is there now not more oil seen?
It's only because the pipes are fouled;
It's you who've failed to keep them clean.

Youth Leaguers criticized you for it,
Your comrades said as much or more;
They all agree that you have changed;
Your work's not what it was before.

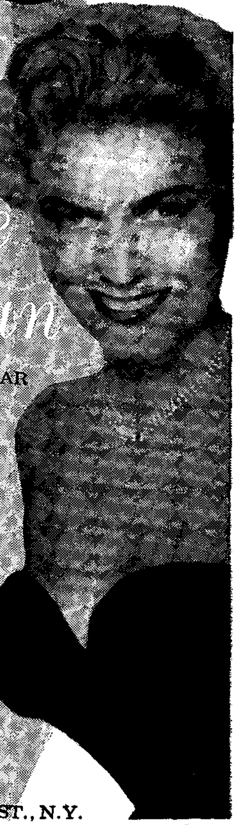
That big red flower that you wear
Intrinsically is not worth much,
But it brings honour to the wearer;
You should pay it respect as such.

Three times they've made you model
worker
But next time they'll not be so eager;
They will think then as I do now
Of your behaviour as a Leaguer.

You loiter and chat at the parking-place
Or look for me in the library;
You really can't go on like this;
They're saying bad things about me.

You and I are both Youth Leaguers,
And you're a model worker, too;
We two should clearly understand
My lover can't be a youth like you.

THE
Persian Room
PRESENTS



Jane Morgan
RECORDING STAR

TED STRAETER
His Songs, Piano and Orchestra

MARK MONTE'S CONTINENTALS

THE PLAZA
PLAZA 9-3000
FIFTH AVE. AT 59TH ST., N.Y.

SKYTOP CLUB
"*Secluded in the Poconos*"

For a week or a weekend of healthful rest . . . lovely level walks, hayrides, cook-outs, music, entertainment, all activities if you choose . . . everything for children . . . and those delicious Skytop meals! In N. Y. Phone MU 6-8648.

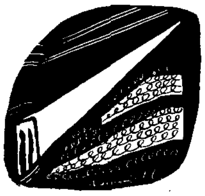
SKYTOP CLUB
Box 1, SKYTOP, PA.
"COUNTRY WEEKENDS" THROUGH MARCH
Wm. W. Malleson, Jr., General Manager

BOCK BEER FESTIVAL
MARCH 6–9

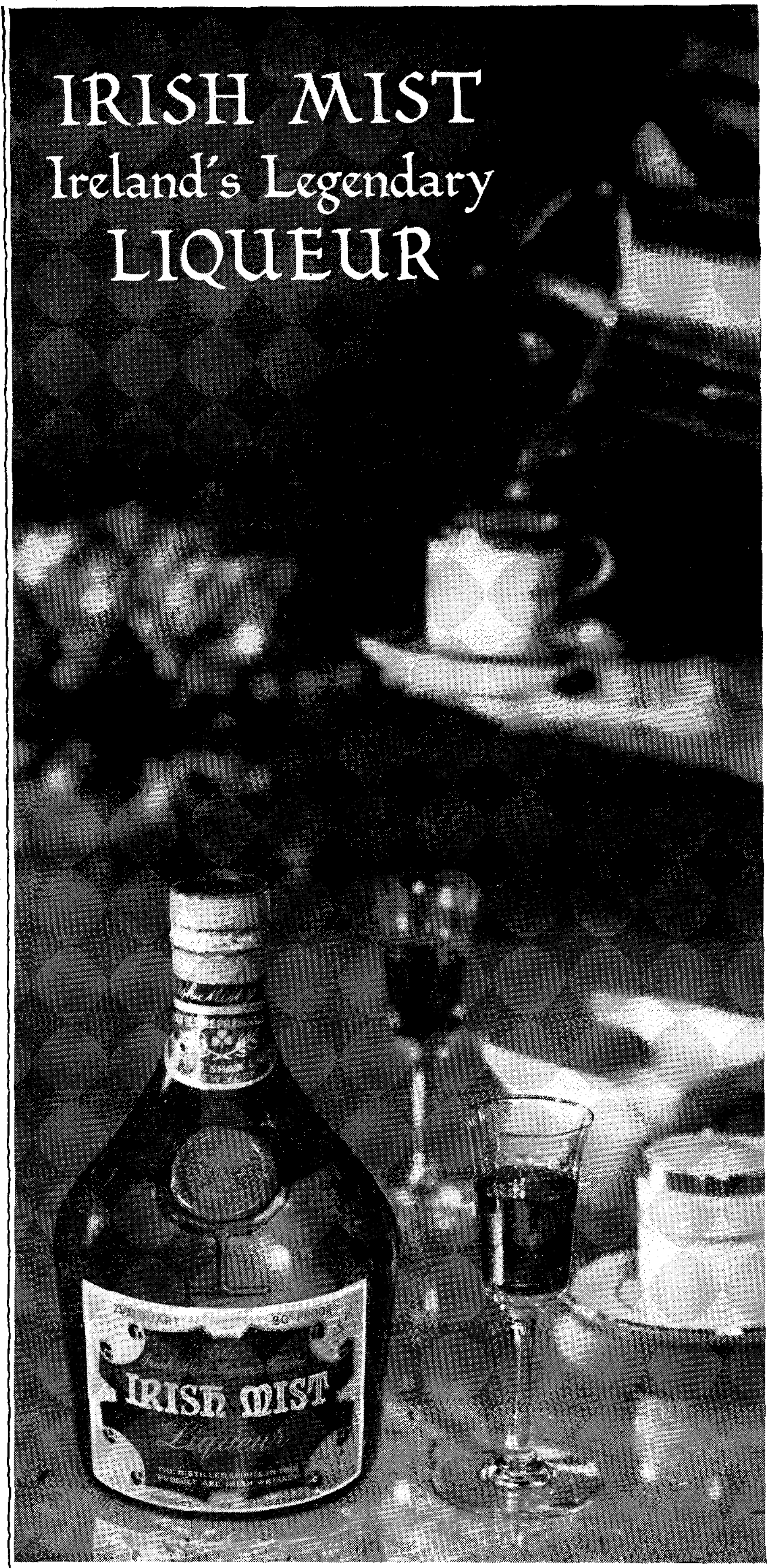
Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car at dinner

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Magnani in a Wimple



“THE AWAKENING,” an Italian film directed by Mario Camerini, has a nun as its central character, but, unlike most pictures I've seen that have concentrated on a religious, it is neither overly pious nor overly coy in its approach to its heroine. Mr. Camerini, who also wrote the screenplay, along with Cesare Zavattini, has set out to depict a dedicated woman who is shrewd, funny, fallible, and emotional, and, with the enormous assistance of Anna Magnani, he has succeeded handsomely. Miss Magnani is cast as Sister Letizia, recently returned to Rome and the headquarters of her order after a couple of decades of missionary work in Africa. A Roman who dearly loves her native city, she has hopes that she will spend a good long time in the home convent, which is in a building that overlooks practically all of Rome. But, alas, just after she has arranged her room so that she can see the dome of St. Peter's even while lying abed, she is dispatched by her Mother Superior to a poverty-stricken island in the Gulf of Naples, where a handful of nuns are struggling desperately to keep themselves alive in an antiquated convent. Her assignment is to sell the place, appease the creditors, and bring the nuns home to the mother house. After the grandeur of Rome, the leaky old pile that serves as a convent on the island appalls Miss Magnani, and she goes about getting rid of it with all possible speed. But one evening three small vandals, aged about ten, steal the convent's goat, and our Sister, upon apprehending one of them, finds herself overcome with maternal feeling for him. Played by a small fry named Piero Boccia, who is yet another of those appealing children that the Italians so persistently turn up for their movies, the lad is a pathetic figure. His father is dead, his mother is constantly skipping off to Naples with her lover, and the aunt and uncle with whom he lives are firmly convinced that he is a hardened delinquent. Out of pity for the boy, Miss Magnani determines to put the convent into working order, rather than sell it, and before long the nuns are busy fishing, making nets, doing needle-



An ancient recipe . . . a brand-new taste experience. This delicious after-dinner drink is Ireland's only liqueur. Try it. 80 Proof. Sole U. S. Representatives: Munson G. Shaw Co., New York 17, N. Y.

If you have ever watched your child at play—secure, happy, unafraid—you have seen the strongest argument in the world for investing part of every pay in United States Savings Bonds. For bonds, which can protect her present and insure her future, are savings you cannot lose. They're Government-insured up to any amount. They pay 3¼% interest when held to maturity. And they make saving for security easier—because you can buy them automatically through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work. Or regularly where you bank. Why not start your bond program today? Make life more secure for someone you love.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

point, and climbing out of debt at a brisk clip. Miss Magnani's sly maneuvers with village tradesmen and workers are quite droll, and her efforts to protect Master Boccia from fully realizing his sad situation are gallant and heart-warming. Nevertheless, as time goes on, it becomes apparent that she is more interested in cultivating the affection of the small boy than in doing good works selflessly, as she should, according to her vows. Eventually, when she is ordered back to headquarters, she decides to take the boy along, planning to put him up with some relatives in Rome. But the boy keeps pining for his mother (who has legitimized her relationship with her lover somewhere along the line), and finally Sister Letizia seeks out his mother's beloved in Naples and persuades him to let the child accompany them on a projected trip to the United States. While there are some lethargic moments in this gentle story, it moves along, for the most part, with admirable dispatch, and the nuns who portray Miss Magnani's associates are just as likable as the children who portray Master Boccia's playmates.

"The Last Paradise," described as a documentary film, is a potpourri of lush scenery and implausible stories of Polynesia, none of it worth bothering about. The film is being shown in conjunction with one called "Satchmo the Great," a blowup of a television show put on by Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly. This has to do with Louis Armstrong's adventures all over the world, and Mr. Armstrong, who appears in it, makes them seem highly diverting. Mr. Murrow, as the commentator, tends to talk just a bit too much, and the continuity is rather slapdash, but Satchmo and his men are in high gear often enough to keep things fairly lively.

—John McCarten

•

A 1936 amendment of the Air Corps Act increased the authorization of serviceable aircraft from 1800 to 2320. There was a strong feeling among many that trouble was again brewing in Europe.—*The Air Officer's Guide.*

Aw, those crazy Cassandras!

•

Dear Friend:

What is the eternal question that looks you and every other man or woman squarely in the eye every morning?...—*Letter from Executive Books, 100 Sixth Avenue, New York.*

Choice of cereal?

The
GOLFER'S
Beach
CLUB...

Combine great golfing with the luxury of a glamorous beach Club ...famed Lido Biltmore Club on the azure Gulf of Mexico in beautiful Sarasota . . . Florida at its freshest and greenest. Swimming from spacious private beach of snow-white sand. Superb cuisine, lavishly appointed rooms, sumptuous setting, every opportunity for gaiety and recreational diversions.

For color folder, information and reservations, Robert F. Warner, Inc., 17 East 45th St., New York City, MUrray Hill 2-4300.

THE Lido Biltmore CLUB
LIDO BEACH • SARASOTA • FLORIDA
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER

Drake Room
Preferred by the town's most interesting people for
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
AFTER THEATRE SUPPER
with Addison Bailey's piano divertissements of the day during cocktail time, dinner and supper.
HOTEL Drake
440 Park Avenue, at 56th Street
PLaza 5-0600
Bing & Bing, Inc. Mgt

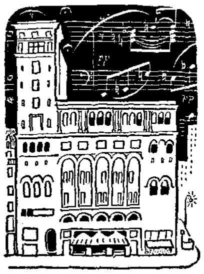
MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

MUSICAL EVENTS

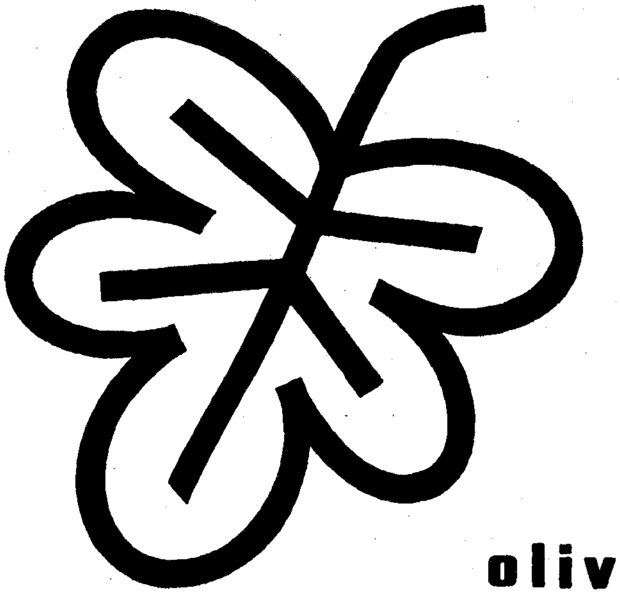
Pros and Cons



Verdi's "Otello," which has always seemed to me the greatest of all the operas written in the nineteenth century, reappeared at the Metropolitan last week after an absence of three years, and managed to exert some of its grand, tempestuous magic, despite a scenic production that is now beginning to look a little frayed and a musical performance that I found rather spotty. With a couple of noteworthy exceptions, there was something good and something bad to be said about nearly everyone in it, though the good things outweighed the bad things sufficiently to provide a satisfying evening. Fausto Cleva, the conductor, handled the choruses of the first act in a highly spirited manner, and his tempos throughout the opera were generally crisp and correct. He did not, however, succeed when it came to injecting into the complex and tightly woven score the dramatic propulsion and the sense of cumulative power that "Otello" demands for its full, monumental effect, and some of the ensembles—especially those of the second and third acts—were not as lucid as they should have been.

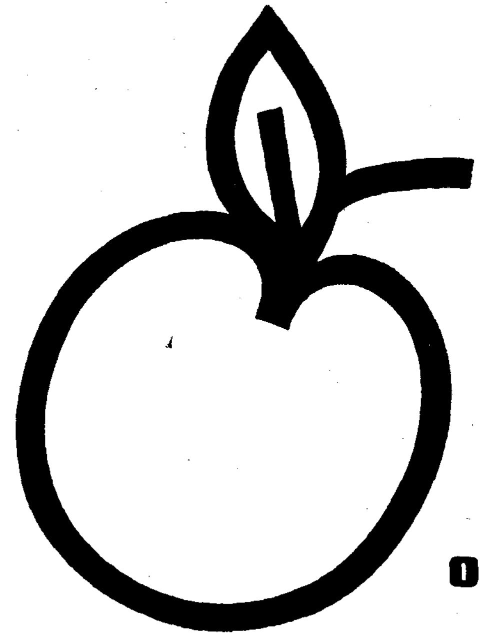
In the title role, Mario Del Monaco again presented an interpretation that is probably as fine as any this generation of operagoers has heard. He is a handsome figure on the stage, and his voice has the virile, ringing quality of the true *tenore di forza*—something that is both rare and well worth listening to. The assurance with which he tackled the terrifyingly high and brilliant phrases that follow his first entrance was nothing short of thrilling. And yet there are facets of the role that continue to elude him. These include the tenderness that should lend poetry to his opening love scene with Desdemona, and the capacity for projecting the essential nobility of Otello's character—thus making the desperation and frenzy of the later acts doubly gripping by contrast. In short, Mr. Del Monaco's Otello is not a particularly subtle one; it is inclined to be monochromatically vigorous from beginning to end.

Leonard Warren's Iago has improved greatly in guile and menace



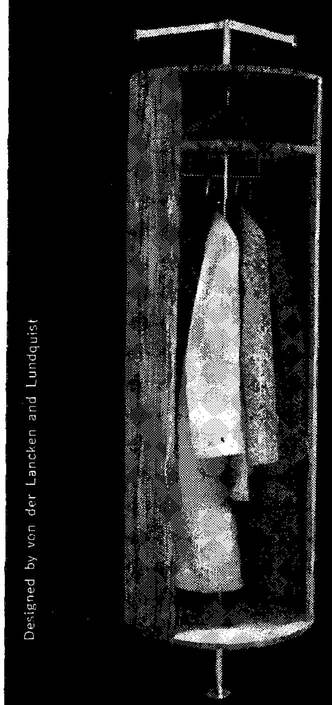
olivetti

Leaf-light and sapling-slim, the Olivetti Lettera 22 is nevertheless a rugged, dependable typewriter . . . the truly portable *portable. And it has every important feature of an office machine. Blue, green or grey, and choice of typefaces. $88 plus tax, including handsome carrying case.*



olivetti

The Olivetti Studio 44 is the apple of any mostly-at-home typist's eye—and it's as smooth in performance as in looks. Blindfolded, you'd think it was a standard office model. $123 plus tax, with case. Grey or blue. For name of dealer near you, write Olivetti Corporation of America, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.



Designed by von der Lancken and Lundquist

THE REVOLVING CLOSET
A COMPACT BUT SPACIOUS
WARDROBE FOR THE HOME,
PROFESSIONAL OR EXECUTIVE OFFICE.

LEHIGH FURNITURE CORPORATION,
16 EAST 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

RELAX
on the pink sand beaches of
BERMUDA

FREE
New full-colour Bermuda Brochure
and vacation kit. Mail coupon today!

The Bermuda Trade Development Board,
Dept. NY-83, 620 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y.
Please send Bermuda vacation kit to:

NAME________________

STREET________________

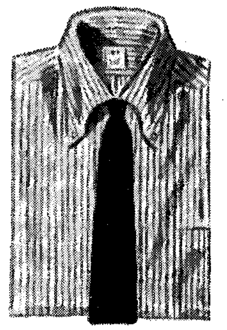
CITY____________ STATE______

since he last sang it here, and Mr. Warren again showed himself to be the most scrupulous of operatic baritones. Perhaps it is unfair to hold against him a physical characteristic that has always made him seem a little incongruous in this part, but the fact remains that his large and somewhat rotund figure—which serves him admirably in such fatherly roles as Rigoletto and the elder Germont, and even in those of Scarpia and the Count di Luna—contributes in this instance a note of good-natured heartiness that is at odds with his very well-worked-out impersonation. Mr. Warren is a great artist, and he has brought much of his finest artistry to bear on his portrait of Iago; still, he is not Iago. He lacks the nerves and ulcers that the part requires.

For Victoria de los Angeles, however, who was singing her first Metropolitan Desdemona, I have nothing but praise. The quality of her voice is often miraculously beautiful, and she phrases her lines with deep musical intuition and great simplicity, and with never a moment of dramatic sensationalism or trickery. Her "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria," in the last act, were triumphs of ingenuousness and lyricism. Her entire performance, in fact, was the finest I have heard in this role in many years, and in saying this I am not forgetting the celebrated Desdemona with which Renata Tebaldi made her Metropolitan début some time ago. The Cassio of Paul Franke was also one of the important assets of the production, and it was a pleasure to hear this role, which is frequently allotted to a singer of minor ability, sung with authority and an adequate volume of tone.

EARLIER in the week, at Town Hall, the American Opera Society revived its concert production of Monteverdi's "The Coronation of Poppea"—an opera that, while written two hundred years before "Otello," invites comparison with it, because both employ music to intensify, rather than merely to ornament, a great dramatic conception. I have commented in a previous column on the extraordinary vividness and theatrical effectiveness of this venerable work, in which the perfidy of Nero, the conniving ambition of his mistress, Poppea, and the conflicting emotions of Poppea's husband, Ottone, are presented with a sort of credibility that has been achieved only rarely in the long history of opera. Like "Otello," it tends to focus one's attention on the drama that is being unfolded,

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
Custom Tailors *Furnishers*



Candy Striped Madras
$6.00

One of our most popular shirts soft muted ¼ inch candy stripe blue or grey on white ground. $6.00
14½-2 through 16½-5

Also available ⅛ inch peppermint stripe madras. Blue, grey or tan on white. $6.00
14-2 through 17-6

Cut with generous shirt body, unlined collar . . . box pleat back . . . barrel cuffs . . . breast pocket.

Dupioni silk four in hand tie, black or navy. $3.50

No C.O.D.'s Mail Orders Accepted
Add 35¢ Postage
Chipp Travelers Now On The Road
Itinerary on Request

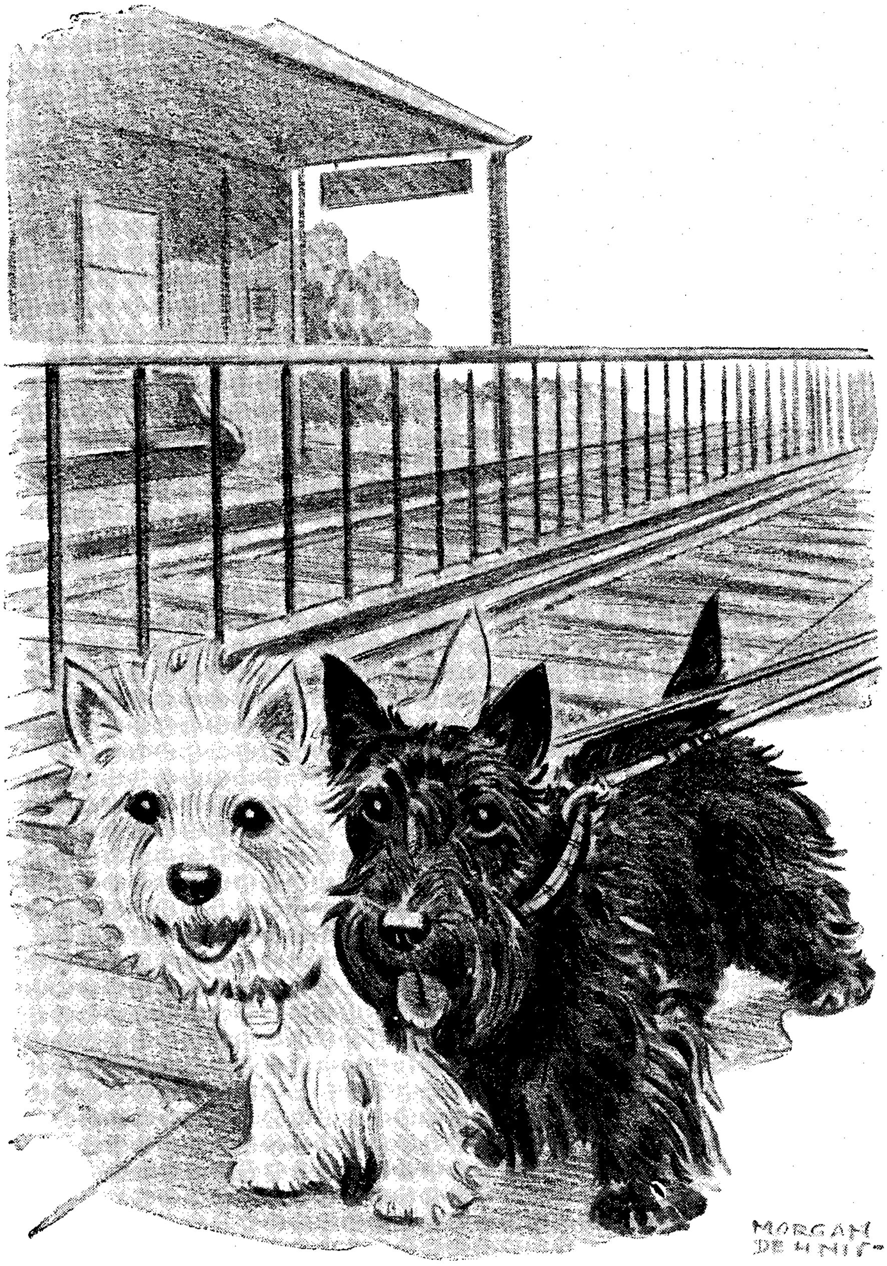
Chipp
14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

TRANQUILIZED
in an easybaby

THE PERFECT BABY PRESENT
A pediatrician approved cradle chair that elevates and supports the smallest baby. It brings him into the family circle and frees mother's hands for feeding. Easybaby is the ideal way to keep the infant happy and secure at his mother's side, about the house, traveling. Hand finished wood construction, in pale pink, blue or yellow. Fully assembled, complete with plastic mattress, safety strap and hand holes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order. Postage paid in U.S.A. & Canada, $9.95.
HARVEST HOUSE, BOX 464, ORCHARD PARK, N. Y.

HW
TOMORROW'S ART
AT
TODAY'S PRICES
the howard wise gallery
11322 euclid avenue
cleveland 6 ohio

and though its music, considered in itself, is of the noblest kind, one hears it always simply as a commentary that is inseparable from the white-hot feelings of the characters on the stage. Again as in the case of "Otello," one thinks not so much of singing, in the abstract, as of dramatic portrayal conveyed through the voice. The fact that the American Opera Society's production lacked scenery and costumes did not in any way diminish the essential character of the work. It merely added an extra challenge to the singers, who were obliged to create theatrical illusion by purely vocal means, and this challenge was, on the whole, very well met. I could have wished for a more passionate and ruthless characterization by Leontyne Price, whose Poppea was a bit too placid, and a subtler and less stereotyped Nero than Robert Rounseville provided, but the other roles—Ezio Flagello's Seneca and Mariquita Moll's Octavia among them—were realized with considerable distinction, and the portrait of the troubled, torn, and vacillating Ottone that Donald Gramm presented was a small masterpiece of vocal and dramatic art. I have been listening to Mr. Gramm, off and on, for a number of years and have always found his work distinguished and compelling. It emerged the other night as something quite special, including a scrupulous classical style, immaculate enunciation, a baritone voice of very pleasing quality, and extremely intelligent acting. As Ottone, Mr. Gramm has what is perhaps "The Coronation of Poppea's" richest and most demanding role, and in my opinion his perform-


MORGAN DENNIS

Pleasant Anticipation!

Folks the world over look forward to the arrival of Black & White Scotch Whisky with pleasant anticipation. That's because its quality and character never change!

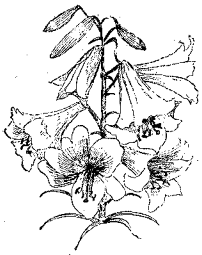
"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

Scotch Whisky
BLACK & WHITE
James Buchanan
Glasgow, Scotland
By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen
Product of Scotland
BLACK & WHITE
Buchanan's
Blended Scotch Whisky
Scotch Whisky Distillers Glasgow Scotland
Sole Distributors for U.S.A. The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation New York, N.Y.



Golden Clarion Calling You

. . . . For Easter and Forever

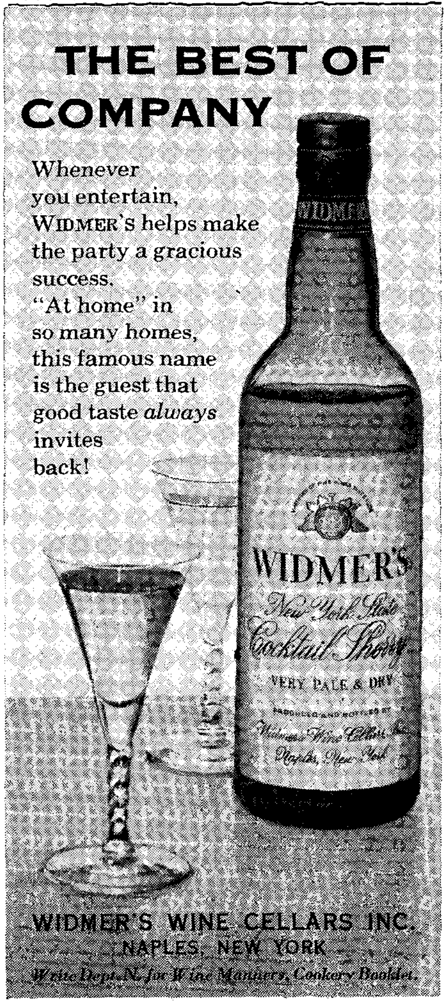
All right, maybe not forever—but this gorgeous Lily is the Easter Lily that will live for years and years, instead of for just a week or so. Golden Clarion is a spanking new golden (instead of white) Trumpet Lily, originated over the last 15 years by Jan de Graaff, the great Lily hybridizer.

These Golden Clarion bulbs are de Graaff's own breeding stock. Rarities. The bulbs alone are impressive gifts. They are bigger than your fist, and that's impressive to us. Each will produce a spike with at least five blooms this year, not next. Don't argue. We guarantee it.

Give Golden Clarion for Easter. We will enclose your card and ship at once for Easter arrival. (Instructions with each order, of course.) Breeder Bulbs, 8" to 10" circumference: Each $4.25, Three $9.50. All orders postpaid. Completely hardy north of Jacksonville and south of Quebec. Stocks are limited. Sorry, no foreign orders.

—A. Pettingill

WHITE FLOWER FARM
RARE PLANTSMEN
Litchfield 1, Connecticut



THE BEST OF COMPANY

Whenever you entertain, WIDMER'S helps make the party a gracious success. "At home" in so many homes, this famous name is the guest that good taste *always* invites back!

WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS INC.
NAPLES, NEW YORK
Write Dept. N. for Wine Manners, Cookery Booklet.

ance was the outstanding element in a generally enjoyable evening.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

Island Hopping

THE songs from "Jamaica," sung and played by the Broadway cast and orchestra on a Victor recording, are, like their interpreters, uniformly genial. They are also skillfully turned out, for Harold Arlen, who composed them, is a superior craftsman, with an attractive melodic gift and some notions about rhythm and harmony that are beyond the grasp of most of our popular songwriters. In fact, I have only two trifling complaints to register, one being that, despite Mr. Arlen's subtly shifting tempos, so much of the score is basically calypso. I understand that calypso is closely identified with the speech habits of some of the Caribbean islanders, but I am a crabby Northerner, and I lose patience with the innocent rhyming and the jerky rhythms rather quickly. The other flaw (this one chargeable to E. Y. Harburg, who wrote the lyrics) is that these people, for all their obvious good will, are entirely too quaint and bouncy in their outlook. There must be at least a *couple* of misanthropes down there—fellows who are unable to carry a tune or toss off impromptu rhymes about the topics of the day.

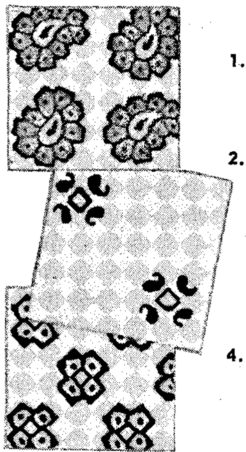
That's enough quibbling, though, for Mr. Arlen has constructed a delightful succession of tunes, and the majority of them are accurately propelled by Lena Horne, Josephine Premice, and Adelaide Hall, the leading ladies of the cast. The only other vocalist of note on hand is Ricardo Montalban, whose singing I can best describe as friendly. There are at least six numbers that are variants of the calypso style, along with three ("Cocoanut Sweet," "Ain't It the Truth," and "Take It Slow, Joe") that are first-rate examples of the kind of thing—bluesy and irresistibly rhythmic—that Arlen has excelled at for years. (Incidentally, you will find engaging, slightly jazzed-up versions of ten of the songs on a Jubilee record, called "Jamaica," with Cy Coleman leading a small and expert band of instrumentalists from the piano and, assisted by a vocal group, singing several of the pieces.)

THE first time I played the original-cast-and-orchestra recording of Leonard Bernstein's "West Side Story" (Columbia), I was dazzled by the thrust of the material, the unaccustomed

Milton's

MINIATURE Madders

Our new four button pullover with just the right arched flair button-down collar, box pleat back, regular cuffs. Finest single needle tailoring.
Sizes 13½-17
Sleeves 32-36



1. Imported pima batiste. Black with brown; black with light blue/olive; deep red with olive/gold; olive with red/gold. 8.95
2. Batiste oxford. Same selections as 1 but no black with brown..8.95
3. Imported pima batiste in black with blue; red with black; and brown with black 8.95
4. Batiste oxford in antiqued gold with light blue/brown; rich olive with red/black; black with light blue/brown; black with red/brown 8.95

Matching Lady Milton long sleeve pullover button-downs with extra long shirt tails, barrel cuffs, sizes 10-16..........8.95
Same selections in half sleeves, both men's and ladies', in 1, 2 and 4..........7.95
Matching belts for series 1 and 4. Cinch ring....2.00
Leather backed belts with rich antiqued tan saddle leather tab..........3.00

Mail orders rushed at once. Add 40¢ postage.
Send for free 1958 wardrobe catalog.

Milton's
Clothing Cupboard
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

GRAVELY

makes
Tough Jobs
EASY!
EASY
PAY
PLAN

Powerful 5-HP Gravely, America's most versatile small tractor, does every lawn, garden and field job *faster, easier, better!*

Choice of 30 performance-proved tools. All-Gear Drive, Power Reverse, Push-Button Starter optional.

GRAVELY
POWER
vs
Drudgery

New 24-page *"Power vs Drudgery"* Booklet shows how Gravely power and performance can solve YOUR problems. Write for it today!

GRAVELY TRACTORS, INC.
BOX 385 DUNBAR, W. VA.
FIELD-TESTED SINCE 1922

Fascinating matchbooks imported for armchair voyagers and smart hosts. Glamorous assortment from Europe's fine hotels, chic restaurants, resorts, cruise ships. Includes intriguing Italian lock-box matches. Colorful collection of 24 in pairs, $3.95.

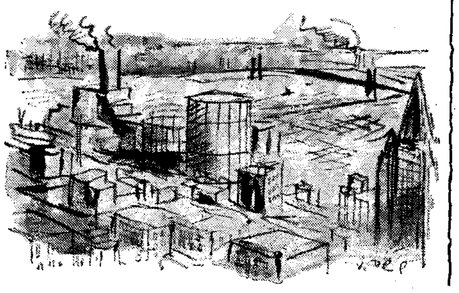
International Specialties, Dept. D, Box 604, Hartford, Conn.

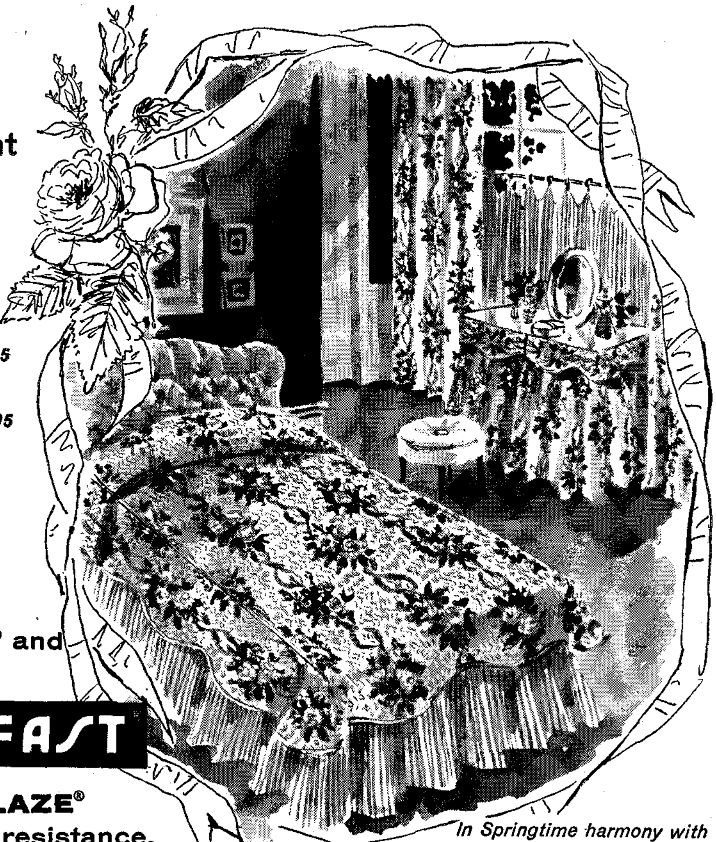
variety of the orchestrations, and the sweep of the romantic statements. The second time, I felt that the material had lost some of its thrust, that the orchestrations were not so startling as I had thought, and that the romantic statements sounded somewhat pretentious. After listening a couple of more times, I was left with only two pieces, both with a humorous slant—"America," a lively paean to the island of Manhattan by a group of Puerto Rican girls, and "Gee, Officer Krupke!," a gleefully savage attack by a bunch of young toughs on the various people (parents, social workers, psychiatrists, magistrates, and so on) who are most directly concerned with the problem of juvenile delinquency. (As a matter of fact, "Gee, Officer Krupke!" is one of the most outspoken and sulphurous works I have ever encountered in a show album.) As for the rest of the sentiments expressed on the record, most of them, in time, come to seem merely mewling. "West Side Story," as you know, is an attempt to relate the story of Romeo and Juliet in terms of teen-age gang warfare, and I suspect that if this business about Romeo and Juliet really sinks in, our young warriors (East Side, West Side, all around the town) are going to become insufferable as well as dangerous.

HERE are some other recordings worth noting:

Les Girls—One side consists of Cole Porter songs taken from the sound track of the motion picture "Les Girls," and the other of vintage Porter played by LeRoy Holmes' orchestra. My guess is that the movie is a director's triumph; certainly its success cannot have derived from the score, for here, surely, is the poorest showing Porter has made in a long while—five numbers that sound dismayingly like excerpts from some resolutely inane musical comedy of the nineteen-twenties. The love song "Ça C'est l'Amour" is a flagrant rewrite of an earlier Porter piece, "C'est Magnifique," which, in turn, is reminiscent of the venerable Maurice Chevalier ditty "Valentina." The Porter standards on the other side are pleasantly enough managed. (*M-G-M*)

Ted Steele Presents Miss Teal Joy—Miss Joy is an effective singer who is given to deft jazz phrasings and intonations (you know—those cool, flat tones) but is also able to summon up little bursts of passion when the lyrics call for them. In the main, her offerings here consist of





Spring enchantment for your home

As Shown
Single Topper $24.95
Dust Ruffle $12.95
Brise-bise
Curtains, pair $6.95

"Fragrance" and "Sachet" by

EVERFAST

with EVERGLAZE®
tested crease resistance.
In draperies, toppers, dust ruffles and spreads now at:

In Springtime harmony with ELIZABETH ARDEN'S "MÉMOIRE CHÉRIE"

B. ALTMAN & CO. Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills
also by the yard at JORDAN, MARSH, Boston; LA SALLE & KOCH, Toledo; FURCHGOTT'S, Jacksonville, Fla. and other fine stores

A WOMAN LOVES A CHAIR that cushions her curves in comfort yet sits so nice and low her feet can touch the floor. The Herman Miller high-back lounge, designed by George Nelson . . . especially handsome with contrast cushions. Write Dept. Y-107, HERMAN MILLER Furniture Company, Zeeland, Michigan. You're welcome at showrooms in principal cities; also Toronto, Canada; Hille of London; Contura S. A., Zurich.

TERRY SHIRT 'N SHORTS

Here's the perfect playsuit in luxurious white **terry.** The shirt and shorts—made all in one piece—button down the front with five pearl buttons. It's smart to look at, fun to wear—and so many uses. Seaside, poolside, tennis, baby sitting, barbecuing, etc., etc., etc. The terry belt banded in red and blue is adjustable and washable. Just remove the ratchet buckle for laundering. White terry. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18). **$7.95**

Add 35c each for shipping. Free catalog on request.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

Shirt 'N Shorts $7.95 Size________ Quan.________

Name________________________

Address________________________

City__________ Zone______ State________

Special March Value

1½-quart Paul Revere water pitcher of silver plate, specially priced for March only. Was $11.75, now $9.75

Federal tax included • Add 50c handling charge
Write or Phone Jean Tree PL 7-8100

BLACK STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

standard pop songs, flatteringly arranged by Mr. Steele, who also conducts. (*Bethlehem*)

SHOW TIME: MAE WILLIAMS—If it weren't for a few modern embellishments in her work, Miss Williams would be a throwback to the straight-from-the-shoulder musical-comedy singers of the past, perhaps best exemplified by Ethel Merman. In a nondescript recital that opens with "Blow, Gabriel, Blow" and closes with "Broadway Rhythm" (and, come to think of it, what else would this kind of performer save for a smash finish?), Miss Williams discloses a vigorous but by no means strident voice. Buddy Bregman's clamorous orchestral arrangements are in keeping with the selections and with the singer's style. (*Verve*)

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

TO SEND TELEGRAMS

1. Remove the Bell Telephone from the instrument cradle and dial #7. A ringing tone will indicate that you are connected with the recorder. If the recorder is in use, the usual busy signal will be heard and it will be necessary for you to hang up and dial #7 a few moments later.

2. If upon dialing #7 you hear the ringing tone, indicating that the recorder is available, then dial #1 to complete connection with the recorder. The ringing tone will then cease, and you will be ready to dictate the telegram. Starting and stopping of the recorder is voice-operated and requires no further act by the user.

3. Begin your message by stating that you wish to send either a Straight telegram, a Dayletter, or a Nightletter. (For details concerning these types of messages, see P&S Dept. Circular #28-57.)

4. Dictate the address as follows:

U. S. F. & G. Co.
Mr. Ray Odom
900 Transit Tower
San Antonio 5, Texas

5. Then dictate the body of the telegram in as brief language as possible. Spell out all proper names, unusual terms, etc. (See instructions in P&S Dept. Circular #28-57, the Correspondence Manual, and the Machine Dictation Standard Procedure form Transcribing 9.)

6. Sign your telegram by dictating the phrase U.S.F.&G. and your name e.g. U.S.F.&G.—Smith. Omit complimentary closings as "Cordially yours," "Respectfully yours," "Very truly yours," etc.

7. To listen back to the telegram you have dictated, do not hang up, but dial #3 and listen to your message. If playback is insufficient to hear a long message, dial "O" without hanging up and request the attendant in the Transcribing Department to let you listen to your entire dictation.

8. Again, without hanging up after you have listened back, dial #1 and say, "Verified, Smith C&L Dept. 1:55 p.m."

9. Hang up the phone and the telegram is completed. A copy will be returned to you from the Transcribing Department, via the mail room, after it is transmitted by them over the Teleprinter.

This method of transmitting telegrams can be used until 4:30 p.m. or closing time.
—*Directive issued to the office workers in a fidelity company.*

By golly, it's 4:40 right now. Where *has* the day gone?

The Maisonette

DENISE DARCEL
and her songs

MILT SHAW
and his Orchestra
and the Ray Bari Ensemble

Special Theatre Dinner 6 to 8 P.M. $4.50 (no entertainment tax)

HOTEL St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55th STREET

OWN YOUR VACATION HOME ON

Fire Island

90 MINUTES FROM MANHATTAN

Wonderful new community (opp. Bay Shore) fronts on ocean and bay. Fabulous beach, private boat basin, tennis.

OCCUPANCY THIS SUMMER

For brochure and directions to FURNISHED MODEL ON FIRE ISLAND, Write Dept. N.

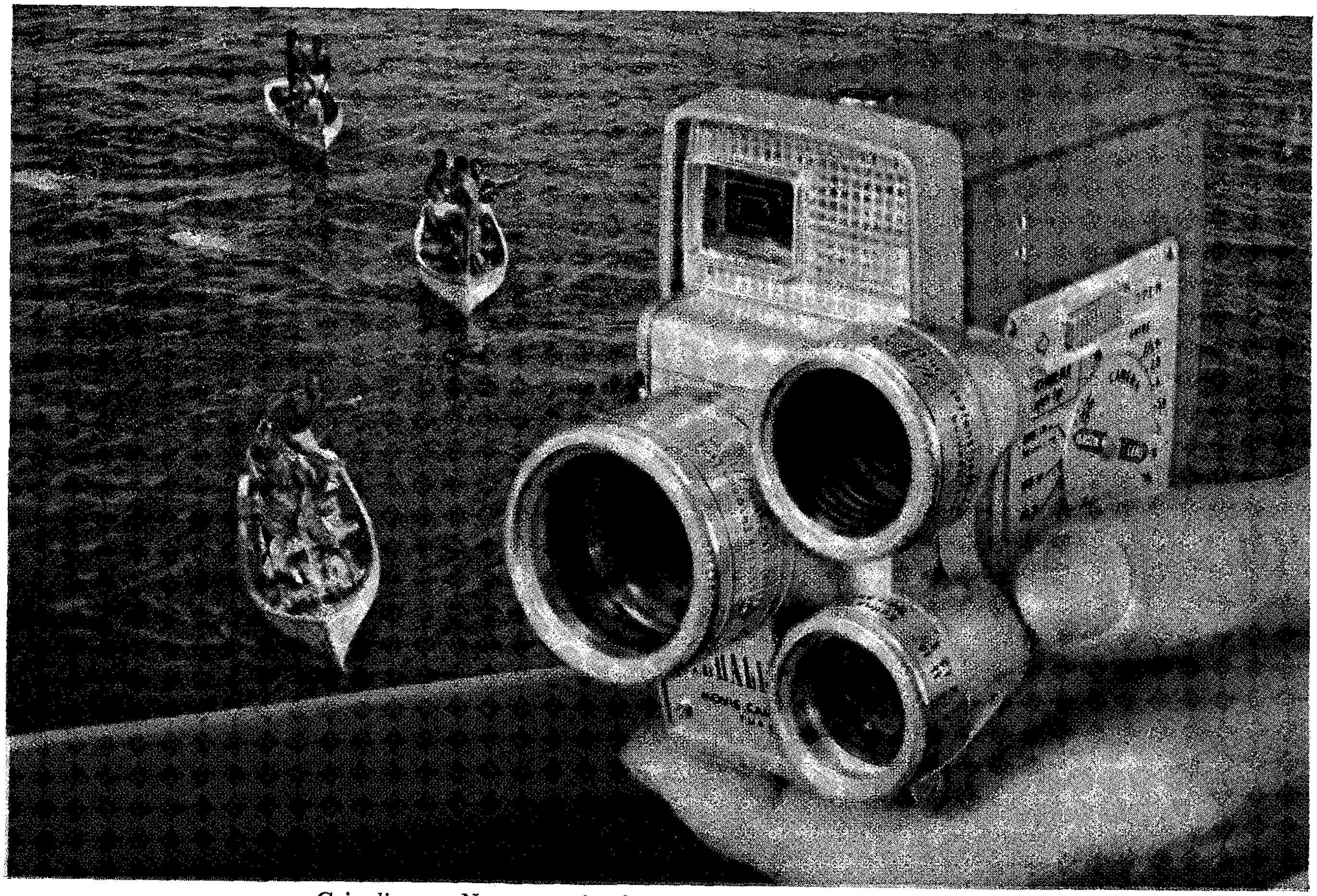
Dunewood on Fire Island

BUILDER'S OFFICE 42 Fire Island Ave
Babylon, N. Y. • MOhawk 9-3236

an original framing concept for abstract paintings
frames copyrighted

the house of heydenryk
141 w 54 st
new york 19

ADVERTISING MEN belong to the Health Roof Club for many reasons. It's an antidote for tension. Helps you look well, feel well. Has everything: gym, game courts, steam and hot rooms, massage, sun lamps, snack bar. Be our guest for a trial visit. Entrance 247 Park Ave. or 480 Lexington.



Coin divers at Nassau—action for the new Kodak Medallion 8 Movie Camera, Turret *f*/1.9.

New Kodak Medallion Movie Camera takes 3 kinds of shots—at a turn of the turret!

Gets wide-angle, standard, and telephoto shots... magazine-loads in just 3 seconds!

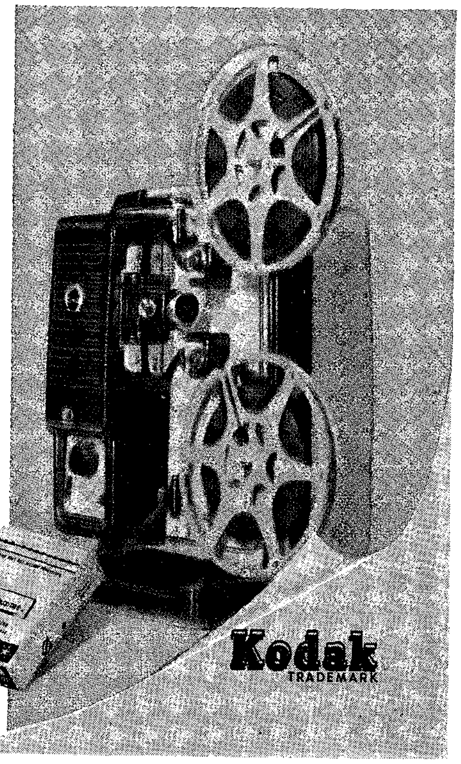
You get *all* the action with the great new Kodak Medallion 8 Turret Camera. Equipped to take wide-angle shots for greater scope . . . telephoto shots that bring subjects up closer . . . and standard shots.

This trim, compact camera is Kodak's easiest-to-use movie-maker ever. Loads in 3 seconds—just drop in an 8mm Kodachrome Film magazine and snap shut.

It takes slow-motion movies and single-frame exposures. And it weighs only 29 ounces.

Ask your photo dealer to demonstrate the new Kodak Medallion 8 Turret Camera. Only $159.50, as little as $15.95 down. See the Medallion 8 single-lens model, just $106.50. (All prices are list, include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.)

New Cine-Kodak Showtime 8 Projector (right). Perfect match-mate for your Medallion 8 Camera. Shows 8mm movies up to 5 feet wide—brilliantly! Reverse-action, "stills," too. Cool, quiet. $123.50, or $12.50 down.



See Kodak's TV shows—"The Ed Sullivan Show" and "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet."

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Fabulous drinks
made with
John Jameson

IRISH COFFEE

YEARS OLD
PRODUCT OF IRELAND
POT STILL
JJ&S
DUBLIN
NOT A DROP IS SOLD
IT'S SEVEN YEARS

People who have discovered the delight of Irish Coffee often ask whether that is the only way to enjoy John Jameson.

By no means! John Jameson makes a marvelous Manhattan, a delightful Old Fashioned, and a zestful tall drink with soda or water. Perhaps most fabulous of all and becoming quite a conversation piece is the very sprightly drink called the "Leprechaun."

LEPRECHAUN RECIPE: Over ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass, pour one jigger of John Jameson. Fill with tonic water. Add lemon peel; lemon juice if desired.

Both the Leprechaun and Irish Coffee owe their magic to what scientists call synergistic action, which means that the cooperative action of John Jameson and the other ingredients is infinitely more delightful than any of them taken independently.

Probably one reason for this synergistic action is that John Jameson is *all* pot still whiskey—every drop matured 7 years in oak casks. And that kind of pot still whiskey is mighty hard to find these days.

If you have John Jameson on hand, try a Leprechaun without delay. If not, rush out and buy a bottle.

How to make IRISH COFFEE

Into a pre-warmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet or a coffee cup, put jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Fill to within ½ inch of top with *strong* black coffee. Instant coffee may be used if desired. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Top to brim with *chilled* whipped cream, so that cream floats on top. Do not stir after adding cream. The true delight of Irish Coffee is obtained by drinking it *through* the cream.

P. S. A simple way to enjoy the synergistic action of coffee and John Jameson is to add 1 jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey to coffee as you usually drink it.

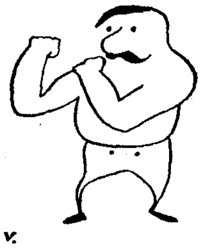
JOHN JAMESON

BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY • 86 PROOF
Imported by
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

Q7810

Mrs. Manwaring, waiting at the meat counter, feeling through her glove the chill of the white-enamelled top she leaned on, happened to turn on her heel and see a woman with a child on her hip come through the doorway from the street. Oh, that child has been sick! she thought; even from half the length of the shop away, she could see how gray-white the face was, how red the eyes, of the unattractive little creature, some two years old, dangling, crying, wearing a dirty pink snowsuit. Should be home in bed. . . . Nobody to leave her with, of course. . . . Nothing catching, I trust, she said to herself as the two approached. There were no other customers in the shop. Tony had been very deliberate with his cleaver and now was bent, as well as a fat man can bend, above her loin lamb chops, solicitous with small sharp knife, trimming, humming. "They're not for a party," Mrs. Manwaring thought of saying. "You don't have to be so finicky. Hurry up." Because the nearer the two came to the meat counter, the more reluctant she was to be there when they arrived.

The woman, young and rather pretty, had got herself one of the shop's wire wagons, and now, arriving at the meat counter, she gave her child a blow on the seat of the pink snowsuit and rammed her down toward the small seat by the handle—toward but not exactly into, Mrs. Manwaring was shocked to see. The child wailed again. The end of her spine must have met the metal seat back. The young woman had no expression at all on her round face, absolutely none, and she hit the baby once more—an automatic-looking blow, as though she did this so often she was scarcely aware of it.



Mrs. Manwaring, startled, turned to look at the butcher, to see if he had seen; his eyes were nowhere but on his work. But he knows, she thought; he saw, only he isn't going to show he did, or admit it in any way.

"A pound of hamburg," the young woman said, making a declaration to the chill air surrounding the meat department, not caring what kind of meat she got, or if anyone listened; she did not appear an impatient woman, Mrs. Manwaring was puzzled to observe. The butcher did not reply.

Mrs. Manwaring thought there had never been a less pleasing child. The rimmed eyes were bleary in the white face, the hair a rag-doll wig, unbrushed, the mouth large and oddly red, already a delinquent's mouth. The woman was well enough dressed, in a dark coat and green scarf. "Shut your trap," she said to the snivelling little girl.

Tony, as though he had just completed the carving of a marble masterpiece and were packing it for delivery to a distant museum, tenderly set the pile of four identical chops on a piece of paper, trued them up, wrapped them, and—just an afterthought—scrawled a broad black oily "$2.05" on the paper before handing it over.

"Pound of hamburg," the young woman said again as Mrs. Manwaring, who had forgotten her reading glasses, squinted down her list. Wheeling her cart away, she tried not to look down at the miserable child, but she could not help herself, and was unable not to see the mother tear the small dirty white hands, painfully, from a clutching hold on the wire sides of the basket. *For what?* Mrs. Manwaring cried to herself, within.

Later, while she stood at the desk paying Jack, Tony's fat son, she looked out and saw the woman throw the child into the front seat of a tan car, lean in and hit her, slam the door, go around the back of the car, and, getting in behind the wheel, jerk the child backward and forward by the neck of her suit, hit her again, and drive off. "Connecticut Q-seven-eight-one-o," Mrs. Manwaring said aloud.

"Some people shouldn't have children," muttered Jack as he rang up Mrs. Manwaring's coffee and chops and butter.

She drove thoughtfully home. She could feel her cheeks burning and a pulse beating in her neck; nor was she as attentive to New Haven traffic as she might have been. Once she slowed the car and stopped by the curb and, digging in her handbag for a pencil, wrote "Q7810" at the foot of her grocery list. After she got home, she wandered around in the house, not knowing what she wanted to do. She dialled the grocery and Jack answered.

"That woman who had the little girl with her, Jack, and was so horrible to her."

"Yeah."

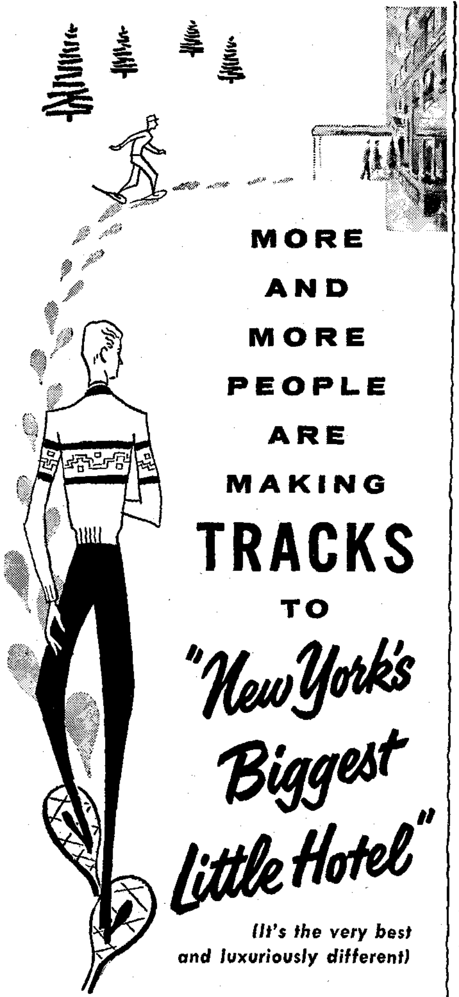
"Who was she, do you know? You know most of your customers by name,

Some people think Sulka
never
has a store-wide clearance!

They are absolutely right about that. Sulka never clears itself out. What for? Sulka shirts never go out of style. Sulka sportswear is always in season. Sulka hose and underwear are always worth the price. Sulka has faith in its merchandise. No quick sell-out necessary! Isn't it nice to know that whatever you buy at Sulka is one price only—at any time of the year? ■ No wonder Sulka customers have faith in Sulka. They know that at Sulka, the least they get is their money's worth.

established 1895
A. Sulka
& Company

405 PARK AVENUE AT 54TH ST., NEW YORK 22
2 SO. MICHIGAN AVENUE AT MADISON, CHICAGO 3
278 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
PARIS, LONDON, PALM BEACH


MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE MAKING TRACKS TO "New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

(It's the very best and luxuriously different)

Rates are high, but not for what the Tuscany offers! New York's only ALL-AIR-CONDITIONED, ALL-TELEVISIONED hotel (FM radio as well): every room with bathroom extension phone, "silent valet," butler's pantry, "catnap throw" and every conceivable luxury. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too!

May we send you a brochure?

the Tuscany

39th St., just east of Park Ave., New York 16
Bertram Weal, General Manager
MUrray Hill 6-1600 Teletype NY 1-392

OH A RAINCOAT?

NO... A MAINCOAT®!

GUIDON $40

LONDON FOG
LONDONTOWN MFG. CO.
350 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1

don't you? Do you know who she is?"

"Nah," said Jack. "I don't. I never seen her before." Liar, thought Mrs. Manwaring, sadly, and hung up. Liar maybe; not necessarily.

She changed into high heels and went to tea with a friend, but in the friend's library, in the middle of a discussion about cashmere cardigans, Mrs. Manwaring leaned past a plate of cress sandwiches and picked the telephone book from a table.

"Darling, d'you mind, I need to use your telephone for a minute."

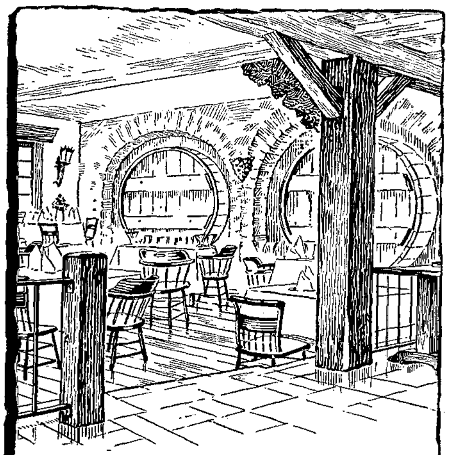
While her friend looked and listened, all amazement, she tumbled her story into the black mouthpiece, into the ear of a man at the Connecticut Humane Society, a Mr. Elton. At the start she gabbled, but presently her breathing evened out and she was talking quite calmly. "Q-seven-eight-one-O. A small tan car. . . . No, I don't know one make from another. And so I think something had better be done about it or that child won't survive very long. Or if she does— But she already looks like a delinquent." When she finished, he thanked her, and she said, "Good luck," wanting to ask him to let her know what happened, not daring to for fear of sounding ghoulish.

"Thank you," she said to her friend, putting the telephone back, relieved. Her cheeks were flaming. "I simply had to."

"Well I should think so!"

The rest of the afternoon, the more Mrs. Manwaring reflected on how she had handled that problem, the more at ease with herself she became. Between tea and dinner she went around assuring herself, and then her husband, over the dinner table, that without doubt here was a time when she had done exactly right. "It was the businesslike, right thing to do, wasn't it," she insisted, though no one was denying it. "And now I'm free of the whole thing. I *was* worried, until all at once I remembered the Humane Society. Now I shall never give the whole horrid thing another thought."

BUT how very ignorant Mrs. Manwaring was about herself. She stayed awake the entire night, or if she slept at all it was in short and somehow tiring spells between long spells of tossing and imagining. Possibly she might have spent a normal night if she hadn't happened to wonder, early on—about eleven—whether the baby would be taken away bodily by Mr. Elton and his crew if she had a father, a young father, a nice young father whose heart was sore because of the condition of his


The finest type of American food
EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
From Merritt Parkway to Exit 35 then six miles north on Route 137 *or* Route 22 to Bedford Village thence to Pound Ridge.
John F. Shaw, *Owner*
CLOSED MONDAYS
Phone: Pound Ridge 4-8873
Visit the Old English Tap Room

NIGHTLY (Except Monday) & AT SUNDAY BRUNCH
LES VIOLINETTES
Café de la Paix
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

OFFICE SPACE
REQUIREMENT
ANALYSIS
SELECTION
NEGOTIATION
JULIEN J. STUDLEY INC.
REAL ESTATE LEASING
342 MADISON AVENUE OXFORD 7-7786

COCKTAILS • LUNCHEON • DINNER
La Reine
139 East 52nd St., N.Y.C.
For Reservations Call RENÉ PLaza 3-3394

child. Say this young man was weak but loving, say he had grown to hate and fear his expressionless wife since the baby came, and knew he had to get the child away but didn't know how to go about doing it himself. . . .

Mrs. Manwaring turned her pillow over and laid cheek and hair on the cool side. I'll think about spring clothes, she thought. But if this young man, a garage mechanic probably, or a factory worker, happened to have no father or mother in a position to help him, no brother or sister he could secretly take her to, and couldn't trust his friends, as can happen— Because by now Mrs. Manwaring had decided to have him run off with his own child.

Mr. Manwaring breathed gently in his bed. The hall clock struck once, in the sly, unfair, joking way clocks do in anonymous stretches of darkness. The young father could say to his wife, some Saturday or Sunday afternoon, "I'll take her along with me while I go get some cigarettes," or to the garage for gas, or some such place quite near, and, putting her in Q7810, drive away and never come back. Far away, or not very far? He would have been to an out-of-the-way grocery first and bought a bagful of graham crackers, oleo, boxed milk, raisins. Maybe not, though; his wife might happen to glance into the car for some reason, or no reason, and demand, pointing, "What's that?" So he would have to wait to buy food until he had the baby with him, but if he left her in the car while he shopped she would wail and attract someone's attention. No, he must take her in with him. No, the police would ask on the radio if anyone had seen a young man in a plaid jacket and dungarees, no hat, brown hair, and a two-year-old girl in a pink snowsuit. Then, it wouldn't necessarily be the clothes that would trap them but the shocking appearance of the child. Someone would notice and remember; anyone would, who saw her.

So he would perhaps have to buy her a new snowsuit and have it concealed in the car. Snowsuits are expensive, and not many young men go shopping for them all alone; the clerk would remember him—and the snowsuit. Navy, Mrs. Manwaring decided, with red buttons, and a reindeer on the jacket.

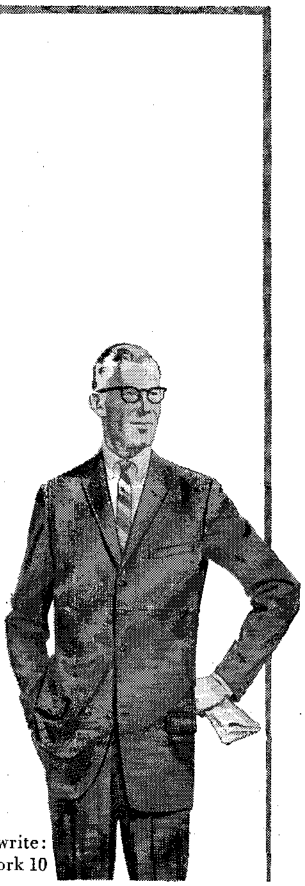
She grew unhappy, thinking how terribly unbecoming this dark snowsuit would be, casting up the dreadful pallor of the face, accentuating misery by the bright buttons. Only, she pondered, what color *could* she wear, that wan child?—So he would change her clothes in the car and throw away the dirty pink. Where, though? How does one

DRY DON
DRY
RUBY
PORT
SANDEMAN & Co
OPORTO PORTUGAL
SANDEMAN

PORTS
from Portugal

SHERRIES
from Spain

SANDEMAN®
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1790
Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.



Delighted

Your 'BOTANY' '500' dealer is always delighted to see you. He enjoys delighting you with the wonder of a 'BOTANY' '500' suit. For this is the suit that's crafted with imagination to endow you with the "influential" look. A free and friendly try-on awaits you at your 'BOTANY' '500' dealer.

'BOTANY' '500'®
tailored by **DAROFF**

look influential... look for this label
Botany 500 Tailored by Daroff

For the 'BOTANY' '500' Dealer in your area write:
H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10

CLOTHES OF CHARACTER
EDDIE JACOBS, Ltd.
CHARLES & REDWOOD STS., BALTO. 2, MD.
(also 3417 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.)

Another
Eddie Jacobs
original

NEW BELTLESS
"PIMS"

Exclusively ours . . . beltless "Pims," the most intelligently comfortable slacks in the world. Adjustable buckle side-tabs and extension waist band give a neat, slim, perfect hang. The 4 wafer-thin sponge waist inserts make run-a-way shirts stay put. Tailored of 55% Dacron, 45% tropical worsted in Oxford or Cambridge grey, black-brown or black-green. Unpleated with 21" knee, 18" bottom. Waist sizes 28 to 38. Shipped uncuffed. Mail orders, no C.O.D. Add 35c pstg. in U.S.A.
21.50

Write for free illustrated color portfolio of our Spring & Summer men's apparel.

Address: Eddie Jacobs, Ltd., Baltimore 2, Maryland

for Luncheon and Dinner
The ever popular
TAPESTRY ROOM
and the Cafe-Lounge
★
Beautiful private function rooms for social and business events.
PLAZA 5-4100
Park Lane
299 Park Avenue

Cha-Cha-Cha with
CUGAT
in the Café Rouge
THE
STATLER HILTON
PEnnsylvania 6-5000

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Le Chanteclair
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Your hosts: Rene and Maurice Dreyfus
MEMBER OF THE DINER'S CLUB
18 E. 49 St. • PL 5-7731 • Open Sun. 5-10 P.M.

get rid of a snowsuit? Fatal to carry it around in the car. Fatal to throw it away in a pond, where it would float, or on a dump, where someone would find it right away. He could put it in a trash can. No, he couldn't; it would be noticed at once. "Oh, I don't know *what* he will be able to do with it," whispered Mrs. Manwaring irritably. "Must I decide everything, every last little detail?"

What if he then drove to New York, abandoned the car there, to throw the police off the scent, and took the baby by train to Boston? He would get a job in Boston in order to support her. Who would care for her during the day? If they had a room somewhere, he couldn't go off and leave her alone for eight or nine hours at a time. Nursery schools. He could say he was a recent widower and had just come to town and wanted to leave her with them while he was at work.

As a matter of fact, it would be very foolish of him to abandon the car just to throw the police off, because of course he couldn't afford to—not even in this desperate, pinching situation. He could drive her to one of the manufacturing towns like Lynn or Lawrence, where workmen must come and go all the time. But on the way— Mrs. Manwaring fought off a little sudden gust of sleepiness while she contemplated the question of whether he could dare to spend the night in a motel on the way. Do the police range the highways, checking the licenses of cars parked outside motels? Is it customary for them to do this all along the big highways, while the cars' owners sleep, but not bother about motels on small side roads, or do they perhaps pay particular attention to the smaller establishments, believing them to be likely hideaways for people trying to avoid attention? Q7810 was a very dusty license, she remembered; would it be useful, or advisable, for him to muddy it up a little more? Probably muddy licenses are the ones policemen look at first. She saw Q7810 revealed in the steady beam of their flashlight.

She tossed and turned, very tired by now. He could go to Lynn and leave her on the doorstep of an orphan asylum, with a letter pinned to the front of the unbecoming navy suit. A comb, too, he would have had to buy, and a washcloth and soap, and so many other little things Mrs. Manwaring wearied to think of them. The note would say, "Please take care of my daughter. Her first name is— is—" Mrs. Manwaring pursed her lips in the darkness. Such a child would be named

GRAND VIN
CHATEAU
PONTET CANET
1952
APPELLATION PAUILLAC CONTROLEE
Cruse & Fils Frères
Cruse

Cruse
the greatest name in French Wines
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

PIERRE GRILL
Just fine food . . . no music or entertainment. Authentic Indian Curry dishes served every day.
BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON
DINNER
Weekdays and Sundays
Telephone: TEmpleton 8-8000
Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET

The Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants
Sea Fare
1033 First Ave. at 57th St.
44 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village

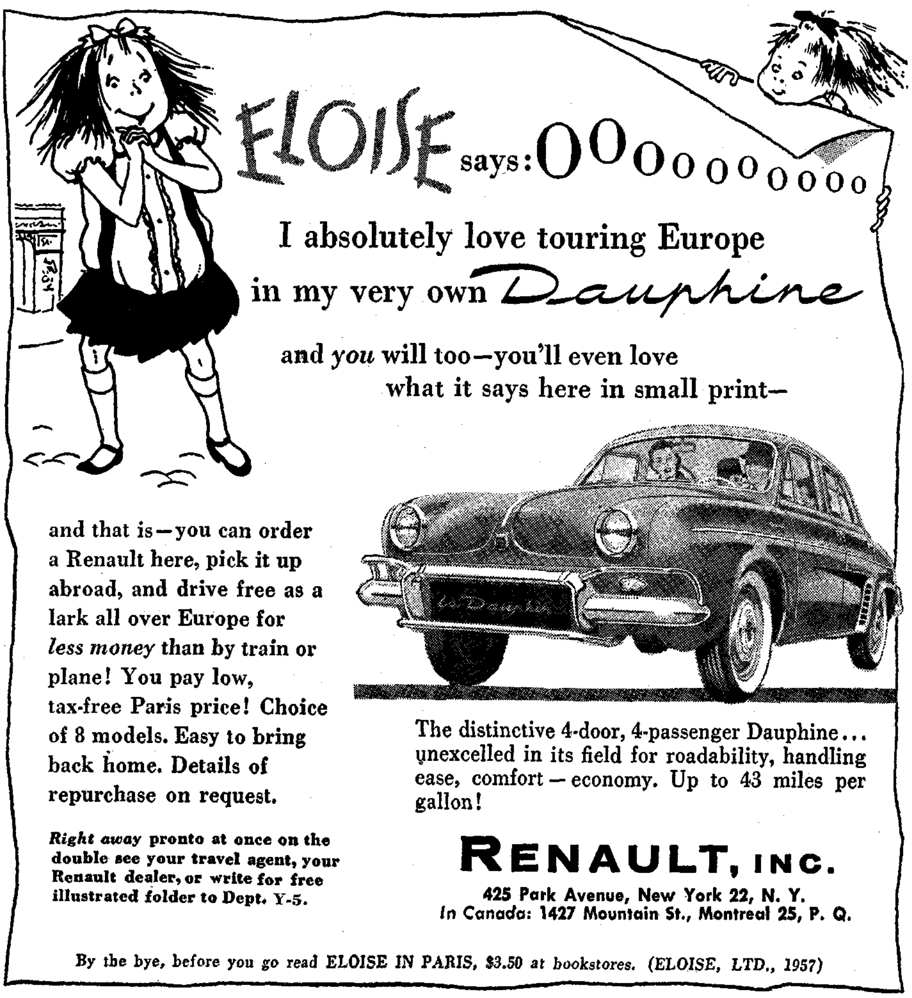
NEW KIND OF SPRING HOLIDAY!
Relax on the banks of the Shrewsbury River—just 45 miles from New York. Quiet, refined atmosphere of a charming, colonial Inn! 100 beautifully furnished modern, fireproof rooms, with bath. Cocktail Lounge, Bar, Colonial dining room. Your hideaway for a week or a weekend. Write Miss Smith for illustrated booklet and rates.
MOLLY PITCHER HOTEL, Red Bank, N.J.

Marilyn, or Carole, or Shirley Mae, or Lou, a name bestowed on her when she was new, before her mother had begun to hate her. It wouldn't be safe for him to tell anyone her first name, because it would be one more incriminating bit when the police arrived, informed by the orphan asylum that they had taken a foundling named Carole in off their doorstep. Then the mother would be sent for, and Mrs. Manwaring entertained no such irrational hope as that, even though she loathed the baby, she would not come at once, with that terrible, expressionless face of hers, to claim the baby she did not love, and make trouble for the husband. Everything would then be gone for nothing—that scheming, that effort—and now all would be worse than before.

Mrs. Manwaring thrashed under the bedclothes. Where, where, where could she go, this miserable scrap of a child! The radio would pursue her; the watching eyes of strangers would follow her; women with market bags would know, and tell. Perhaps the law considered that taking a child, even one's own, to another state was kidnapping, so they had better stay nearer New Haven and settle for Bridgeport, but at such a fate for them Mrs. Manwaring grieved in her bed. She worked up a momentary hope that the young father might know some cheerful farm wife to whom he could take the baby, who would keep her warm, feed her cream. But without doubt there would be another farmer's wife, living a little way down the road, who would watch from behind her window curtains, soon nod a suspicious head, and begin to ask sly questions. Sternly, Mrs. Manwaring crossed off the comfortable aproned woman she had summoned up, the warmth and all the cream.

It would have to be Bridgeport, or possibly Danbury, and a rooming house and a day nursery and a lifetime of hiding their real identity, and Mrs. Manwaring wasn't at all sure this young man would be capable of carrying it out. Toward morning, while worrying about his Social Security card, Mrs. Manwaring fell asleep, not convinced of having accomplished anything at all, and woke for breakfast soon after, very tired.

TWO days later, the telephone on her desk rang, and Mr. Elton at the Humane Society said he was sorry indeed but the license Q7810 had proved to be on a black Ford station wagon that belonged to a bachelor barber who lived in another part of town. "So we wonder if you got the number


ELOISE says: Ooooooooooo

I absolutely love touring Europe
in my very own Dauphine

and *you* will too—you'll even love
what it says here in small print—

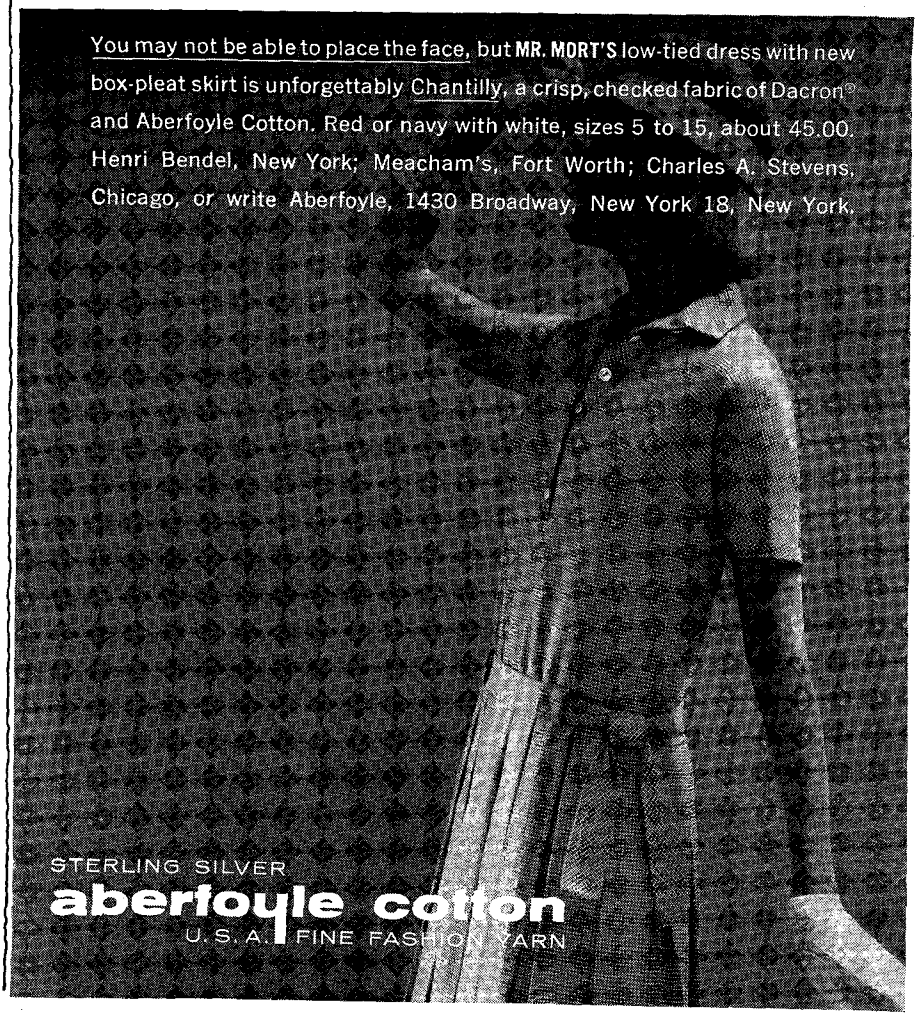
and that is—you can order a Renault here, pick it up abroad, and drive free as a lark all over Europe for *less money* than by train or plane! You pay low, tax-free Paris price! Choice of 8 models. Easy to bring back home. Details of repurchase on request.

The distinctive 4-door, 4-passenger Dauphine... unexcelled in its field for roadability, handling ease, comfort—economy. Up to 43 miles per gallon!

Right away pronto at once on the double see your travel agent, your Renault dealer, or write for free illustrated folder to Dept. Y-5.

RENAULT, INC.
425 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
In Canada: 1427 Mountain St., Montreal 25, P. Q.

By the bye, before you go read ELOISE IN PARIS, *$3.50 at bookstores. (ELOISE, LTD., 1957)*


You may not be able to place the face, but MR. MORT'S low-tied dress with new box-pleat skirt is unforgettably Chantilly, a crisp, checked fabric of Dacron® and Aberfoyle Cotton. Red or navy with white, sizes 5 to 15, about 45.00. Henri Bendel, New York; Meacham's, Fort Worth; Charles A. Stevens, Chicago, or write Aberfoyle, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, New York.

STERLING SILVER
aberfoyle cotton
U.S.A. FINE FASHION YARN

"SETS BROADWAY ABLAZE" —Life
MARY URE KENNETH HAIGH
Look Back in Anger
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Evgs.: $5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.30, 3.60, 2.90, 2:30, 1.75.
LYCEUM THEATRE, 149 W. 45 St. N.Y.C.

"GIVES OFF SPARKS"— WINCHELL
LENA HORNE
RICARDO MONTALBAN
Jamaica
BROADWAY'S NEW MUSICAL HIT!
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Evgs.: $8.35, 6.90, 5.20, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50, 2.00.
IMPERIAL THEATRE, 249 W. 45 St. N.Y.C.

"A COMEDY OF IRRESISTIBLE CHARM" Watts, Post
PETER USTINOV in
ROMANOFF AND JULIET
the new comedy hit
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.: $5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Sat. Evgs.: $6.25, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.10, 3.60, 2.90, 2.30.
PLYMOUTH THEATRE, 236 W. 45 St. N.Y.C.

"DEEPLY MOVING!" —Atkinson, Times
THE THEATRE GUILD and DORE SCHARY present
RALPH BELLAMY
SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO
by DORE SCHARY
with MARY FICKETT • HENRY JONES
Directed by VINCENT J. DONEHUE
CORT THEA. 138 W. 48 St., N.Y.C.

HAVE YOU SEEN

"THE SEASON'S MOST ORIGINAL PLAY." —Atkinson, Times
SIOBHAN McKENNA in ART CARNEY
The Rope Dancers
with JOAN BLONDELL
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE 43rd St. E. of B'way
Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

just right. And tan you said the car was, didn't you?"

"Tan," said Mrs. Manwaring. "But I'm sure— that is, I'm almost sure . . ." She faltered. She had been sure, looking out the grocery-store window at the small car veering away with its two unhappy occupants. "I suppose it could have been three-one-o. It might have, though I have perfect distance vision, and it's only quite near to, and only in the last year, that I've needed spec—" But she could hear Mr. Elton making regretful sounds in his throat.

"We have to be quite sure," he said. "And the man who owns that license is a bachelor, as I said, and works in a barbershop. We can't approach a man like that, under the circumstances. You can see how it would be. Now, you're sure you didn't notice the make of the car?"

"It isn't that I didn't notice! It's that I don't know or care about makes." I can tell a Rousseau from a Dufy at a hundred feet, she wanted to say, but not a Dodge from a Plymouth from any distance. "I *can* tell you exactly what they both wore and what they looked like."

"Yes, you were very clear about that when you called. A dirty pink snowsuit, you said."

"Any pink snowsuit would be dirty by this time of year."

"What? Oh, yes. M'hm. Well, the only thing we can suggest is that you keep on the lookout, and if you see them again, by all means let us know."

"You mean you can't—"

"No, I'm very sorry, but under the circumstances, the information so uncertain, there's nothing really we have to go on."

"Yes, I do see. And I will watch out," Mrs. Manwaring said, sadly. "Yes, *I'll let you know if I ever see* them again," she said, and hung up slowly, reluctantly, staring unseeing at her desk, knowing she never would.

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

•

JACKSON, JAN. 23—(Spl.)—Elected as new directors of the Jackson Chamber of Commerce were Weldon Massie, manager of the Kinsel store here; Ray Noble, Jackson News Leader; Dale Atwater, camera shop owner; E. W. Eickelberg of the Chun King plant and Don Browles, a Shell Oil Co. distributor. Maybe he was shoe salesman —*Columbus (Ohio) Ohio State Journal.*

Make up your mind.

"THE FINEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE MUSICAL STAGE THIS SEASON!" — Atkinson, Times, Dec. 29, 1957

WEST SIDE STORY
A new musical
Based on a conception of Jerome Robbins
Book by ARTHUR LAURENTS
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
with
CAROL LAWRENCE LARRY KERT CHITA RIVERA
Entire Production Directed and Choreographed by JEROME ROBBINS
Evgs. Orch. $8.05; Boxes $8.05, 5.75; Loges $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Boxes $4.60, 3.45; Loges $4.15; Balc. $3.45, 3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
WINTER GARDEN 1634 B'way. Cir. 5-4878

"GORGEOUS THEATRE!" —Atkinson, N. Y. Times

HELEN HAYES RICHARD BURTON SUSAN STRASBERG
TIME REMEMBERED
MOROSCO, West 45. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

The JOSHUA LOGAN production of
BLUE DENIM
A new play by JAMES LEO HERLIHY and WILLIAM NOBLE
with CHESTER MORRIS
JUNE WALKER • CAROL LYNLEY • BURT BRINCKERHOFF
WARREN BERLINGER • PAT STANLEY
PLAYHOUSE, 137 W. 48 St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Funnier than 'The Moon is Blue'. Should run for 3 years." —WARD MOREHOUSE, N.A.N.A.
SAM LEVENE in
FAIR GAME
with ELLEN McRAE, ROBERT WEBBER
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.: Orch. $5.75; Mezz. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90; Balc. $2.30. Fri. & Sat. Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45. Balc. $2.30. Mats.: Orch. $4.60 Mezz. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90/ Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Tax Incl.
LONGACRE, W. 48 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL is a magical theatre experience." —KERR, Herald Tribune
PRICES: Eves 8:30—$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30—$4.60, 4.05, 3.60, 3.00, 2.30. List alternate dates. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.
BARRYMORE THEATRE
243 West 47th St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

TORONTO, ONTARIO,
FEBRUARY 18, 1958

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN your recent interview with Bramwell Fletcher, the actor and artist, you mentioned the fact that Mr. Fletcher gave up painting for years because "a gentleman named Matthew Prichard, an authority on Matisse," told him he was nothing more than an imitator, and that Mrs. Sarah Stein, the widow of Leo Stein, abandoned painting forever on advice from the same source. Some of your readers may have been set to wondering about the identity of a man with such commanding opinions. I had no need to speculate, however, although I had not heard the name in twenty years. The only Matthew Prichard who could have exercised so potent an influence was the man I last saw persuading an English thunderstorm not to produce rain.

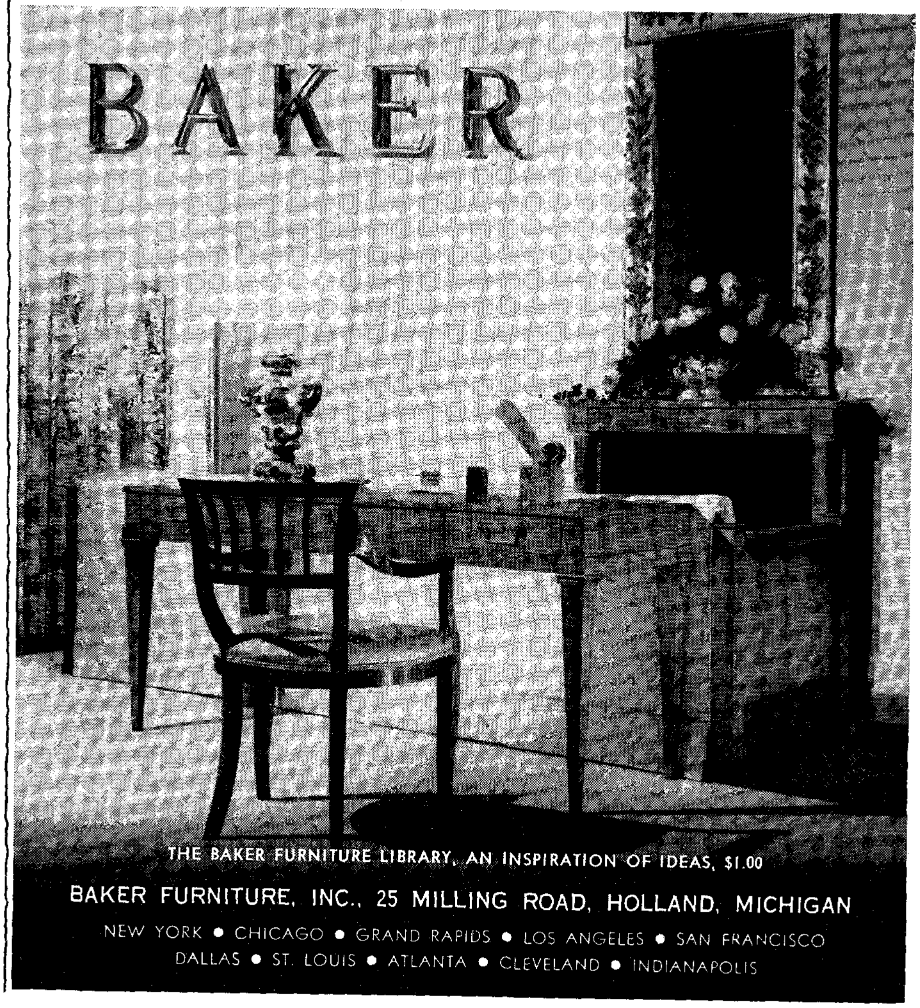
My acquaintance with Prichard was never intimate, but I did spend four years of the First World War in the same German internment camp with him, and there his influence was indeed remarkable. Thrown at the age of fifty into a detention barracks, formerly a stable, on the muddy Ruhleben racecourse, this art critic and linguist made light of physical discomforts as "aberrations of mere matter" and applied himself to enlarging and stimulating the minds of the younger men interned with him. He was a philosopher of a Bergsonian cast, who believed that men could, if they would, learn to remove any block in themselves or in others that thwarted the creative *élan vital*, and his chief peculiarity was that he never feared to put his beliefs to practical test. Once, when I was ill and without medical attention, Prichard, who lived in another barracks, was approached on my behalf by a friend, and shortly afterward I opened my eyes to see his gaunt, beak-nosed figure sitting by my bunk in the gloomy horse stall, with one hand covering his face while he willed my recovery. I was startled and murmured something, and the tall form rose, waved an open hand once or twice, as if wafting some power toward me, and vanished without a word. I have doubts about the value of the treatment, but I know that in our inter-barracks cricket and football matches the consistent success of Prichard's barracks

(*Advertisement*)

FLIGHT
ENGINEER

A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Whether an executive is on-the-way-up, or has already arrived, his office should have the quiet comfort and distinction of Bigelow Carpet. Special designs, colors and textures available. Call any Bigelow district office or our Contract Department, 140 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. *The new ideas in carpet begin with* BIGELOW.


BAKER

THE BAKER FURNITURE LIBRARY, AN INSPIRATION OF IDEAS, $1.00

BAKER FURNITURE, INC., 25 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • GRAND RAPIDS • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO
DALLAS • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • CLEVELAND • INDIANAPOLIS

OPENS WED. MAR. 26 • 6 WEEKS ONLY
THE THEATRE GUILD in assoc. with ARNOLD MOSS
presents

TYRONE POWER
FAYE EMERSON
ARTHUR TREACHER
in A New Version
by ARNOLD MOSS
of
BERNARD SHAW'S
BACK TO METHUSELAH
with **VALERIE BETTIS** **ARNOLD MOSS**
Directed by **MARGARET WEBSTER**
MAIL ORDERS NOW
O'PG. NIGHT: Orch. & Boxes $8.05; Mezz. $6.35; Balc. $5.20, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45. THEREAFTER, MON. THRU THURS. EVGS.: Orch. $5.75; Mezz. $4.60; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30. FRI. & SAT. EVGS.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.60; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30. WED. & SAT. MATS.: Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.90. All taxes incl. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with check or money order. Specify several alternate dates.
AMBASSADOR THEA. 215 W. 49 St., N. Y. C.

OPENS WED. EVE. MAR. 12, MAIL ORDERS NOW

Patachou
FRANCE'S FOREMOST SINGING STAR
IN
ARTHUR LESSER'S
"INTERNATIONAL SOIREE"
with a cast of continental stars
and **HIRAM SHERMAN**
PRICES (Tax Incl.) Evgs. Incl. Sun. at 9 P.M. Orch. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45. Mats. Sat. & Sun. at 3 P.M. Orch. $4.80; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90. No. Mon. Perf. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope & specify alternate dates.
BIJOU THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way, N. Y. C.

"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
EDWARD SALLY ANN
MULHARE • HOWES
IN AMERICA'S GREATEST MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
RONALD RADD
REGINALD DENNY
MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

THE **Divan** PARISIEN SINCE 1923
RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS
33 E. 48th St. New York EL 5-6726

was often attributed by the irreverent to his incantatory gestures from the sidelines.

These minor eccentricities, though highly diverting to the bored mass of prisoners, had little to do with Prichard's enormous influence over the cluster of young men who quickly surrounded him. He was, after all, a daring and creative thinker, particularly in the field of aesthetics, who had reached his views independently and who held them with his whole being. And along with this strikingly original mind he had a consuming interest in the young—an interest that appeared completely selfless and devoid of the least wish to control or dominate. He was genuinely reluctant to express his own opinions, preferring, like Socrates, to arouse doubts and questionings about generally accepted views and then leave his listeners to search out sounder ones for themselves. When, after persistent prodding, he did utter one of his memorable dicta—that music ended with Mozart, for example—it was correspondingly treasured. If Mr. Fletcher ceased painting when Prichard threw doubt on his talent, it was, I suspect, less because the critic was an authority on Matisse than because his judgment was so transparently sincere—even if later proved mistaken. Others, equally responsive, were more fortunate; one young prisoner whom Prichard inveigled into studying Italian in the camp is now a professor of that language at Oxford.

Prichard is probably still remembered in Boston, where he was for a time bursar at the Museum of Fine Arts, and he had a scattering of admirers throughout Western Europe. But he rejected the cult of the individual, both in life and in art; he never published a book, and the only printed paper by him that I possess is unsigned. He wished to be unknown, and would have appreciated Mrs. Stein's reference to him as "someone called Matthew Prichard." His passion for anonymity even led him to devote many years to perfecting a beautiful handwritten script, almost indistinguishable (to the confusion of his bankers) from fine printing. When he died, in 1936, the London *Times* found practically nothing in its files about him, but soon after the brief notice of his death appeared, the paper received so many spontaneous tributes to him that a column was filled with excerpts from them. As the editor remarked, Prichard "had an influence out of all proportion to his public fame"—a fact for which those who

"WONDERFUL—SIMPLY WONDERFUL"—Chapman, News
NORMAN PANAMA, MELVIN FRANK & MICHAEL KIDD present
"LI'L ABNER"
An Original Musical Comedy
Book by NORMAN PANAMA & MELVIN FRANK
Based On The Characters Created by AL CAPP
Direction and Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
Lyrics by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by GENE de PAUL
PETER PALMER HOWARD ST. JOHN STUBBY KAYE JOYCE GLADMOND BILLIE HAYES

PRICES: Evgs. Orch. $8.05; Mezz. $6.90; 1st Balc. $4.80, 3.60, 3.00; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; 1st Balc. $3.60, 3.00; 2nd Balc. 2.30, 1.75 (Tax Incl.) Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope and suggest alternate dates.
ST. JAMES THEATRE, 246 W. 44 St., N.Y. 36,

DRAMA CRITICS AWARD WINNER
LIMITED ENGAGEMENT!
MELVYN DOUGLAS
BETTY FIELD **LILI DARVAS**
The Waltz of the Toreadors
MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Eves. $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Tax Incl.
CORONET THEA., 230 W. 49th St. CI 6-8870

"A SWEETHEART OF A MUSICAL"—Kerr, Herald-Tribune
JUDY HOLLIDAY
in
Bells are Ringing
SHUBERT THEA., 225 W. 44 St. CI 6-5990

"SUPERB"
—Atkinson, Times —Kerr, Her.Trib. —Watts, Post
GARDEN DISTRICT
by **TENNESSEE WILLIAMS**
Evgs. Tues. thru Sun. Mats. Sat. & Sun.
Orch. $4.50, 3.50, 2.50.
YORK playhouse 64 St. & 1st Ave. TR 9-4130
Seats Now at Box Office & by Mail

"THE MUSIC MAN is a rousing holiday for everyone."—ATKINSON, N.Y. Times
PRICES: Eves. 8:30.—$8.05, 6.25, 4.95, 3.60, 3, 2.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30—$4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3, 2.50. List 5 alternate dates. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 245 W. 44 St., N. Y. 36. CI 6-0730

MOTION PICTURE
'BEST PICTURE OF YEAR!'—NEW YORK FILM CRITICS AWARD
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents A SAM SPIEGEL PRODUCTION
"THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI"
Directed by DAVID LEAN • A Theatre Guild Selection
NIGHTLY at 8:30—MATS. WED., SAT. & SUN. at 2:30
RKO PALACE B'WAY & 47th ST PL 7-2626
also RESERVED SEAT ENGAGEMENTS: LOS ANGELES, Egyptian Theatre, BOSTON, Gary Theatre

ON TIME!
RADAR
TWA
JETSTREAM
TWA

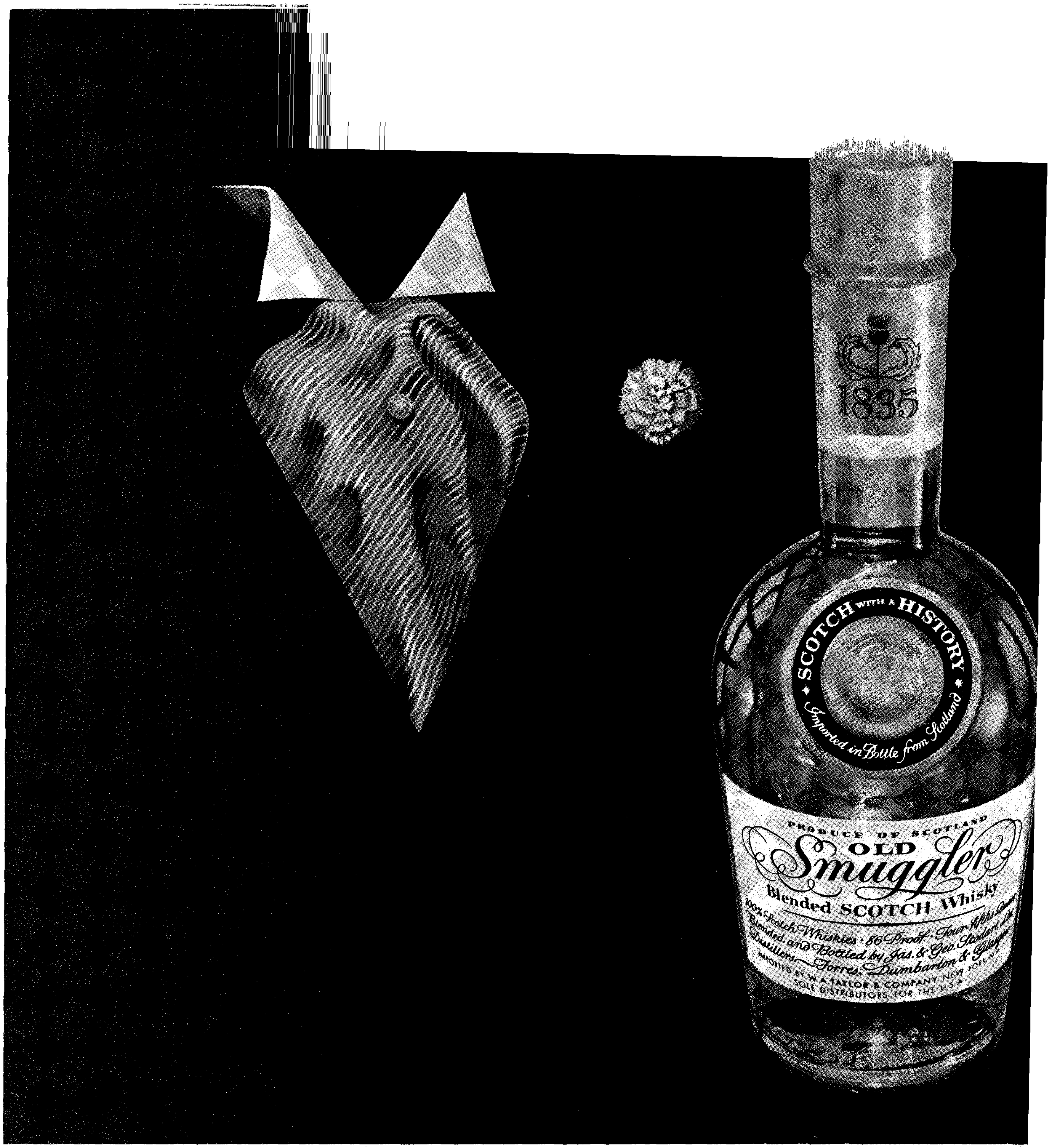
TWA Captain Thomas Lynch brings in Flight 4

We're proud of our clock-watchers at TWA!

It takes *team* work to send the mighty Jetstreams* winging to their destinations all over the world, departing *on schedule,* arriving *on time!* And it takes a *big* team of clock-watchers to do it—maintenance men, weather analysts, flight dispatchers, operating crews. TWA is proud of them. You'll understand why . . . when, after the smoothest, most luxurious flight you've ever had . . . *your* TWA plane taxis in *on time!* For reservations, telephone your travel agent or nearest TWA office today.

FLY THE FINEST... FLY TWA TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

**Jetstream is a service mark owned exclusively by TWA.*


1835
SCOTCH WITH A HISTORY
Imported in Bottle from Scotland
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
OLD Smuggler
Blended SCOTCH Whisky
100% Scotch Whiskies · 86 Proof · Four Years Old
Blended and Bottled by Jas. & Geo. Stodart Ltd.
Distillers — Forres, Dumbarton & Glasgow
IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

The Fashionable Scotch

THE DISTINGUISHED Old Smuggler bottle is no false façade. It is an appropriate attire for the fashionable Scotch.

Old Smuggler justly merits this reputation. Because it is developed with patience and scruple—because it is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour—and because it carries on quality traditions that date back to 1835.

Nothing better indicates how much Old Smuggler is appreciated than the remark heard so frequently when it is poured, "Careful, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

If you have not yet enjoyed the superb delight of Old Smuggler, why not ask for it by name the next time? You will be richly rewarded. Please take another look at the bottle to fix it firmly in your memory.

Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland
Imported by
W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, N. Y., N. Y.
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

OLD
Smuggler

SCOTCH with a History

enjoy Mr. Fletcher's acting should be grateful, even if Mr. Fletcher is not.

My last meeting with Prichard was in 1933, when I went with a colleague to a London suburb to consult the British prisoner-of-war records and found Prichard mysteriously in charge of them. He was then nearly seventy, appeared unshaven, and was wearing an extremely dirty shirt, but he remembered me and was courteously helpful. Just as my friend and I were finishing our work, the room grew dark, and heavy thunder began to shake the building. We suggested calling a cab to take us back to the station, but Prichard assured us there was no need for that. Going to the window, he gazed fixedly at the blue-black clouds, made the same wafting gestures he had used on me in 1915, and said, in tones of mild rebuke, "No, no! Not now." Turning to us, he announced, "It's all right; it won't rain," and we said goodbye and walked anxiously into what still looked like an impending cloudburst. Not a drop fell.

Sincerely,
J. D. KETCHUM

•

To this day, Kim Novak won't swat a fly!

Now it isn't because she's crazy about animals and things—which she is. In fact, when she was a child her big ambition was to be a vet.

But why Kim won't swat flies is because there was once this fly . . .

Its wings were damaged in some way. It couldn't fly, and a non-flying fly was just the thing to arouse Kim's sympathies.

She brought it home. Her house had always been a depot for lost, strayed or neglected animals. . . .

She never named him because "I never named any of my pets," she says. "I don't know why, but that never seemed important to me He was always *The Fly*, just as the black cat was *The Black Cat* and the brown dog was *The Brown Dog*."

She kept the wounded fly for three or four months, as she remembers it. Then, one morning, she went down to give it some sugar for breakfast and it was dead. She buried it, over by the railroad tracks.
—*Modern Screen.*

Known simply as *The Railroad Tracks*?

•

The regular story hour will be held at the Russell library on Saturday at 2:30 P.M. for all interested children, regardless of age. Children's librarian, Miss Virginia Hatch, will be the story teller this week. She will tell the stories of "Melvin the Moose Child," "Fly High, Fly Low" and "The Snow Maiden."

Snow plowing, reasonable. DI 7-3343.—adv.—*Middletown (Conn.) Press.*

You stay out of it!

FROM THE RICHEST *Coffee Kingdoms* OF THE ANDES COMES THE FINEST COFFEE NATURE GROWS

Grown only on the high slopes of the Andes, in tiny "coffee kingdoms" of rich soil and matchless mountain climate, Brown Gold is the *only* coffee of its kind: *all-Colombian* coffee.

All good coffee blends contain *some* Colombian coffee. But Brown Gold is *all* Colombian. Not a blend—never bland!

Brown Gold costs a little more, naturally. But it *gives* you so much more—rich robust flavor and a superb bouquet and body you can't find in any "popular priced" brand.

Don't miss this truly exciting new coffee. Get Brown Gold all-Colombian Coffee at your grocer's today!

(Note: If your dealer does not have Brown Gold, order direct from the Andes Coffee Co., Division of Old Dutch Coffee Co., 80 Front St., New York 5, N. Y. Send $1.50 for 1 lb., or $2.70 for 2 lbs., parcel post prepaid.)

ALL PURPOSE GRIND Brown Gold 100% COLOMBIAN COFFEE

Brown Gold
America's New All-Colombian Coffee

Mealtime ideas by the jar-full

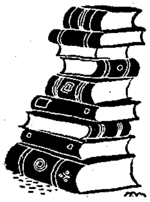
VITA BRAND
IMPORTED CREAMED HERRING FILLETS

READY TO SERVE HERRING DELICACIES

FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK, WRITE VITA, DEPT. F, 644 GREENWICH ST., N. Y. 14

BOOKS

The War Inside the Soldiers

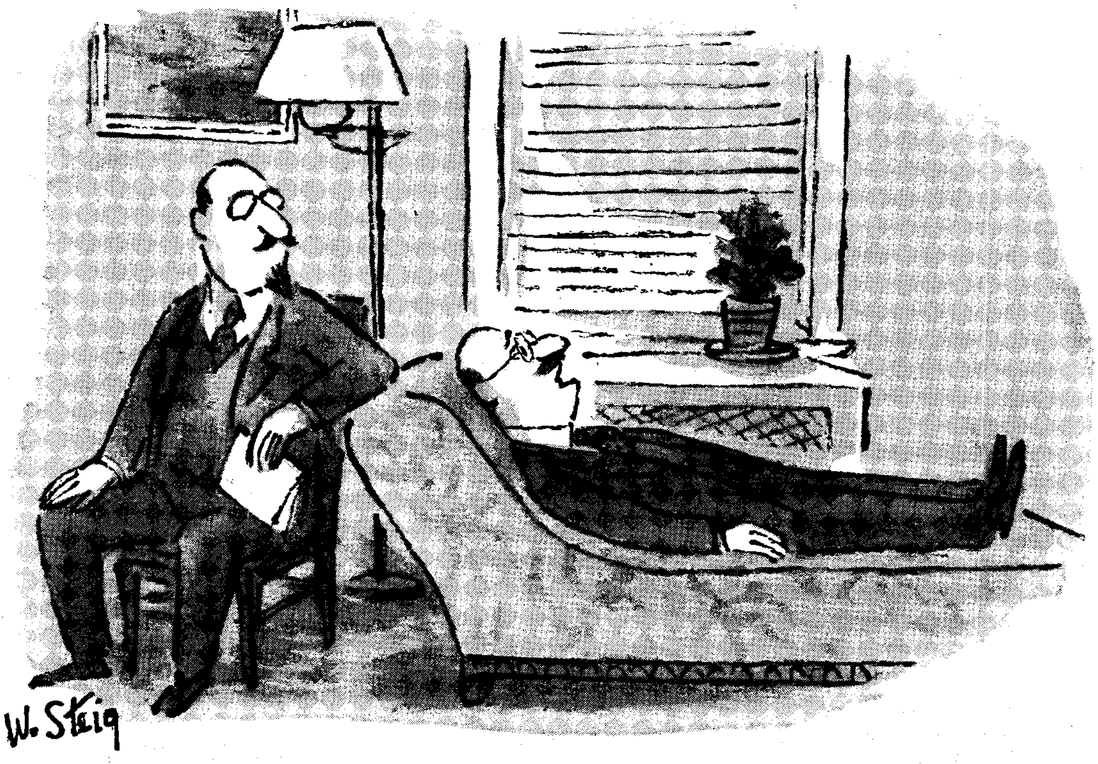


JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN-SCHREIBER, the author of the chronicle called "Lieutenant in Algeria" (Knopf), is, at the age of thirty-four, the cocky and competent editor of the French liberal weekly *L'Express*. His chief allies and contributors are Pierre Mendès-France and the Catholic French Academician and Nobel Prize-winning novelist François Mauriac. Servan-Schreiber and Mendès-France were in the Free French Air Force; Mauriac was the only member of the French Academy who had to go underground during the Second World War because of his part in the Resistance. They are all three opponents of the Algerian war of pacification to a finish.

When the Ministry of National Defense recalled Servan-Schreiber to the colors as a lieutenant of infantry in the summer of 1956, the French who deplored the Mollet government's Algerian line interpreted the order as an effort to take hostage from *L'Express*. There have been two governments since Mollet's, but the line remains the same, as does the Minister Resident, or proconsul, Mollet sent to Algeria. He, Robert Lacoste, is a Man on Horseback with the seat of a Central Park Sunday rider, but he does not fall. Servan-Schreiber had no talents as an infantry officer that promised to turn the tide of what Lacoste still declared was not a battle. Lacoste insisted that all would be over by October of 1956. The call-up was not universal, and many younger journalists on newspapers of the proper shade of political thought were exempted, perhaps because their reporting was considered essential to the maintenance of national morale. (A composite typical dispatch: "A band of at least a hundred outlaws made a cowardly attack upon a detachment of our troops, part of a force of five thousand men preparing to encircle them. The enemy, who unhooked themselves at the intervention of our aviation, possessed a formidable modern armament. They left three shotguns upon the field of battle.") The most numerous, youngest, and most muscular detachment of correspondents in the field represented *Match*, the French opposite number of *Life*, published by Jean Prouvost, a former Minister in the Vichy government and a textile multimillionaire. (Marcel Boussac, the proprietor of *L'Aurore*, the most pyrophagous daily, is also in textiles.) Algeria has for more than a century offered a magnificent protected market for French cotton goods.

Servan-Schreiber's well-wishers feared that when he came under the orders of career officers, who are often of the Right, he might suffer for it. The memory of Dreyfus persists in the popular mind. Servan-Schreiber reports in his book two attempts to frame him, not by officers with whom he served but by members of the Minister Resident's military household. They collapsed from the weight of their own absurdity. In Algiers, in September, 1956, I heard from a common friend that Servan-Schreiber was bored but well, spending his nights on fruitless patrols and his days on paperwork, like any other lieutenant. He was at Rivet, fifteen miles from Algiers. At night, the countryside swarmed with Nationalists, who levied taxes on Europeans and Moslems alike, burning the houses and destroying the orange groves of delinquent subscribers. They left the road to military vehicles; the mountain is the place for ambushes. As things turned out, the Ministry of National Defense did Servan-Schreiber a great favor: It gave him an opportunity for psychological observation no other reporter had. He was inside the Army, and this war is inside the soldiers. Because of this opportunity and his journalistic gift, the author has produced that rare marvel, a book of reporting that becomes increasingly timely with age, a decoding machine to be used in combination with the daily newspaper.

In "Lieutenant in Algeria," what counts as a large-scale action in a war that is tying up half a million men is an affair like the ambush of a platoon of native Moslem scouts. And even then the essential part of the fight takes place in the minds of the principals. The platoon is led by Major Marcus. (Servan-Schreiber says that all his characters and events are real; he has changed only names that would identify the actors.) The story of the ambush is not merely an anecdote but a prototype in a repetitious war. Major Marcus is trying to maintain a link of respect between the



"I've just had an insight! There's nothing I'm not afraid of."

Moslems and France, so that when the garrisons, the colonists, and the administrators have been driven out, which he believes is inevitable, there will at least be a chance of coöperation between the two independent nations. He goes on long missions of reassurance and reconciliation, encouraging the moderate faction among the enemy to work for a reasonable peace instead of sordid mutual massacre. It sounds, at this distance, like a thin hope, and so it proves.

The cherished instrument of Marcus's plan is his platoon of scouts. Through it he has his contact with the population. But nationalism penetrates even this core. Three members of the platoon desert, carrying with them two light machine guns and ammunition. Marcus sets out with the remainder of the platoon to persuade them to come back. The news of the desertion and theft, if it reaches Army Headquarters, will spoil his whole experiment; his troop will be disbanded. He runs into a trap set by the deserters and the *fellagha* chief of the region. As his short column of vehicles reaches the middle of a narrow pass, one stolen machine gun opens up on the head of the line and one on the rear. The unwounded men leap for cover and take fighting positions. Then the "loyal" Moslem soldier in charge of the group's one machine gun, which is mounted in the foremost jeep, opens fire on his comrades and mows them down.

It is the story not of one native unit but of all in what its French officers called, in Africa and Italy during the last war, "the best soldiery in the world," and which had one of the sound claims to that distinction. "It is estimated that the rebels have got from the French Army about three times as many arms as they have got from the outside," Servan-Schreiber remarks.

I thought of Major Marcus a few weeks ago, when I read that some *méharistes* of the Sahara Camel Corps had mutinied and disappeared into the desert after killing their eight French officers. The *méharistes* are an élite group, all Chaamba Arabs, of a "warrior race" that paid no attention to politics, their officers assured me in 1956, when other units were suspect. They have their immemorial homes in the oases of the northern Sahara, which are cultivated for them by the descendants of Negroid slaves they brought up from the Sudan, a thousand miles across the sands. No dey of Algiers ever claimed authority over them; they were brought under French rule only at the end of the last century. "They despise the town Arabs

In praise of the
magic and charm of
The Ten Thousand Things

By MARIA DERMOÛT

who was born in Java in 1888 and who has lived for
many years in the spice islands of the East Indies
where this, her first full-length novel, is set

EUDORA WELTY: "It gave me deep pleasure. I found it an original book, beautifully written, one that succeeds in bringing forth in its charm and mystery an unfamiliar and very old and very odd and real bit of the world."

SANTHA RAMA RAU: "A truly magical book, evocative and crystal-clear and absolutely timeless. I'm still puzzling over how she manages to create a whole world so precisely and so movingly with so little effort."

NADINE GORDIMER: "I like *The Ten Thousand Things* enormously. A strange and charming book."

MARIANNE MOORE: "I like it very much. A vivid book full of curious detail."

B. J. CHUTE: "It is beautifully written, with grace and delight, and it has that almost translunary quality that makes some books stay as an echo in the reader's mind. It gave me true pleasure."

DAPHNE DU MAURIER: "An unusual, lovely book of great charm. A remarkable book in every way."

LEWIS GANNETT: "I liked it immensely. It has a haunting quality, an old-world, other-century accent, a sense of magic and mystery, that somehow suggests Isak Dinesen's unforgettable *Gothic Tales*."

SYBILLE BEDFORD: "I was deeply moved, almost emerging from a kind of trance when I had finished it. Someone who knows something worth knowing has written this book."

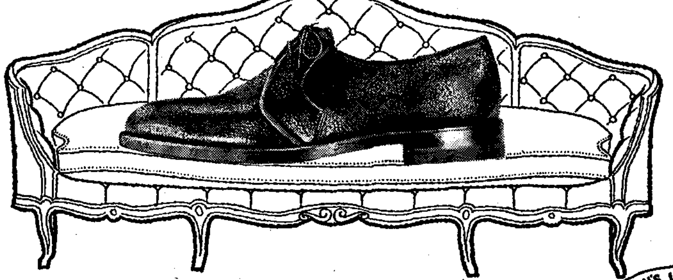
FREDERIC WAKEMAN: "A wonderful book."

KATHRYN HULME: "A rare and magical book. I loved it."

BETTY SMITH: "It gave me great pleasure. I've read no other book like it. The printed words almost give off a scent of spice and the lines almost show colors. A book of great charm."

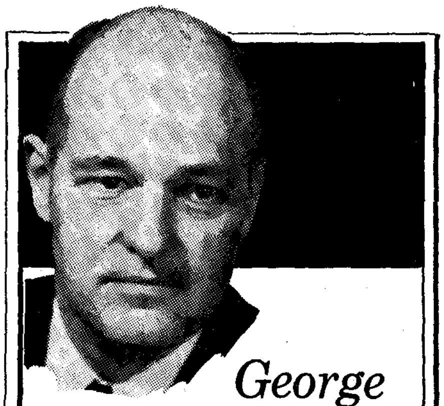
JUST PUBLISHED. PRICE $3.75. SIMON AND SCHUSTER

You never had it so soft!



REQUEST THE NEW SOFT
Martin's Scotch Grain Leather from Scotland

MARTIN'S UPPER LEATHER
THE ORIGINAL IMPORTED SCOTCH GRAIN
MADE IN SCOTLAND



George F. Kennan

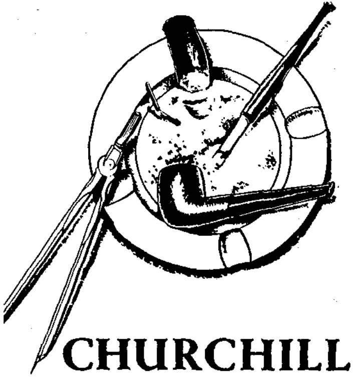
THE DECISION TO INTERVENE

VOL. II OF SOVIET-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 1917-1920

In 1918 the U. S. and the Allies decided to intervene in the Soviet Revolution. This story of Russian-American relations during that tense year is an exciting sequel to Mr. Kennan's Pulitzer Prize winner, RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR. Illus., 520 pages. $7.50

Order from your bookseller

PRINCETON University Press



CHURCHILL ROOSEVELT STALIN

The War They Waged and the Peace They Sought

By Herbert Feis

"The best-balanced book on the direction of the war that has yet appeared. Sources have been well examined, the arrangement is excellent and the interest well sustained." — LORD ATTLEE in THE SPECTATOR. $6.95

Order from your bookseller

PRINCETON University Press

who read newspapers," the officers used to say. "They have nothing in common with them." It was an illusion, like Marcus's.

But the book's most important point is its picture of the effect of the war on the French. The first episode of all illuminates the recurrent formula in the official communiqué: "x rebels were killed today at z." French newspapers prefer "*hors-la-loi abattus par les forces de l'ordre*" ("outlaws knocked off by the forces of order") in reporting enemy casualties. "*Abattus*" comes from "*abattre*," a verb customarily used to describe the slaughter of beasts (whence "*abattoir*"), the killing of game birds, the shooting down of enemy airplanes, or the sudden elimination, by knife or pistol, of gangsters by police or other gangsters. French soldiers are never *abattus*, they are *morts à l'ennemi*.

Another episode shows how the French react to the situation. A patrol from Servan-Schreiber's force kills six Arabs, who, when the soldiers examine the cadavers, turn out not to have been armed. It is a case of mistaken identity. The Arabs are in a truck belonging to a French-Italian mining company, driving down a town street on their way to work. When they see an Arab lying in the street and a group of armed European civilians around him, they drive away at top speed, fearing a massacre. (The Arab has, in fact, been shot by a French soldier who has then driven off in a jeep, probably manufactured in Toledo, Ohio.) The Europeans, after loosing an ineffectual volley at the fleeing truck, telephone regimental headquarters to report the presence on the road of a "motorized *fellagha* commando." The patrol overtakes it and shoots down the Arabs. The reservist Sergeant Mauré, in command, is pleased. "Mauré thanked God that everything had gone so well, and that his men—reservists like himself—had been able to do their duty as soldiers without a single one being killed or wounded. His nightmare was that he might one day have a dead man or a disabled man on his conscience. Good old Mauré."

The patrol's failure to discover arms in the truck places Mauré's superior officers, all decent fellows, in a mild quandary. "Perhaps they tossed them out before the scuffle, in the night, so they could pick them up later if they got away with it," says Major Henry, the regimental commander. "Perhaps one of them took off with the arms without Mauré's men seeing him. Per-

Mark Van Doren

tells us why he believes Don Quixote was "the most perfect knight that ever lived; the only one, in fact, we can believe," and why his story is perhaps the best novel in the world.

DON QUIXOTE'S PROFESSION

$2.50 *at all bookstores*

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Nancy Mitford

can't keep a secret about a genius and a beautiful bluestocking

Voltaire in Love

Illustrated $5.00 HARPER

Travel like a prince on a pauper's budget!

NEW 1958 EDITION THE POOR MAN'S GUIDE TO EUROPE

by David Dodge
$3.50 at bookstores.
RANDOM HOUSE

haps they didn't have their arms with them."

"But what are we going to put in the evening report if there weren't any arms?" asks the second lieutenant who has to draw up the document, a reservist.

"Don't be a damn fool," says Captain Martin, a regular. "If you haven't got any arms to put down, then don't put anything. Just mention the wounded man in the street, machine-gunned by the truck."

And Servan-Schreiber adds, in a footnote, "The official report, communicated to the press, as every day, by the press office of the Government-General, with those of all the other areas of Algeria, simply said: 'Yesterday at —— the occupants of a truck machine-gunned people in the streets. Fortunately, only one man was wounded.' "

Captain Julienne, a newcomer to the theatre of operations, is embarrassed. He says, "Excuse me for butting in. I only wanted to suggest that if Arabs are killed by our men and no arms are found on them, you can't rule out the possibility that the victims aren't *fellagha* but maybe honest guys from the village—which wouldn't do much good to our relations with the population. I'm trying to say that perhaps we were wrong to kill them. I'm trying to say that if they're fathers of families—that does happen, even with them—their wives and their children are going to miss them. . . . Once more, all my apologies."

"My dear sir!" says Martin, in a condescending but friendly manner. "You're right, a hundred per cent right—in theory. Unfortunately, in practice you'll find that you're faced with a choice. Either you consider a priori that every Arab, in the country, in the street, in a passing truck, is innocent until proved guilty—and allow me to tell you that if that's your attitude you'll get your men bumped off, the *fellagha* will be cocks of the walk, and, as for you, you'll be transferred immediately because the parents of the conscripts you'll get killed won't like it and will write to their deputies that you're a butcher—or you do your duty honorably, which is to say you put the *fellagha* out of commission and look after our men the best you can. In that case, there's only one way: treat every Arab as a suspect, a possible *fellagha*, a potential terrorist—because that, my dear sir, is the truth. And don't come back at me with words like *justice* and *charity*. They have nothing to do with

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING PREMIUM WINES

The Christian Brothers
Pure California
Dry Sherry

THE GREAT WINES OF
The Christian Brothers
of California
PORT · SHERRY · BURGUNDY · ROSÉ · SAUTERNE · VERMOUTH · CHAMPAGNE
Fromm and Sichel, Inc., sole distributors, New York, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Calif.

LISTEN
WEBCOR

New! Stereofonic tape recorder and fonograf make complete high fidelity home music center

Music from one "Custom 10" Twin plays through both . . . for perfect stereofonic sound! Webcor Stereo "Custom 10" Tape Recorder in mahogany, limed oak or cherry —about $290.00. Matching "Custom 10" High Fidelity Fonograf—about $190.00

ALL MUSIC SOUNDS BETTER ON A WEBCOR!

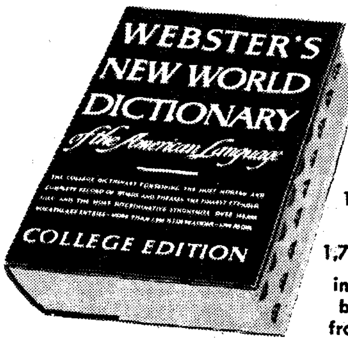
The man who reads dictionaries

G. M. LOEB, eminent securities broker, author of *The Battle for Investment Survival*, says:

"TO ME, a good dictionary has always been a sound investment; I have found *Webster's New World Dictionary*, College Edition, to be the blue chip of wordbooks. The definitions are fresh and modern; they really define, and they're up-to-date on usage. What I find most outstanding is the unusually large number of entries—many more than other desk dictionaries contain—words usually found only in works of much larger size. At home and at work it is always within my reach."

Don't be misled! The word Webster *alone* is no guarantee of excellence. Make sure you get the "experts' dictionary"—ask for a WORLD Webster.

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY



142,000 entries
1,760 pages
in various bindings, from $5.75

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

it. I don't say they don't exist: I say all that's not in the same boat. You can talk about that in Paris with the politicians who got us into this mess. [In Paris, the politicians would say, "How dare you question the sacredness of a cause for which our brave soldiers in Africa are dying?"] But once you're here, raising problems of conscience—and presuming the innocence of possible murderers—is a luxury that costs dear, that costs men, my dear sir, young men, innocent too, our men." It might be the voice of the German Field Marshal General Albert Kesselring protesting, after his conviction for shooting Italian hostages, that some Italians, possibly not those executed, had killed a company of his military police—"elderly, respectable Tyrolians." Innocent, too, Kesselring's men.

The condition creates the state of mind. A soldier of an army of occupation, living in constant apprehension of ambush, is exacerbated primarily because he doesn't want to be where he finds himself. All the exaltation is on the other side. The occupant's trigger finger is subject to nervous convulsion, and when he yields to it, he must rationalize the result. That is because he is the occupant, committed to proving he has the right to be present. But if he holds to the law, only the other side will have the capability of attack. The other fellow has nothing to prove. He is at home, and if he kills a foreign soldier, the uniform is evidence that the corpse belongs in another country.

Of the French government's contention that Algeria is part of France, it is necessary to say here only that the characters in "Lieutenant in Algeria" do not feel at home. Nor do the fashionable members of the Yacht Club of Algiers go swimming from a naval pier behind barbed wire and concrete roadblocks because they fancy themselves at Deauville.

One rationalization grows from another. If it is wrong to presume the innocence of a possible murderer, it is wrong to presume the innocence of a village that possibly harbors possible murderers. In France, the Germans began by executing the Resistance leader Estienne d'Orves and two companions in 1941, and in three years arrived at the massacre of Oradour. And so, in Africa, as we have all lately discovered, a village one kilometre inside a neutral and independent country can be considered a base of operations dangerous to the lives of respectable Auvergnats and Normans flying airplanes above the boundary line, and can

MEYER DAVIS
ON WITH THE DANCE
Society's No. 1 orchestra plays an encore of 24 sparkling tunes.

Meyer Davis
On With The Dance

ABC-197

...in the sound of the year

ABC-PARAMOUNT
FULL COLOR FIDELITY

HI-FI 58!

An understanding novel of mental illness

The Unbelonging

by Alice M. Robinson

All bookstores, $3.95 *Macmillan*

THE
INCURABLE WOUND
and Further Narratives of Medical Detection
By the author of ELEVEN BLUE MEN
BERTON ROUECHÉ

● "Clinically accurate and at the same time absorbing ... has the overtones of thrilling detective fiction." —*N. Y. Times Book Review.*
$3.50

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

be bombed into smithereens. We can hear the voice of the Martin-Kesselrings of the Armée de l'Air: "Bomb it. And don't come back at me with words like 'neutrality' and 'sovereignty' and '*Nations Unies*,' my dear sir. They have nothing to do with it. And besides, if the Americans leave us old *coucous* like the B-26s, we have to bomb open places. They're good for nothing better. Go talk to the politicians."

The events narrated in "Lieutenant in Algeria" took place in the summer of 1956, and we are already at the bombing of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef.

—A. J. Liebling

THE University of Chicago Press has issued a new, abridged edition of the long-out-of-print "Siberia and the Exile System," a work of literary journalism by George Kennan (1845-1924) first published in 1891, which, though ignored by just about every standard American literary history and reference work, is a classic of its kind. (Kennan was an uncle of George F. Kennan, the political scientist and our former Ambassador to Russia, who has contributed a valuable introduction to the book.) It is a brilliant account of an eight-thousand-mile journey through southern Siberia that Kennan, a journalist and world traveller from Ohio, made in 1885 and 1886, in the company of George A. Frost, a photographer and artist from Boston. The principal purpose of the trip was remarkably uncomplicated; Kennan hoped to disprove the rumors about the inhumanity and cruelty of the Siberian exile system. His curiosity seems ingenuous now. But Kennan had a great deal of the crusading social diligence that formed a thin but unbreakable umbrella of conscience over the nineteenth-century Western world and that often produced acts close to altruism. It was a time, the younger Mr. Kennan points out in his introduction, when American journalism, caught between a plush, peaceful status quo and an increasingly eager audience, was sponsoring news-making journeys to remote sections of the earth. The *Century* underwrote Kennan, and, after printing his account in its pages between 1888 and 1889, published it in two volumes that run to nearly a thousand pages. The result is a sustained combination of shrewd reporting and first-rate travel writing, much of it brought to a boil by the sort of red-necked indignation that vanished with Teddy Roosevelt. Parts, indeed, equal the meticulous examinations of the underside of nineteenth-

To enjoy the full beauty of Spring . . .

See Italy first

CAPRI—I FARAGLIONI

Watch the miracle of another Spring transforming the golden countryside throughout this lovely land . . . ushering in a colorful new season of activities and events . . . welcoming you to fascinating cities and towns where historic centuries live on in art and architecture. Today's Family Plan transatlantic fares make your trip cost less than ever. Also the

INCLUSIVE TOURS

sold only through Travel Agents, make available special reduced rates for transatlantic transportation.

Air travel in Italy and luxurious motor coach tours are surprisingly inexpensive . . . 15 and 30-day rail tickets provide unlimited travel . . . and if you take your own car, special coupons provide gasoline at reduced costs. Italy offers you the best of everything . . . fine hotels, wonderful food, incredible shopping bargains. See your Travel Agent now!

ENIT **ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE—E. N. I. T.**
21 East 51st Street, New York 22, N. Y.
CHICAGO—333 N. Michigan Ave. NEW ORLEANS—International Trade Mart
SAN FRANCISCO—St. Francis Hotel

A tribute to*
YOUR
TASTE

MADE EXPRESSLY FOR
MARTINIS AND
MANHATTANS

TRIBUNO
SWEET for MANHATTANS
TRIBUNO
SWEET VERMOUTH
"21" Brands, Inc.
TRIBUNO
EXTRA DRY for MARTINIS
TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH
DRY
"21" Brands, Inc.

**Cocktails made with*

TRIBUNO SWEET OR DRY VERMOUTH

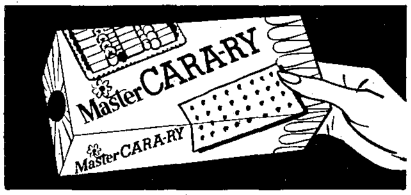
"21" Brands, Inc. NEW YORK, N. Y. SOLE AGENTS IN THE U.S.A.

RATHER RARE:

It's CARAway...It's RYe...
It's CARA-RY

You'll probably love it. Unless, of course, you happen to prefer your rye straight. Cara-Ry is a crisp rye wafer with an unexpected touch of caraway that puts it in a class by itself. The perfect base for spreads, cheese, or just plain butter—at lunchtime, cocktail-time, snack-time.

About 30¢ at your favorite food shops in town. Or, write Zinsmaster, Box 597, Minneapolis, Minnesota, for name of store nearest you.



Kerouac!

■ His newest! His greatest! A sharp, beautifully-written novel of love, lust and despair among the young writers, poets and artists of San Francisco today: *The Subterraneans.* A soft cover EVERGREEN ORIGINAL. At bookstores everywhere, only **$1.45**

The Subterraneans
by JACK KEROUAC, author of *On the Road*

Gaston PRE-THEATRE DINNER
...an intimate restaurant
"C'est Formidable"
a discriminating continental
cuisine and matching wine cellar ...
48 East 49th St. • Closed Sat. & Sun. • PLaza 5-4285

MORE THAN
135,000 COPIES SOLD
"Where Did You Go?"
"Out."
"What Did You Do?"
"Nothing."
By Robert Paul Smith • $2.95 • NORTON

century life produced by Dickens and Zola. For Kennan, in addition to having a prying, catalogue eye (he devotes, with transparent relish, most of one page to listing only "a third part" of the items in a junk shop in Novgorod that sold everything from sleigh bells to steam engines), was a graceful and disciplined writer. His prose is not entirely free of the Victorian love for non-stop sentences and mossy bows to nature ("The fresh, cool air was then filled with the blended fragrance of flowery meadows and damp forest glens"), but at its best it has a copperplate indelibility:

> The moonlight streamed down into its [Novgorod's] long empty streets where the unbroken snow lay two feet deep upon the sidewalks; it touched with silver the white walls and swelling domes of the old fair-cathedral, from whose towers there came no clangor of bells; it sparkled on great snowdrifts heaped up against the doors of the empty houses, and poured a flood of pale light over thousands of snow-covered roofs; but it did not reveal anywhere a sign of a human being. The city seemed to be not only uninhabited, but wholly abandoned to the arctic spirits of solitude and frost.

The present edition of Kennan's work is a drastically shortened one. Only ten of thirty chapters remain, and only nine of two hundred illustrations, some of them marvellously sensitive photographic portraits. And none of the maps are included. The new edition, in fact, has a disconnected air; much of the pure travel description, at which Kennan is expert, has been cut, and he appears to whisk over thousands of miles of difficult terrain as casually as if he were travelling by plane. Omitted, for one, is a funny account of a traditional heroic entrance—in a springless wagon at breakneck speed over a road cut by deep transverse ditches—into a tiny village that a moment before had not even been visible on the endless steppe, and then this operettalike exchange between Kennan and its inhabitants:

> "Barin! Permit us to ask—where is God taking you to?" I replied that we were going to Omsk and Semipalátinsk. "A-a-ah!" murmured the crowd with gratified curiosity.
>
> "Where do you condescend to come from?" inquired the old man, pursuing the investigation.
>
> "From America," I replied.
>
> "A-a-ah!" breathed the crowd again.
>
> "Is that a Russian town?" persisted the old man.
>
> "America isn't a town," shouted a bright-faced boy on the outskirts of the crowd. "It's a country. All the world," he continued mechanically, as if reciting from a school-book, "is divided into five parts, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. Russia occupies two-thirds of Eu-

41st INTERNATIONAL
Flower Show

AT THE NEW
COLISEUM
COLUMBUS CIRCLE, NEW YORK
MARCH 9th TO 15th
HOURS: SUNDAY 2-10 P.M.
WEEKDAYS 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.
ADMISSION: $2.00—Children 90¢ Tax incl.

among the world's famous eating places
Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th St., New York
..unique atmosphere, interesting customs and traditions.

JAPANESE RESTAURANT
SAITO
TEMPURA BAR • O-ZASHIKI
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
70 W. 55th ST. Closed Sun. JU 2-7809

du midi
Gay and Authentically French
Delicate Wines and Provincial Specialties at Reasonable Prices
•
LUNCHEON-DINNER-CONTINENTAL BAR
In the heart of the Theatre District
311 West 48 Street • CO 5-9395

rope and one-half of Asia."... It was evident that none of the old inhabitants of the village had even so much as heard of America.

Bits and pieces like these are missing, too: Kennan strumming on his banjo and singing "There's a Tavern in the Town" in a nomad's tent, to avoid having to down a second quart of a noisome homemade beverage; Kennan and Frost struggling through deep snow at forty-five degrees below zero and a desert sandstorm in hundred-and-three-degree heat; and this perfectly caught moment:

> We sat, without coats or waistcoats, under the sizzling leather roof of our *tarantás* [wagon], fanning ourselves with our hats, panting for breath, fighting huge green-eyed horseflies, and looking out over an illimitable waste of dead grass which wavered and trembled in the fierce glare of the tropical sunshine.

The most puzzling omissions are a passage on the silver mines of Nerchinsk, where Kennan scrambled deep into icy shafts so devoid of oxygen that a candle wouldn't stay lit, and one that deals with a fascinating cloak-and-dagger struggle he carried on for a week with two officials (who hated each other) at the Kara silver mines while he was trying to find a way to meet the political exiles there. For all that, the heart of the book, if shorn of its trimmings (such as a footnote that tells of a visit Kennan paid Tolstoy, who was not the least interested in the plight of the political exiles in Siberia), is intact. The rambling, Melvillean detail is gone, but the stark intensity is not.

By 1885, Kennan was an old hand at travel in Siberia. He had been there when he was twenty, as part of a team exploring the possibilities of a trans-Siberian telegraph line, an adventure that involved a five-thousand-mile trek by dog sled. There were two other

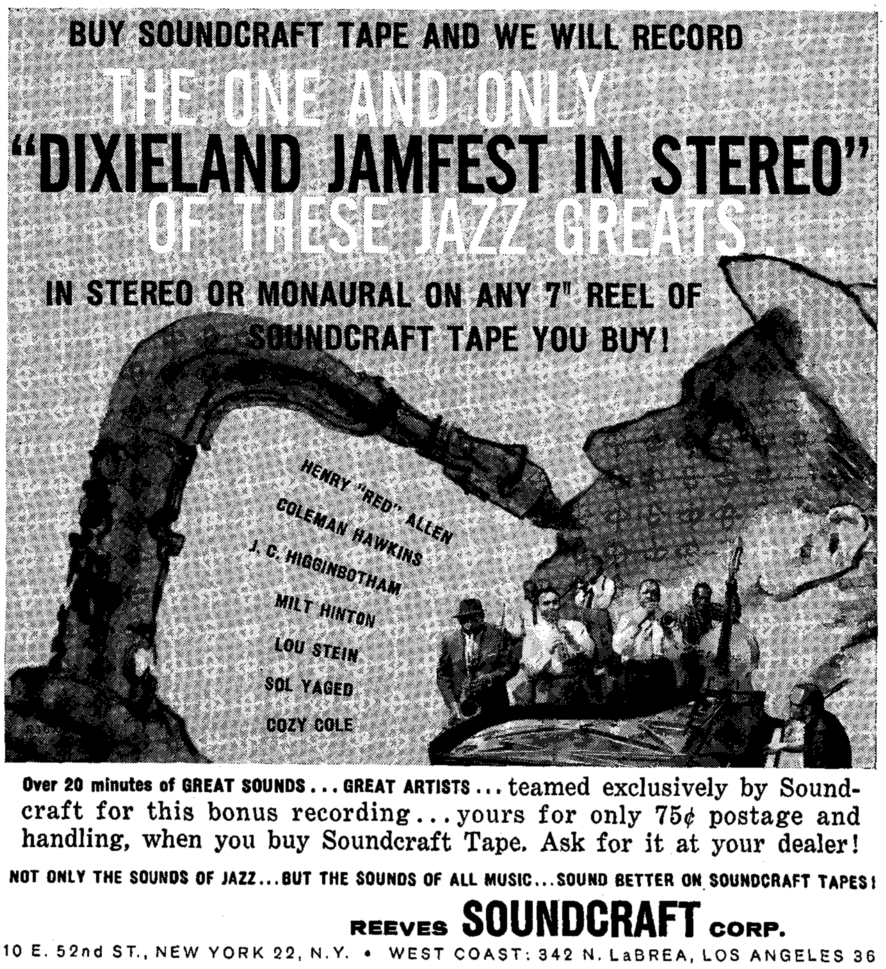
Be a highball expert

Put *rum* in a *highball?* Of course. But for an extraordinary surprise and flavor, try an extraordinary rum — Cuban Bacardi Añejo Brand (pronounced an-YAY-ho), the pride of the Bacardi family, a favorite of connoisseurs. Subtle, aristocratic and incomparably smooth. And, let us be frank, expensive. But worth it? Try a highball (or a *snifter*) and see!

Be a real 100% expert—send 10¢ for two delightful food and drink recipe booklets.

BACARDI
America's favorite brand - by far

© Bacardi Imports, Inc., Dept. 58N, 595 Madison Ave., NY, Rum, 80 proof


BUY SOUNDCRAFT TAPE AND WE WILL RECORD
THE ONE AND ONLY
"DIXIELAND JAMFEST IN STEREO"
OF THESE JAZZ GREATS...
IN STEREO OR MONAURAL ON ANY 7" REEL OF SOUNDCRAFT TAPE YOU BUY!

HENRY "RED" ALLEN
COLEMAN HAWKINS
J. C. HIGGINBOTHAM
MILT HINTON
LOU STEIN
SOL YAGED
COZY COLE

Over 20 minutes of GREAT SOUNDS... GREAT ARTISTS... teamed exclusively by Soundcraft for this bonus recording... yours for only 75¢ postage and handling, when you buy Soundcraft Tape. Ask for it at your dealer!

NOT ONLY THE SOUNDS OF JAZZ...BUT THE SOUNDS OF ALL MUSIC...SOUND BETTER ON SOUNDCRAFT TAPES!

REEVES SOUNDCRAFT CORP.
10 E. 52nd ST., NEW YORK 22, N.Y. • WEST COAST: 342 N. LaBREA, LOS ANGELES 36

"My name is Torben Grunth, I am a Dane. I moved to New York five years ago as a product design consultant. I've always thought that George Tanier's selections of Danish furniture and lighting were splendid examples of contemporary Danish design and craftsmanship. Certainly they are among the best things being done in Denmark today. Arne Vodder's bar stool is one of my Tanier favorites."

GEORGE TANIER INC.
521 Madison Avenue New York 22
Through dealers, decorators, architects

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE NEW
Casino ON THE Park
Designed by Raymond Loewy Corp.
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER • DINNER
SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
VINCENT LAMOLI AT THE PIANO
Tel. CIrcle 7-0300
ESSEX HOUSE
Vincent J. Coyle, V. P. and Mng. Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

20 THOUSAND
watch straps for men and women! Precious leathers in all sizes and colors. Imported and domestic. From $2.50 to $6.50.
"Have you looked at your watch strap lately?"
TIME MART 425 Madison Ave. NYC Bet. 48th & 49th Sts.

QUALITY
is your Best Economy
Where laundering is an art. We give tender, loving care to your precious silks, laces, linens, shirts. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pick-up and delivery service.
MRS. KARO'S
Hand Laundry
TEmpleton 8-6516 160 East 62nd St.

trips, one an exploration of the Caucasus Mountains. He returned in 1885 prepared to find that the tales of cruelty were untrue and that the political exiles were, as the government claimed, wild-eyed terrorists and nihilists. He was in public sympathy with Czar Alexander III's regime and its problems in handling what appeared to be an irresponsible, vicious radicalism. (Alexander II had been assassinated by a revolutionist four years before.) A month or two after his arrival, he made a complete turnabout. He found in almost all the fifteen prisons he visited an incredible state of filth and decay, in which prisoners and their families slept on boards without bedding, in air so foul that he was nearly overcome by it. Prisoners were forced to march to their destinations in every sort of weather, often barefooted, for as much as two thousand miles; a woman prisoner was flogged to death; a male prisoner was exiled for life because he had been mistakenly identified as someone else. All of the "nihilists" Kennan met were educated people "guilty" of such deeds as starting a school for underprivileged workers. It was, in general, a system operated wholly outside legal process, in which guilt by association and even *anticipated* misdemeanors were enough to send a man or woman to a remote Siberian village forever. Siberia had become, he saw, an enormous trash heap on which three-quarters of a million souls had been dumped in the past fifty years. Out of them had developed a strange, almost separate race, the *brodyágs*, or "vagabonds," some of whom, escaping again and again from prison (but not from Siberia), wandered the equivalent of twice around the globe before they perished or were recaptured. "Siberia and the Exile System," which has a good deal in common with Dante's Hell, is a vision that is compounded by a terrible irony; the book became, the younger Kennan notes, a Bible to the early Bolsheviks, whose successors have perfected the very evils it exposed. But it is far more than a catalogue of horrors or an exposé. Here is a passage so evocative that it seems, in a melancholy fashion, almost like one of those cutouts that pop up abruptly from the pages of children's books:

> We were sitting, one cold, raw autumnal day, in a dirty post-station on the great Siberian road, waiting for horses. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a peculiar, low-pitched, quavering sound which came to us from a distance, and which, although made apparently by human voices, did not resemble anything that I had ever before heard. It was not sing-

SMOKEY RIDGE
OLD FASHIONED
HICKORY SMOKED
HAMS
for gracious living and giving
These hams are carefully selected – and come from prime corn-fed hogs. They are cured in a rich brine flavored with rare herbs and spices – then smoked over embers of fragrant hickory boughs. They make superb gifts to your gourmet friends – gift wrapped at no extra charge.
Ready-to-bake, 10 to 14 lbs. @ $1.25 lb.
Postage prepaid – no C.O.D.'s, please.
Served at the
ARTISTS & WRITERS
RESTAURANT
213 West 40th St., New York City
SMOKEY RIDGE FOODS, INC.
Centerport, New York

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
QUO VADIS
Luncheon · Cocktails · Dinner
26 EAST 63RD STREET AT MADISON AVENUE
TEMPLETON 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
13 E.55TH
PL 3-7296
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55 ST.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
JU 6-5950

dixieland AT THE Cafe metropole
7th avenue at 48th st. CI 5-0088

ing, nor chanting, nor wailing for the dead, but a strange blending of all three. It suggested vaguely the confused and commingled sobs, moans, and entreaties of human beings who were being subjected to torture, but whose sufferings were not acute enough to seek expression in shrieks or high-pitched cries. As the sound came nearer we went out into the street in front of the station-house and saw approaching a chained party of about a hundred bareheaded convicts, who, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, were marching slowly through the settlement, singing the "exiles' begging song." No attempt was made by the singers to pitch their voices in harmony, or to pronounce the words in unison; there were no pauses or rests at the ends of the lines; and I could not make out any distinctly marked rhythm. The singers seemed to be constantly breaking in upon one another with slightly modulated variations of the same slow, melancholy air, and the effect produced was that of a rude fugue, or of a funeral chant, so arranged as to be sung like a round or catch by a hundred male voices, each independent of the others in time and melody, but all following a certain scheme of vocalization, and taking up by turns the same dreary, wailing theme:

> Have pity on us, O our fathers!
> Don't forget the unwilling travelers,
> Don't forget the long-imprisoned.
> Feed us, O our fathers—help us!
> Feed and help the poor and needy!
> Have compassion, O our fathers!
> Have compassion, O our fathers!
> For the sake of Christ, have mercy
> On the prisoners—the shut-up ones!
> Behind walls of stone and gratings,
> Behind oaken doors and padlocks,
> Behind bars and locks of iron,
> We are held in close confinement.
> We have parted from our fathers,
> From our mothers;
> We from all our kin have parted,
> We are prisoners;
> Pity us, O our fathers!

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TEN SECONDS FROM NOW, by Kay Cicellis (Grove). Miss Cicellis is a Greek novelist who tells of ordinary people (a dozen or so employees of a radio station in a small, contemporary Greek town) and ordinary things (marriage, abortion, separation, and death) but employs an old device (a benign narrator-confidant who approaches those about him like an insatiable and highly sensitive blotter) with such skill that the illusion of ordinariness is stripped away and one is able to examine her characters both microscopically and at arm's length. She is a first-rate writer who frequently uses a fresh, nimble imagery that never flops over into poetry.

ENTER LAUGHING, by Carl Reiner (Simon & Schuster). An honest,

ARNOLD
ARNOLD
47 calories per slice
slender
EXTRA PROTEIN LIGHT
key
High Protein is the Key to Appetite Appeal
ARNOLD slender key

ARNOLD SLENDER KEY
extra protein light loaf
ONLY 47 CALORIES PER SLICE

Alike in quality...delectably different in flavor!

BERTOLLI
ITALIA
VINROSA DI TORRE DE PASSERI BERTOLLI
ITALIA
CHIANTI CLASSICO 1953
CHIANTI CLASSICO BERTOLLI
FRANCESCO BERTOLLI S.p.A.

A delicate, light, fragrant wine
VINROSA

A rich, hearty, robust wine, a REAL
CHIANTI

SCHENLEY IMPORT COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

This is the Season to
LIVE IN TOWN

New York is the world's most *exciting city in the winter* months . . . so much to see and do . . . and it's all so handy when you live in town . . . at either one of these exclusive hotels on fashionable Fifth Avenue.

Charming apartments of various sizes . . . some with serving pantries. Full hotel service. Distinguished restaurants and bars. Special monthly rates.

THE
GOTHAM
5th Avenue at 55th Street
Circle 7-2200

THE
STANHOPE
5th Avenue at 81st Street
BUtterfield 8-5800

Sharp Ltd. Hotels

THE Café Carlyle

Returning Mar. 8
GEORGE FEYER
at the piano nightly
An intimate setting with murals by Vertes. Open daily from 6 for cocktails, after theater drinks, supper dishes.

HOTEL CARLYLE
Madison Avenue and 76th Street

NEW TYPEWRITERS FOR OLD!

Trade in, get a new Olivetti "Lettera 22" — the **portable** portable. Light, yet it has everything! (See *Olivetti ad, page 115).* Phone for home demonstration

ABACO 485 Madison Ave. at 52d St. PL 5-8161
(CBS Building) Open Saturdays

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

funny, and touching first novel by the television actor and comedian. Its hero, David Kokolovitz, wins an audition; the prize is to act six nights a week, for no pay, with a local sixty-six-cent-top drama company. David's theatrical career exacerbates some old problems (how to get rid of one girl and acquire another, for instance) and creates some new ones (his parents think actors are bums). The book ends after his first performance, when he winds up with both girls and his father's blessing: "A Schildkraut he's not and a bum he's not. He's somewhere in between."

THE OFFICE, by Fredric Brown (Dutton). A simple story, human and plain and believable, if a little monotonous, of two years in the office of a small Cincinnati company named Conger & Way. The story begins in 1922 and concerns only the people who work in the office—the elderly, anxious president of the company; his pretty secretary; the genial office manager; the timid male bookkeeper; the flirtatious file clerk; the two salesmen, one brash, one not; and the inquisitive office boy. It is the office boy, now thirty-five years older and in a sympathetic, nostalgic mood, who tells the story.

TWO BY TWO, by Martha Gellhorn (Simon & Schuster). Four long stories about some of the forms of bondage that are imposed upon men and women by marriage, when they are married, and by the want or lack or absence of marriage, when they are not married. Miss Gellhorn tells about a Chicago heiress married to an Italian nobleman and living in Italy in wartime, and about an ambitious London hostess whose husband finds it difficult to live up to her political plans for him, and about a discouraged middle-aged New Yorker who is tied to a crippled, childish wife. Finally, she describes the dilemma of a New York divorcee who loves a Hungarian photographer in vain because he insists on being faithful, in his rather untidy fashion, to his dead wife. Miss Gellhorn's manner is suave, charming, good-humored, and superficial.

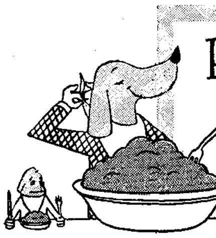
GENERAL

LIFE PLUS 99 YEARS, by Nathan F. Leopold, Jr. (Doubleday). This long, intelligent, and penologically absorbing autobiography by the surviving murderer of Bobby Franks opens on the evening of May 21,

OLD HICKORY BOURBON

An old fashioned whisky. The mild taste tells the story.

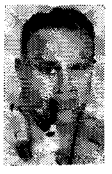
OLD HICKORY
Straight BOURBON *Whisky*
100 PROOF BOTTLED-IN-BOND AND 86 PROOF
OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS COMPANY, PHILA., PA.



How much should your dog eat?

BIG DOGS, big meals, little dogs, little meals, but be sure to mix in Vionate once each day. Vionate contains 20 essential vitamins and minerals for vigor, strong bones, healthy skin free from "summer itch."
ONLY 79¢ for 8 oz. size at druggist or pet shop.

VIONATE®
VIONATE is a registered Squibb trademark.
©OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 1958
SQUIBB—A NAME YOU CAN TRUST



H. P. WARNER'S
VISIT THE CAPITALS
Full Cloth..............................$1.35
Gift Edition...........................$1.60
2nd in the V-Series
By the Author of the book V-Mail
WARNER-RALEIGH CO.
State College Sta., Raleigh, N.C.

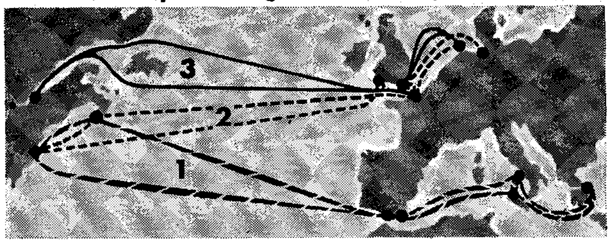
PRIVATE INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS
A yearbook compiled expressly for parents.
860 schools in 42 states, D.C., and Hawaii.
990 pages. Illustrated. Cloth. $7.50 postpaid.
Order today or write for descriptive folder.
James E. Bunting Wallingford, Conn.

1924, a few hours after the crime, and ends on November 19, 1957, when he learned that the Pardon Board "had granted my petition for re-hearing and set the case for the February 1958 docket." "How," he concludes, "I shall find the strength to watch the next seventy-nine days crawl by . . . I don't know." In passing sentence on Leopold and Loeb, Judge John R. Caverly informed a crowded court and a slavering world, "Life imprisonment may not at the moment strike the public imagination as forcibly as would death by hanging; but to the offenders, particularly of the type they are, the prolonged suffering of years of confinement may well be the severer form of retribution and expiation." There can be no doubt, as we leave the author bracing himself for what turned out to be freedom, about the accuracy of that grim prophecy. Erle Stanley Gardner contributes a sensible introductory note on the nature of crime and twentieth-century punishment.

ROCKET, by Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté (Philosophical Library). A discursive and most entertaining history of the use of rockets in the Second World War. Rockets as weapons are nothing new, Sir Philip reminds us; the French used them in the fifteenth century, and in the Napoleonic Wars the British Army, which had a Rocket Troop, bombarded the French in Boulogne with rockets fired from boats. (Wellington never much cared for them; he is supposed to have said that "if they had been invented before guns, what an improvement the latter would have been considered.") It was the Germans who, casting about for new weapons after the Versailles Treaty, developed the rocket with a warhead and, with the V-2, came close to stalemating the Allies toward the end of the war. Sir Philip tells about the heavy bombing of Peenemünde, which set the German rocket schedule back so decisively, and about other interesting phases of the anti-rocket campaign carried out by the R.A.F. and the A.A.F. Finally, he rambles off into the arena of world politics, delivering some fine and crusty opinions on Americans, anti-colonialism, Communism, and "woolly-headed idealists," in the best old-soldier tradition. Photographs and diagrams.

KICKING CANVAS, by Captain A. A. Bestic (Dutton). This book deals

Your choice of 3 delightful routes to **EUROPE**
For extra travel pleasure: go and return by different routes!

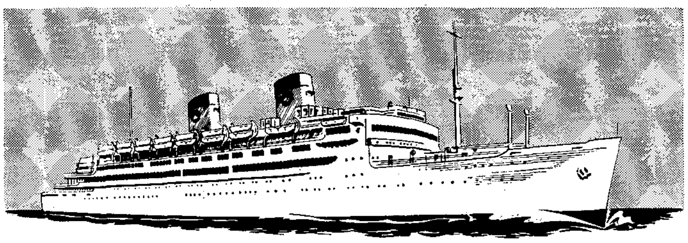


1. S.S. **QUEEN FREDERICA**
NATIONAL HELLENIC AMERICAN LINE'S popular 21,000-ton liner
Thrilling new vacation idea!
"ROUND VOYAGES" from New York to the MEDITERRANEAN
23 to 26 DAYS combining fun and relaxation with opportunity to spend
9 to 11 DAYS IN SPAIN!
or shorter stay in ITALY OR GREECE!

2. M.S. **ITALIA**
Home Lines' well known 21,000-ton vessel New York to
ENGLAND • FRANCE
GERMANY

3. S.S. **HOMERIC**
Home Lines' magnificent 26,000-ton flagship—Montreal or Quebec to
ENGLAND & FRANCE

Only at sea you can relax . . . rest . . . and enjoy life at its best!
See your Travel Agent!



HOME LINES AGENCY INC. *General Agents* 42 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y. Phone Digby 4-6363

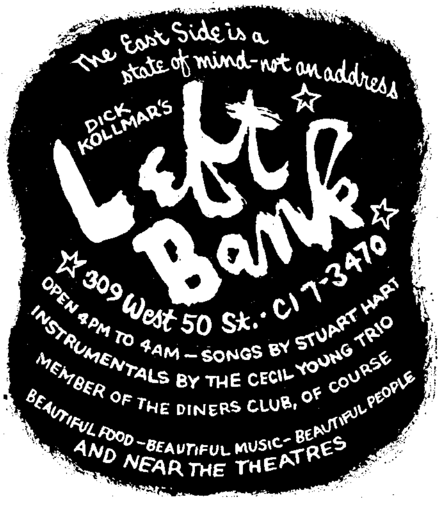
See Europe by car..
See GODFREY DAVIS Car Rental

Europe's foremost car rental organisation—for 35 years—provides first-class service all the way!

- *New British and French Sedans will meet you anywhere* • *Free Maps, Insurance, Routes arranged.* • *A.A. and R.A.C. membership* • *Self-drive and chauffeur-driven services* • *Competitive rates, reduced off-season and contract terms.*
- *Write for full details of all stations in Europe.*

NEW YORK—SUITE 1515, 50 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.
LONDON—GODFREY DAVIS LTD., DAVIS HOUSE, WILTON ROAD, S.W.1
(Tel: VICtoria 8484) *(Cables: Quickmilez, London).*
PARIS—S.F.L. GODFREY DAVIS, 99, AVE. DE NEUILLY, NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE
(Tel: SABlons 98-13) *(Cables: Quickmilez, Paris).*

The new Godfrey Davis London Headquarters, Britain's first building erected specifically for an international car rental service

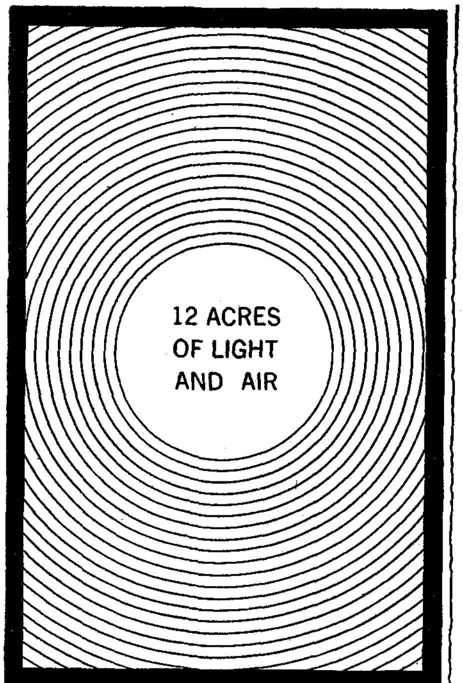

The East Side is a state of mind-not an address
DICK KOLLMAR'S
Left Bank
309 West 50 St. · CI 7-3470
OPEN 4 PM TO 4 AM – SONGS BY STUART HART
INSTRUMENTALS BY THE CECIL YOUNG TRIO
MEMBER OF THE DINERS CLUB, OF COURSE
BEAUTIFUL FOOD – BEAUTIFUL MUSIC – BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE
AND NEAR THE THEATRES

JOIN THIS ARISTOCRACY
OF FINE TEA CONNOISSEURS

From Taiwan comes this rare and unusual Hu-Kwa tea, rated by tasters as the acme in delicious, satisfying smoky flavor—a tea well worthy to be named for the famous 19th century Chinese potentate who first opened the Orient to the clipper ships of the Wendell family. Still grown in limited quantities with tender care, Hu-Kwa has the rich full-bodied flavor and aroma of the finest obtainable smoky tea. Cup for cup it is actually less expensive than other beverages . . . yet more satisfying to the discriminating taste, a discovery you will make with your first order. One lb. canister $3.50. Add 25c beyond city delivery limits.

Order from the importer
MARK T. WENDELL
156 State St., Boston, Mass.

Please send .... lbs. of Hu-Kwa tea to:
Name..
Street...
Town...Zone.........
☐Check ☐Money order **PLEASE NO C.O.D.s**



Another of the 51 exciting reasons to apply now for an apartment at

WASHINGTON SQUARE VILLAGE

Renting Office and Information Center: Through the Arch • 1 Block South of Washington Square Park
OR 7-5900 • Occupancy Fall 1958 • 2½ Rms from $136
3 from $178 • 3½ from $183 • 4 from $233 • 5 from $268

VALLEY FORGE
MILITARY ACADEMY

Valley Forge, hallowed shrine of American Freedom, has loaned its cherished name to this fully accredited, distinguished military academy and Junior College.

The Academy educates young men for entrance into all leading colleges. Senior R.O.T.C. prepares them for a commission. The athletic program keeps bodies well, teaches fair play, and sportsmanship.

A magnificent campus, with 52 Colonial brick buildings, houses Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry and renowned Cadet band. On its 200 rolling acres young Americans prove the Academy's right to say: **"From the embattled fields of Valley Forge went men who built America; from the training fields of Valley Forge go men who will preserve America."** **Lee Hall, Wayne, Pa.**

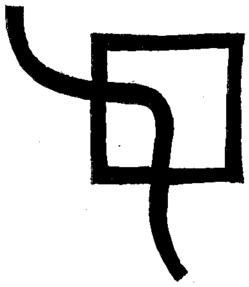
Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT

A CORNER OF GAY OLD VIENNA
COCKTAIL HOUR
DINNER • SUPPER
Continuous Entertainment and Dancing
207 EAST 86 ST.
Wienecke
Res: AT 9-8230
CONTINENTAL CUISINE

with a curious, bedevilled voyage made in 1908-09 by a three-masted English windjammer, the Denbigh Castle, from Cardiff to Mollendo, Peru. The ship battled impossible weather off Cape Horn for two months, then turned about, circled the bottom of the globe, and arrived in Fremantle, Australia, after a near-record two hundred and fifty-three days at sea. She reached Peru five and a half months later. Along the way were such tribulations as a cowardly and inept captain; an enormous tidal wave, accompanied by a house-flattening wind, that shifted the entire cargo; semi-starvation; a crewman who went mad; and a couple of mutinies. Nonetheless, the author, who was aboard as an apprentice seaman on his first voyage, is comfortably sentimental about sailing ships and sailing men, and writes about them in a rolling, Sindbadlike way ("In delight her lee bow would bury itself to curl blue water into sparkling foam, and her stern would lift happily, even jauntily, to the swell on her weather quarter") that unfailingly puts breath into happenings that seem far more than fifty years old. Excellent photographs and end-paper maps.

BITTER LEMONS, by Lawrence Durrell (Dutton). Part village idyll and part urban nightmare, this book, the work of an English poet who is also a fine, firm prose stylist, is a portrait of life on the island of Cyprus in 1953, when all seemed to be medieval peace; in 1954 and 1955, when the Greek nationalist movement began to gather force; and in 1956, when the trouble exploded into revolution. Mr. Durrell began his stay on Cyprus as a writer buried in a remote village. Later, he taught English at a school in Nicosia. He then moved on, in time for the bombs and the terror, to a job as Press Adviser to the British governor. From these very different eminences, he got a view of the island's unhappy awakening that could hardly have been improved upon, and he has described it for us with a vigor, an affection, and a fair-mindedness that could hardly be bettered.

REFLECTIONS ON AMERICA, by Jacques Maritain (Scribner). Professor Maritain—Catholic, philosopher, and Frenchman—has lived in the United States long enough to know something about the country. Furthermore, he likes it. In this essay, which is an extended version of three



*

WHAT IS THIS?

Allenburys Pastilles soothe your throat, clear your voice, taste like ripe English black currants.

*Cold shoulder: (on ice, in fact.) Usually given to people who cough annoyingly, when they could so easily get

Allenburys Pastilles
at your druggist

Manufactured in England by
ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.
Established 1715

OH
A RAINCOAT?
NO
A MAINCOAT!
BALMORAL $35

LONDON FOG
LONDONTOWN MFG. CO.
350 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1

AGED HAM, *baked-ready-for-Easter-Dinner.* My, how you will enjoy the deep-down taste of our "Aunt Lucy" Hickory-Smoked Ham that's been patiently aged for a year or more! Write for price list and literature describing our Aunt Lucy hickory-smoked sausage, bacon, ham, etc. Southern Farms, Route #2, Walkersville, Maryland.

YOU NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!
asparagus ... with
hayden's
hollandaise
Your grocer should have it—if not write
Hayden's Hollandaise, College Point 56, N.Y.

lectures he gave at the University of Chicago in 1956, he carefully assesses Americans' virtues, and finds that they greatly outweigh Americans' faults. His style has simplicity and elegance, and his book remains charming even when theology overwhelms sociology—for Professor Maritain believes that all our virtues are Christian, and he hopes that the United States will lead the world toward a new Christian civilization. Like many far less delightful sermons, his seems likely to offer thoughtful guidance to believers, rather than new conviction to the unconverted.

A REGENCY VISITOR, edited by E. M. Butler (Dutton). This new edition of the letters of a German aristocrat, Prince Hermann von Pückler-Muskau, describing his visit to England in the years 1826-28, is mildly agreeable but not very illuminating, since Pückler-Muskau was in no position to be frank about what he was up to among the English. He was, in fact, hunting a rich widow or an heiress, whose fortune he proposed to spend in supporting himself and his divorced wife in the rather splendid style to which they were accustomed, but since—apart from anything else—his divorce was not recognized as valid under English law, his proposition failed to attract, and he went home disappointed. The letters are those he wrote to his former wife while he was on this singular quest. Very much duty letters, they describe, in rather namby-pamby prose, everything unimportant that happened to the writer, and they show little sign of having been written by the eccentric scamp Pückler-Muskau must have been.

ARTUR SCHNABEL, by César Saerchinger (Dodd, Mead). To many people, Artur Schnabel, who died in 1951, is always *the* pianist. No other in our time used so much musical ability in the service of the very best music—the kind of music that, as he said, "is better than it can be played." The careers of *Wunderkinder* who, like Schnabel, become successful adults can make dull reading, simply through lack of contrast, but Schnabel's own personality provides all the contrast any reader could wish. He was humble and self-effacing toward Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, and toward nobody and nothing else. In matters of music, he was as arrogant as a prize angora cat, and he had plenty of wit, lots of it

Hot crabmeat sandwich neapolitan

No fuss ...no bother

with flavor-filled chunks of CANNED JAPANESE KING CRABMEAT

OH! WHAT ELEGANT EATING IS YOURS—what a gourmet reputation you'll win—when you serve succulent, sweet, Japanese King Crabmeat. It's so pink-and-white . . . so delicate in flavor. And all you do is open the can. It's cleaned, shelled, pre-cooked. No bother, no fuss involved. Supplies abundant minerals, vitamins, proteins. Dine elegantly—effortlessly—serve Canned Japanese King Crabmeat often.

FREE! Send for your free copy of our recipe book, Menu Magic. Write Dept. M, Rm. 1814, 342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐1 YEAR; ☐2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00
Canada, Latin America and Spain	1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS______________________________
(Please include postal zone number)

S.O.S.
M.L.

Like to paddle your own canoe? Most of us do. That's why we live in a country where an office boy can become chairman of the board.

But sometimes paddling your own canoe can be tricky. Even with a map and a compass, you can get lost in strange territory. The most expert canoeist welcomes some navigational hints from time to time.

Managing your investments is a little like paddling a canoe. That's why we maintain a large research staff—to help investors steer clear of the rocks and rapids of the financial world.

If you'd like information about any of your present or contemplated investments, it's yours for the asking. It's a Merrill Lynch policy not to *foist* advice on anyone, but our Research Department is always at your disposal to help you chart your course, and there's no pilot's fee involved.

We'll help you as much or as little as you like with your navigational problems—and we'll never forget that it's *your* canoe. Interested? Just write in confidence to—

ALLAN D. GULLIVER
Department SB-43

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH**
*Members New York Stock Exchange
and all other Principal Exchanges*
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 112 Cities

nasty. As a result, he was not always liked, but he was often worshipped. Mr. Saerchinger, writing simply and well, makes a good case for worshipping a virtuoso who thought about music at least as much as he practiced scales, who worked for the composer instead of the concert manager, and who never took an easy way out of a musical problem. Illustrated, and with a discography.

MY AUNT'S RHINOCEROS AND OTHER REFLECTIONS, by Peter Fleming (Simon & Schuster). Seventy-three short pieces, mostly funny, that Mr. Fleming has contributed to the English magazine the *Spectator* in the last few years. Several of them deal with military matters, for Mr. Fleming (as readers of his "Operation Sea Lion" may remember) has been a soldier and a war correspondent, but most of them are about rural upper-upper-class English life. While some of the essays are much more interesting (to Americans, anyhow) than others, at his best Mr. Fleming is a master of a most attractive literary form.

A HENRY ADAMS READER, edited by Elizabeth Stevenson (Doubleday). A first-rate volume of selections from our prickly genius, showing him not only in such familiar roles as autobiographer, historian, and medievalist but in the less familiar ones of journalist, novelist, and comic letter writer. The account of the New York gold conspiracy of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk that Adams wrote for the *Westminster Review* is one of the classics of American reporting, and his long letter to Elizabeth Cameron from Samoa is a gem. Miss Stevenson contends in her introduction that in the "Education" Adams "hid more of himself than he revealed," and she has faithfully winkled him out.

•

5. Subsection (4) of section 4 of The Mental Deficiency Act, being chapter 160 of the Revised Statutes, is amended by striking out the word "psychiastrist" in the first line thereof and substituting therefor the word "psychiatrist."—*From an act passed by the Manitoba Legislative Assembly.*

For a mental-deficiency act, we liked it the other way.

•

COLD

Clear to partly cloudy and cold today. A little farmer Tuesday.—*Lake Charles (La.) American Press.*

Good!

CREATED FOR NAPOLEON
CROSSE & BLACKWELL
CHOW CHOW
THE ORIGINAL MUSTARD PICKLE

Men, Napoleonic or otherwise, have called for Chow Chow since 1817!

When the banished Emperor headed for St. Helena, his distinguished chef, Signor Qualiotti, went into the service of Crosse & Blackwell. He re-created for his new employers Chow Chow, the original and inimitable Mustard Pickle he'd invented especially for Napoleon. No relish tray has been complete without Chow Chow since!

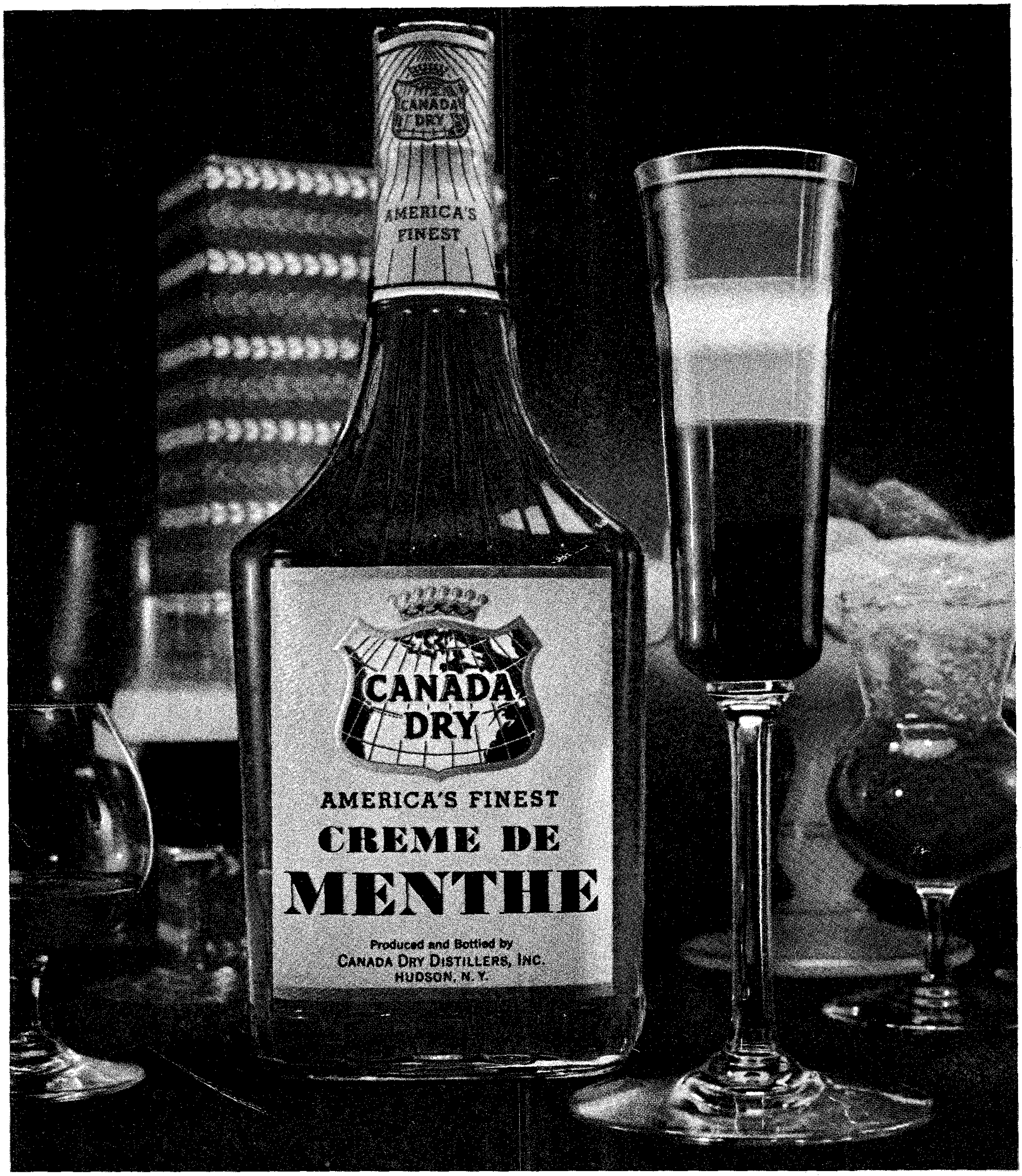
Crosse & Blackwell
CHOW CHOW
THE ORIGINAL MUSTARD PICKLE

C & B's Chow Chow has traveled in campaign chests around the world, favored by men on every front. Signor Qualiotti's recipe, which Crosse & Blackwell would not dream of changing, is used today. Insist on Chow Chow by Crosse & Blackwell. Look for the jar wrapped in the distinctive white paper bag.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL
FINE FOODS SINCE 1706

THE BEST 1300
travel agents
COAST TO COAST
recommend
CARTAN TOURS
59th YEAR WORLD WIDE

THE "HIT PARADE OF NAME BANDS" presents
RICHARD MALTBY
& his Orch.
alternating with
ARGUESO & his Latin Rhythms
EXCITING NEW Roseland ALWAYS 2 GREAT BANDS
DANCE CITY
CONTINUOUS DANCING Eves. ex. Mon.
MATINEES THURSDAY & SATURDAY
SUNDAY CONTINUOUS from 3:30 P.M.
TERRACE RESTAURANT·BAR
52ND ST. WEST OF BROADWAY


CANADA DRY
AMERICA'S FINEST
CANADA DRY
AMERICA'S FINEST
CREME DE MENTHE
Produced and Bottled by
CANADA DRY DISTILLERS, INC.
HUDSON, N. Y.

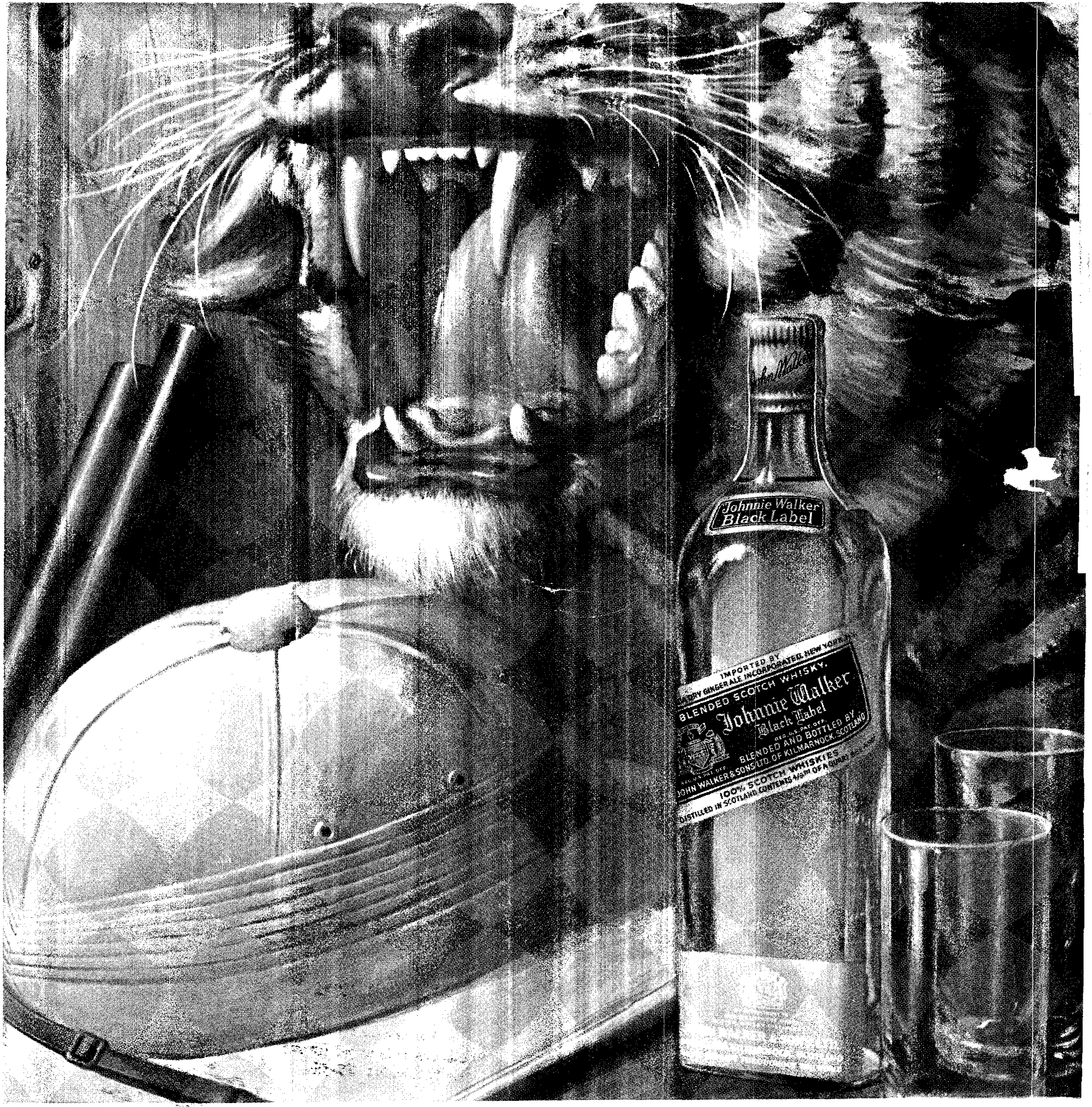
It's easy and exciting to be a Cordial Host!

Have more fun entertaining! Let cordials and liqueurs add new and refreshing flavors to your favorite cocktails, entrees and desserts. You'll enjoy each festive occasion all the more and reap the compliments of delighted friends.

The spectacular pousse cafe, above, is just one of many exciting drinks described in the booklet—"HOW TO BE A CORDIAL HOST." For a copy write: CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., 100 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

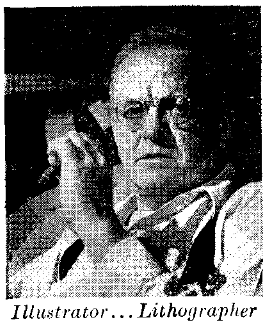
CANADA DRY
CORDIALS

ANISETTE, CREME DE CACAO (REGULAR & WHITE), CREME DE MENTHE (GREEN & WHITE), CURACAO, PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS, SLOE GIN, APRICOT, BLACKBERRY, CHERRY & PEACH LIQUEURS, ALL 60 PROOF. APRICOT, BLACKBERRY, CHERRY, GINGER, PEACH FLAVORED BRANDIES, ROCK & RYE AND KÜMMEL, ALL 70 PROOF. TRIPLE SEC, 80 PROOF.


Johnnie Walker
Black Label
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INCORPORATED, NEW YORK
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker
Black Label
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD. OF KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND

FROM THE JOHNNIE WALKER COLLECTION

"Trophy" by ROBERT RIGGS



Illustrator... Lithographer

A man can live a safari all over again, surrounded by trophies of the hunt. Robert Riggs stirs such memories to life in this vivid painting.

Here another trophy takes its rightful place. Johnnie Walker Black Label stands for the successful end to a hunt which has taken men to every corner of the world ...the quest for Scotch whisky of rare and royal character. To relive great moments... to live new moments... Black Label becomes your trophy of trophies.

By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen
Scotch Whisky Distillers
John Walker & Sons Limite

JOHNNIE WAL
Born 1820
still going str

Blended Scotch Whisky... 86.8 Proof. Imported by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N.Y.